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COLONEL HIS HIGHNESS SHRI SIR

RANJITSINHJI

VIBHAJI,

MAHARAJA JAM SAHEB OF NAWANAGAR,
G.C.S.I., G.B.E., K.C.I.E.

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“ . . . better known as ‘Ranji.’ . . . ”

Photo: Kivnick, Hon.

[Frontispiece]

THE BIOGRAPHY OF
COLONEL HIS HIGHNESS SHRI SIR
RANJITSINHJI

VIBHAJI,
MAHARAJA JAM SAHEB OF NAWANAGAR,
G.C.S.I., G.B.E., K.C.I.E.

BY ROLAND WILD

*With a FOREWORD by
His Highness Maharaja
Jam Shri Digvijaysinhji
of Nawanagar*

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FOREWORD

BY HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA JAM SAHEB
DIGVIJAYSINHJI OF NAWANAGAR

WHEN my uncle, the late Jam Saheb, known the world over as "Ranji," authorised the publishers of this volume to commission the work, his stipulation was that it should not be written by a famous cricketer. His reasons are obvious. He was afraid that his fame on the cricket field would obscure his work for the State, for the Chamber of Princes, for the League of Nations, and for the Empire. As had happened before, there was a danger that he would be remembered only as a first-class bat and a record-breaker. Many years ago he put cricket behind him and devoted himself to other duties and interests. The world, unfortunately, did not know the Maharaja of Nawanagar; they knew only "Ranji." He and he alone was responsible for giving the average Englishman an insight into the Indian aristocracy that had never been known before. No man hitherto could claim the proud title of "the first Indian Ambassador to England."

His interests, as faithfully revealed in this volume, were manifold. And it is especially fortunate that the author has been able to obtain the co-operation and advice of the late Jam Saheb's great friend, Colonel H. W. Berthon. He, perhaps more than any Englishman, enjoyed the confidence of the late Jam Saheb during the most energetic days of his varied career. I am happy to know that his life has been commemorated in such a full, detailed, and documented volume.

The story of his life will no doubt be a surprise to many people. They did not know the depth of feeling, the fervent loyalty, and the driving energy which animated him. They never knew the wide scope of his mind and the cosmopolitan range of his friendships. The cricket skill which first aided him to secure his rights later proved a definite handicap to his obtaining his deserved position in the esteem of the public as a far-seeing statesman, devoted protector of his people, and kindly companion with a deep fount of humanity.

And he, above all men, would wish that the lighter moments of his life should be given their due place.

Ugajyoti of
Nawanagar.

February 1934.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

HIS Highness the Jam Saheb, in his introduction, has already paid tribute to the work of Colonel H. W. Berthon, whose tireless efforts on behalf of this volume have been undertaken with the object of reminding the Englishman how great a man was lost when there died Ranjitsinhji, late Jam Saheb of Nawanagar. Every close friend of the late Jam Saheb has been anxious to contribute his knowledge and opinions, and it is certain that without their co-operation, no account could have been written of his many activities, his countless interests.

I must also render thanks to His Highness's brothers, Major Pratapsinhji, Colonel Himatsinhji, and K. S. Duleepsinhji, and all the officials of the State who, under the direction of His Highness, laboured to reconstruct the past for my benefit. His Highness conscripted them into a common search for details, and himself spent many hours in correcting impressions and facts, and exhibiting for me the work of his uncle.

Professor Rushbrook Williams, Secretary to the late Maharaja, testified to the later years of the Jam Saheb's work in London, Mr. Jacques Cartier drew a portrait of the Jam Saheb as a collector of jewellery, and Sir Edwin Lutyens contributed largely to my information on the rebuilding programme in the State.

Among others who willingly gave their knowledge for a fitting memory of a great man are the following:

Abbey Alston, Esqre.

Amir Sheikh Mahomed Ajatrai.

George Beldam, Esqre.

Miss Edith Borissow.

Frank Borissow, Esqre.

George Brann, Esqre.

Miss Angela Clarke.

Captain Geoffrey Clarke.

Miss Ethel Cubley.

His Highness the Maharao of Cutch, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

Pandit Harilal Dholakia.

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The late Sir Claude Hill, I.C.S.

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G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

G. L. Jessop, Esqre.

Doctor Kalianwalla.

Pandit Ram Krishna.

Grant Marshall, Esqre. (*The Daily Mail*).

Mr. and Mrs. Nissen.

Sir P. D. Pattani, K.C.I.E.

Khan Bahadur Merwanji Pestonji, Dewan Saheb of
Nawanagar.

Sir Stanley Reed, K.B.E.

Sir Reginald P. P. Rowe.

Mrs. M. T. Sainsbury.

The Right Honourable Sir Leslie Scott, K.C., P.C.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The Hon. Arthur Somerset.

Lord Strabolgi.

P. F. Warner, Esqre.

Also the editors of the following periodicals and directors of the following firms:

The Daily Mail.

The Morning Post.

The Strand Magazine.

Messrs. Asprey, London.

Messrs. Cartier.

Messrs. Mounsey, Cambridge.

Messrs. Wisden & Co.

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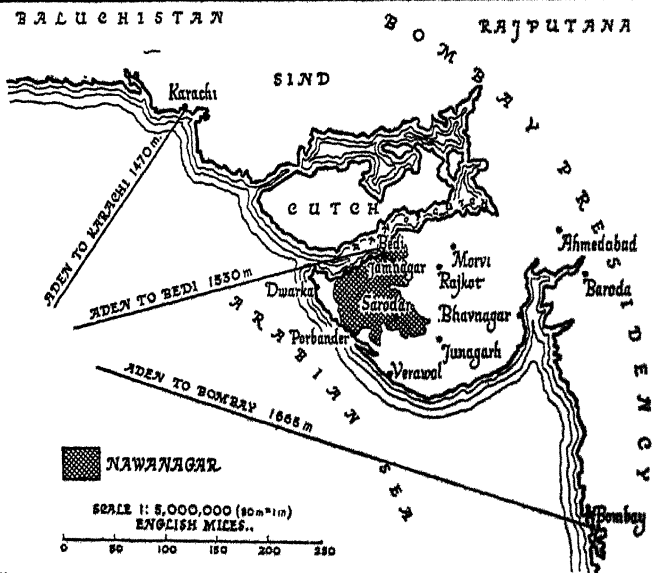
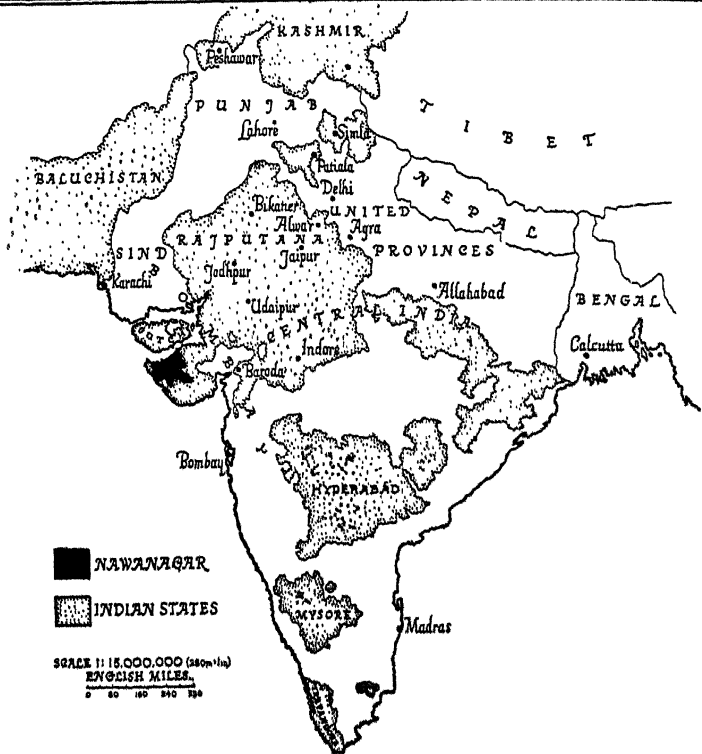
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RANJITSINHJI

CHAPTER I

1879-1888. "LION THAT CONQUERS"

"TAKE him; here there is danger."
The year was 1879; the speaker, Vibhaji, Maharaja Jam Saheb of Nawanagar; his words referred to a slim and frail boy of seven.

The boy's looks, indeed, might well have caused a smile when the meaning of his name was learnt. "The Lion that Conquers in Battle" is the English interpretation.

Ranjitsinhji. . . .

Jam Vibhaji's words were justifiably charged with foreboding. He was handing over a secretly-adopted son to the charge of Colonel Barton, Political Agent to the Government. With the warning, he announced that the youth was heir to the throne of Nawanagar.

It was the third time he had selected his successor. Only recently he had seen the dead body of a youth he had adopted for the honour. Before that, he had found poison in his own food, and had traced the murderous attempt to the supporters of another youth he had nominated. He was an old man. He would take no more risks.

It was fortunate for the boy Ranjitsinhji that he could not then appreciate the sorry series of events that led up to his nomination. His birth, in 1872, in the thorn-ringed country village of Sarodar, forty miles south of the capital, had

brought pleasure to Jiwansinhji, his father, a sporting Rajput squire and direct descendant of a former Jam. He was thus a Jareja scion of the Rajput race, who probably represent the oldest clan system in the world.

Rajput history is coloured by many chapters of mediæval chivalry. The pedigrees of the great clans are traced back through centuries, and the hereditary heads rule territories which were carved out by their ancestors by force of arms, and maintained stubbornly through the years against the Imperial Mahomedan invaders who controlled the destinies of the whole of India from the Court of Delhi.

Older than the children of Israel, they have ever been proud of the pure strain of their blood, and do not to this day intermarry with other races in India. So jealously did they observe their own social customs, so strenuously did they insist on the exclusion of all other influences into their blood, that it was considered a blot on the escutcheon of a Rajput Prince when he obeyed an Imperial demand from Delhi to the effect that a daughter must be given in wife to the Mahomedan Emperor.

These were the ancestors of Ranjitsinhji, and although his childhood had been spent in the peace and tranquillity of the village of Sarodar, in later years his character showed all this same regal pride of race, an inherited sense of sovereignty.

And it was not merely through the esteem in which his family was held, but by virtue of his grandfather's courage, that Ranjitsinhji at the age of seven gained the most dangerous of honours. Proud as was his father, Ranjitsinhji's grandfather had been a tradition even in Rajputana. Jhalamsinhji was a fighting man. He had been an officer in the State Army. He was, indeed, closely connected with the ruling house, being a nephew of that famous Jam Ranmalji, "the flower of his age."

It was for this same ruler, Vibhaji, who now spoke with such serious resolve, that Jhalamsinhji had fought. During the Indian Mutiny, when rebellious sects had selected that heaven-sent opportunity to play havoc with law and order, he had been the power behind the State troops. Vibhaji had good cause to remember his valour. And it was as a result of this esteem and admiration that he had looked to his house for an heir.

The Sarodar family was of true Rajput stock. That fact caused jubilation in the land of proud ancestry and tradition, when in later years the nomination was made public. Ranjitsinhji's father was the finest type of landowner, later to gain the highest compliments from men not given to exaggeration. The boy himself was alert and high-spirited. And both Jam Vibhaji and Colonel Barton considered him with satisfaction, having regard to the trials which they knew the future held in store. "Take him; here there is danger," Jam Vibhaji said meaningly. It was perhaps appropriate that the first known reference to the Rajput boy who made history should have been phrased in this ominous way. Straightway he was hustled away from the confines of the Palace and the dangerous environs of the zenana. Colonel Barton knew the East. . . .

The then Dewan Sahib, or Prime Minister, Narayanrao Khakher, had been among those who had strongly urged Jam Vibhaji to adopt the boy. He was on very friendly terms with his grandfather, Jhalamsinhji, and it was on his suggestion that the formal and legal adoption ceremony, binding in Hindu law, was conducted secretly. It was an act of importance to the future, not to be undertaken in the sometimes light-hearted spirit known in the Western world. The adoption of a son by an heirless Hindu is one of the most solemn contracts, and it was due to the fear of zenana jealousy

that it took place outside Jamnagar, the capital, in a temple known as the Dwarka Puri, a mile from the city.

An hour before dawn, a slowly-moving cavalcade left Jamnagar. Both the Jam Saheb and Ranjitsinhji travelled in "sigrans," the closed carts commonly used for purdah ladies. A circuitous route was taken, and the escort was formed of eighty lancers. The boy's father and grandfather watched the ceremony, which was officially recorded by the India Office, the Government of India, and the Bombay Government.

It was still considered dangerous for Ranjitsinhji to stay in Jamnagar. For a time, he lodged in a bungalow twenty miles away. No word was spoken at Court regarding the adoption. And for several years the boy was guarded by his grandfather at Sarodar and by Colonel Barton at Rajkot.

Money was by no means plentiful, but Jam Vibhaji spared no expense in keeping his new heir safe from harm. There must be no repetition of previous "accidents." And when the boy was installed at Rajkot, there travelled with him a staff of servants that might seem extravagant for a boy of seven, but was in fact no more than necessary. The Jam ordered his Dewan to make arrangements for the supply of servants for the boy, who was to live in a private bungalow. The list of menials is instructive, and provides a fair commentary on the living conditions of those days.

It comprised:

	<i>Rupees per month.</i>
One private tutor and guardian to look after all sorts of private arrangements	300
One clerk as writer and accountant	15
One peon	7
One confidential and private secretary	20
One contingency	3
One cook	5
A woman to serve food	5
One servant for miscellaneous housework	5

	<i>Rupees per month.</i>
One water carrier	5
One bhisti for bringing water for washing	10
One coachman for driving the carriage	10
Two attendants	16
One barber as torch bearer	7
Two peons	14
One sweeper	4 ¹

Fourteen men, therefore, accompanied the boy, their monthly salaries ranging from 6s. 4d. to £20, while the mysterious “contingency” might be expected to occur every month at 4s. a time. For mess charges (or the commissariat), the youth and the tutor were expected to cost £5 a month, and rent cost nearly £4 a month. A buffalo cart took the luggage, and the equipage was further augmented by five horses, at a total cost of £10 a month, making a total monthly expense of just over £50. And in addition—to mention perhaps the most important item—two troopers accompanied the party, in the charge of a corporal of horse, and six footmen kept guard on the bungalow. Truly, no risks were being taken this time. . . .

But as might be expected in a world full of “contingencies,” the sum of four shillings was inadequate for the monthly crisis. In a few months, the Dewan was again at work, this time adding another two rupees to cope with the unexpected. Further, the thirst for knowledge necessitated the appointment of a tutor for teaching Gujerati, and a Mr. Hanmantrao Bhau now occupied the post of additional clerk.

In 1880, Ranjitsinhji was admitted to the Rajkumar College, and once more the Dewan reorganised his standard of living. College fees were £15 a month, and there now had

¹ One rupee can be taken as value 1s. 6d.

to be an allowance of £2 10s. a month so that the youth could live "befitting a kumar."

It was a great change in the boy's life, and the romantic circumstances that led to it, in the light of future events, need some detailed explanation.

Vibhaji, clever but ageing ruler, had fourteen wives and many concubines. The Ranis, comprising the honoured and legal establishment of the zenana, had consistently failed to present him with an heir. One day, however, the old man's eyes chanced to light on a Sindi woman working at the roadside. She was forthwith numbered among the concubines. This woman, Dhanbai, made two conditions before she agreed to enter the zenana. Three of her low-born sisters must accompany her, and she herself must be "married" according to an obsolete and illegal ceremony. (Her principles in this matter did not, however, extend to her sisters.)

The "marriage" was a farce, but she gained her point. She and her sisters joined the concubines.

Probably her cunning rather than her conscience had dictated her insistence upon a form of marriage, for soon afterwards she presented her lord with a son. The old man was delighted, scorning the suggestions of those who averred that she was already *enceinte* when he had first seen her.

And in spite of the tumult of those who protested that a Hindu-Muslim marriage could not be legal; that the child was not the son of Vibhaji; that the obsolete marriage ceremony had been declared illegal by a court of law; and that the offspring of a Sindi concubine could never sit on the "Gadi" of the great kingdom of Nawanagar, the Jam actually succeeded in persuading the Government to accept the boy as heir. He was called Kaloobha, and it was presumed that the old man was too overjoyed at seeing before

him a son of his own seed to trouble about the strict legality of the parentage.

But his self-delusion was soon to be regretted. In a very few years he found himself pleading with the Government to reverse their decision. He would no longer have Kaloobha as his heir, and with very good reason. A skilful attempt at poisoning his food, traced to Kaloobha's guardians, made up his mind, and Kaloobha was formally disinherited and banished from the State. The Government then readily gave him permission to seek a more suitable successor among more presentable relatives of true Rajput stock. It was thus that his eye fell upon the worthy Sarodar family in whose sons he could have every trust.

Ranjitsinhji was the second choice. Already, one of the older generation had paid the price of court jealousy. Jhalamsinhji had at first given his son Umedsinhji, later named Raysinhji. Only one year after his adoption he had been found dead, and Jam Vibhaji had himself verified the traces of poison in his blood.

Once more, the Jam had gone to his old friend Jhalamsinhji.

"Give me another son!" he had pleaded.

There remained the grandsons. The eldest must fulfil a more personal family duty, for it was his task to light the funeral pyre at his father's death. Thus it was that Ranjitsinhji, the second son, and the most alert and intelligent, was chosen for the most dangerous honour.

The jealousies which had caused the death of Raysinhji were still as powerful a menace against the safety of Ranjitsinhji. It was unlikely that the desperate Muslim concubine or her confederates would relax their efforts when they had been so near to securing for themselves a throne that had been honoured for centuries.

Jhalamsinhji was never so watchful against the threats of rivals, and for three years the boy was guarded day and night. He stayed at Sarodar during holidays, and in the neighbouring State of Dhrangadra. The Rajkumar College was a safe haven, though so near to Nawanagar. And a better plan could not have been made for his education, for the College, opened nine years before for the sons of chiefs, brought the English public-school tradition to India, and still pursues those ideals.

There, during the nine years of his stay, Ranjitsinhji began his first lessons in a strange game, taught by the Principal, Mr. Chester Macnaghten, an old Cambridge Blue. The latter considered that cricket was the finest education a boy could have. He himself arranged for bats and other accoutrements to be purchased by the College. He was the only cricket coach, but he formed an XI, arranged matches, and eventually found opponents for his pupils.

He also taught Ranjitsinhji to play rackets, then a most popular game with the British in India, and Colonel Barton continued the Sarodar squire's initiation into the arts of the chase. But before three years had passed, the rising hopes of these worthy mentors for their charge were upset. Jam Vibhaji changed his mind once again.

It is more correct to say that his mind was changed for him. Incredible though it seems, the four Sindi concubines were still at Court. The treacherous Dhanbai and her allies had not yet given up hope. Day after day they poured into the ears of the ageing ruler their arguments that he should disinherit Ranjitsinhji, and in 1882, Janbai, another of the four scheming sisters, gave birth to a boy and announced that he was the son of Vibhaji.

The curious might have remarked on the fact that none of the fourteen wives had ever produced a son, while two of



Jam Vibhaji. "Clever but ageing ruler, he was influenced by his Mahomedan concubines and disinherited Ranjitsinhji."

the four concubines had achieved that feat in a comparatively short space of time. The baby, called Jaswantsinhji, was almost certainly brought in from outside, a trick not impossible in the zenana. But however dubious Jam Vibhaji may have been, he eventually succumbed to the persuasion of the four sinister sisters. It was rumoured that threats played a part in their arguments, and they might well have reminded him of the fate of Raysinhji. Whatever their methods, they soon had the satisfaction of seeing Jam Vibhaji once more approaching the Bombay Government, this time asking permission to reverse his decision, disinherit Ranjitsinhji, and appoint Janbai's son as heir apparent.

The Bombay Government refused, naturally enough. One condition of Ranjitsinhji continuing to be heir was that none of the Jam's legal Ranis should deliver a male child. It was now suggested that Janbai should be considered a Rani. This claim was made in spite of the well-known fact that only a Rajput woman can be Rani to a Rajput Prince. Nor had Janbai, a Muslim, even gone through the illegal form of marriage on which her sister Dhanbai had insisted. And the Bombay Government firmly reminded the Jam of all these obstacles. It was obvious that the Government thoroughly approved of Ranjitsinhji as the next heir, and rightly regarded with suspicion the ever-changing mind of the ruler. The refusal was direct and determined.

But the schemers were not yet beaten.

They remarked that the Viceroy had frequently shown his admiration for Jam Vibhaji. That admiration, indeed, had in the past been well merited. And there was nobody who would say that the award of a K.C.S.I. in 1877, and of a personal salute of fifteen guns in 1879, were not deserved. Lord Ripon wished to cement the friendship of the Indian Princes.

And over the head of the Bombay Government, against every tenet of the proud Rajput tradition, there came down from the heights of Government the preposterous decision that Janbai should be considered a Rani, that her alleged son should be heir, and that Ranjitsinhji should be superseded! Lord Ripon had perhaps prevented the poisoning of a fine old ruler, but he had wrecked the hopes of a manly young Rajput.

Jaswantsinhji, the Mahomedan concubine's "son," smuggled into the zenana to consummate the evil designs of a scheming family, was heir to the premier Hindu State in Kathiawar. Not least among the traditions flouted by this astonishing decision were those that decreed an adoption ceremony to be inviolate.

Perhaps fortunately, Ranjitsinhji did not realise to the full the theft of his future. It is doubtful, indeed, whether at that time his mentors told him of the blow to his career. He continued to play cricket, excelling over his fellows, contributing to the early success of the Rajkumar College.

Chester Macnaghten watched him with delight. The cricket experiment, as a method of building character, had been well conceived. But was there not something more than a mere aid to character-building in this youth's game? Was there not genius in his daring, inspired skill in his grace?

Nobody else was there to watch the first essays of the boy who was later to become the world's greatest batsman. Chester Macnaghten lived long enough to see his theories justified. But at the time, playing on that dusty pitch at Rajkot, he may have attributed such skill only to the natural "eye" of the Indian for the moving ball. Not one word of Chester Macnaghten's opinions regarding Ranjitsinhji's early prowess has survived the years, but it is probable that

the old headmaster saw before him a future champion. Allowing for the quick eye of the Indian, there was something more, in speed and decision and early sight of the ball, in this youth. Chester Macnaghten never breathed his hopes. But there may have been an underlying motive in his decision, later on, to accompany his most promising pupil to England.

In the books of the Rajkumar College, however, there is a record of the affection of the Principal for Ranjitsinhji. On the eve of their departure, he said of him in a speech to the College: "A better or manlier boy has never resided within the College. Disappointments and troubles come to us all, and he has had his and has borne them bravely. Recollecting his College career, I think he may look back without regret. I speak of him because he has taken so marked a lead in the College that he will be specially remembered."

But if Ranjitsinhji gained a unique opportunity at the College, he missed a great deal. He might already have been enjoying the prime of his youth in the desert and in the pig country. These things were denied to the youth who, instead, inherited the traditions of the English public-school boy. The Agency in Rajkot continued its guardianship of the disinherited boy, and championed his future prospect in life against the intrigues emanating from the Nawanagar zenana, and through its insistence, the youth was given the finest possible chance of completing his education. .

Strange though the facts may read, it was the intrigue of four sisters, hidden from the world by the walls of the zenana, that provided every small boy in the Empire with a new sporting idol. Unwittingly, they established a new criterion in the mind of every Englishman. The whispered plotting of these four uneducated women resulted in the dispatch of India's first ambassador to England.

What did the old Jam think when he was persuaded to send his adopted son to Cambridge? It may be that in his heart of hearts he still hoped that his former intentions would be carried out. It may be that he fell in with the scheme willingly, fearing for the life of Ranjitsinhji while he remained in India. It may be that he wanted peace from the intrigues of his womenfolk.

But whatever was in his heart, he never saw his adopted son again. Not until thirteen years after Vibhaji's death did Ranjitsinhji set foot in Jamnagar.

CHAPTER II

1889-1893. SENSATION AT CAMBRIDGE

IT was an adventurous journey that he was making to England. Indians received a frigid welcome to the life of an English University, and conditions were very different from those of to-day. Ranjitsinhji had no bitterness in his heart at the loss of his kingdom, and his college principal had been accurate in attributing to him the virtues of manliness and courage.

It was perhaps intuition and foresight which made Chester Macnaghten decide to take care of him in London, and it was not surprising that he found his way to the Oval with his pupil during that summer. Surrey were playing the Australians, and Ranjitsinhji gained his first impression of the spell of cricket over an English crowd. In the lunch interval, they went round to the pavilion, and Chester Macnaghten introduced his pupil to some of the giants of the game. He shook hands with Percy McDonnell and with C. T. B. and G. H. S. Trott, and was duly awed by such close contact with the illustrious. In later years this meeting was to give rise to an obstinate legend, for it was believed that he had actually taken lessons from these masters of cricket.

But such encouragement was not readily extended to him, and few people were disposed to listen to the eulogies of the head-master of an Indian school who claimed to have discovered a brilliant natural cricketer in the slim youth in his charge.

In point of fact, Ranjitsinhji was then more attracted by

tennis. He was a natural player of style, and his quick eye gave him an advantage over men of greater experience. But watching cricket, accompanied by all the pomp and ceremony of a first-class engagement, a query came into his mind—was there not, he wondered, some quality of heroism in this cricket game that was lacking in lawn-tennis?

Six months he stayed in London with Chester Macnaghten, and in 1889 it was arranged for him to go to Cambridge to live in the house of the Chaplain of Trinity College. The Reverend Louis Borissow was his new guardian, and it was a typical English household that he now joined, with young people to meet and numerous children to provide an uproar. It was a new experience both for the Borissow family and for “K. S. Ranjitsinhji” as he was now called. There began, in the Borissows’ house in Chaucer Road, a friendship that was to last for many years—long after the bearded tutor’s duties were over. There was discovered, to the general surprise, a fund of humour in the Rajput youth that seemed almost inappropriate, and in that atmosphere he was light-hearted and ready for any practical joke, slowly overcoming his shyness and modesty.

Arrangements were made for him to play games at St. Faith’s School on the Trumpington Road. Mr. R. S. Goodchild, the head-master, noticed immediately his natural cricket skill, and prophesied a great future for him. In later years Mr. Goodchild was able to make an interesting comparison between Ranjitsinhji and Duleepsinhji, for both played their first English cricket at St. Faith’s. Duleepsinhji, says Mr. Goodchild, came to him with more experience, having been coached by his uncle, whereas Ranjitsinhji relied almost entirely upon a natural ability. Ranjitsinhji was frequently bowled by boys at school—Duleepsinhji was invincible.

Academic brilliance was not so apparent in these early days, and there were occasions when Mr. Borissow regretted that his pupil's enthusiasm for sport and hobbies was not available for his studies. Mr. Borissow, indeed, called him lazy and irresponsible, and prophesied that he would never pass Little-Go.

"Will you bet on it?" surprisingly asked his pupil.

"Certainly," declared Mr. Borissow.

Ranjitsinhji won the bet in 1892.

During his first summer vacation he went to Bournemouth with Tom Hayward, the famous Surrey cricketer, for whom he had a great admiration. Hayward was to bowl to him, but proof of the diversity of his sporting interests at that time is shown by his participation in a tennis tournament in which he actually beat the famous Ernest Renshaw. Not yet would he give up his other sports in favour of cricket, and it is perhaps fortunate for the cricket world that he did not choose to be an all-rounder. He began to play football, both Association and Rugby, and rackets, and he spent many hours at the billiards tables. At all of these games he showed the same natural ability, and it was later considered that with a little practice he could have represented Cambridge at Association football, rackets, tennis, and billiards as well as cricket. But an accident to his knee prevented him from playing any more football, and in any case it was obvious that his natural inclinations were in the cricket field. The chief object of his admiration was Arthur Shrewsbury, one of whose bats he secured.

In 1890 he played cricket for the Cassandra Club and for FitzWilliam Hall, and time after time slashed a hundred runs up on the board with abandon and ferocity. He had no style to speak of and relied entirely upon his natural "eye." Recalling these days many years later, he said naively: "I found a

great difference between the English style and my own." It was his own style that went to the wall.

But he certainly scored a great many runs, and his name began to be mentioned by a knowledgeable sporting journalist as a natural bat. But this prophet's remarks were ridiculed as extravagant, and received little attention. Cricket, after all, was the English game. . . .

He played most frequently on Parker's Piece, and it was here, on the vast ground where many matches were played simultaneously, that he performed a feat of endurance that not surprisingly has gone down to history. His side had gone in early in the day and Ranjitsinhji had knocked up 132 before noon. After lunch he walked over to watch another match, and finding one team a man short, offered to bat for them. In a short time he had made a century and carried his bat. Returning to his original match, he found his side still batting, whereupon he joined yet another game and made 120 runs. Such was cricket on Parker's Piece, but Ranjitsinhji in later years frequently recalled that day when he had made three separate centuries, and claimed another world's record.

Mr. Goodchild took him to Fenner's, but the authorities remarked with some acidity that Parker's Piece cricket was one thing, Fenner's another. But with this introduction he was able to practise at the nets, and he now received invaluable tuition from first-class professional bowlers, including Dan Hayward, Sharp, Richardson, Lockwood, and Watts. It was here that he was first seen by F. S. Jackson, the Captain of Cambridge (now Sir Stanley Jackson). Mr. Jackson noticed him taking on relays of bowlers almost throughout the day and asked him why he must tire himself out. Ranjitsinhji's reply was instructive: "I must practise endurance," he said. "I find it difficult to go on after thirty minutes."



A Rajput. The Jam Saheb's father, Jiwansinhji of Sarodar.

Mr. Jackson was unimpressed, and his opinion remained unaltered when, a few days later, he saw Ranjitsinhji knocking the bowling about in a match on Parker's Piece.

Sir Stanley recalls a walk across Parker's Piece one day when he stopped to watch a match because of the enormous crowd. Asking the reason, he found that Ranjitsinhji was batting. In the few minutes that he remained the Cambridge Captain saw what he describes as "dangerous cricket, with many unorthodox strokes, Ranjitsinhji nearly going down on his knees to pull a ball to leg."

But even if Parker's Piece cricket was not considered very serious, the young Rajput's scoring had to attract attention. Two other feats caught the public imagination. Playing for the Cassandra Club against the old Perseans, he made 206 not out, and on another occasion he actually ran 12 runs off one hit. There seemed indeed to be little wrong with his powers of endurance, and he was now being acclaimed as a real "discovery" by Mr. Newton Digby, the cricket writer. It was known that he was going up to Trinity, and Mr. Digby boldly claimed for him a place in the Trinity XI, but the reward for this prophet's accuracy was to be told that he had "Ranjitsinhji on the brain," and indeed it was almost shocking to suggest that a University College should be helped by an Indian.

Sometimes the professionals despaired of his style, for not yet had he corrected his many faults, chief of which was a habit of running away from the ball when he thought he was going to be hit on the body. His right leg moved well away from the wicket and he exposed his stumps time after time. Dan Hayward was unable to persuade him to keep his foot on the ground and play a defensive stroke. But Ranjitsinhji disliked above all things to play for defence only, and the

professional's ultimate cure was to peg down his right foot to the turf.

And thus was cricket history made. Thus was born the greatest scoring stroke ever known. For Ranjitsinhji, with his right foot perforce immovable, still refused to be on the defensive. To the amazement of the bowlers he twisted his body, flicked his wrists, and smashed the ball round to leg. They sent him good-length balls and he treated them in the same manner. They declared that it was risky, unconventional, and in fact "not cricket." His reply was to score fours off them.

He called the stroke the "leg glance" and would freely admit that it was evolved through the necessity for defending himself. Many years later he gave different accounts of his invention, amongst which was the following: "I was scared of a high ball one day, and let go of the handle with my right hand to protect my head. With my left hand I held up the bat. The ball hit the bat and went for a four."

"Where were you looking?" he was asked.

"Towards the slips," replied Ranjitsinhji, "but I had my eyes shut!"

Meanwhile the young Rajput was gaining confidence in the domestic atmosphere of the Borissow household, and soon became a favourite, revealing the good nature which had always been part of his character. He was devoted to the children, and when the nurse went out for the afternoon he deputed for her with entire success and popularity in the nursery. The first time Mrs. Borissow visited the upstairs regions to see how her children were reacting to an Indian guardian, she found the room strangely quiet, the only sound being Ranjitsinhji's voice. He was reading the Bible and elaborating from his own considerable knowledge. He was already deeply religious, and while at Cambridge wrote a

prayer that was used in many British schools at the wish of the King. "O Powers that be," he wrote, "make me to observe and keep the rules of the game. Help me not to cry for the moon. Help me neither to offer nor to welcome cheap praise. Give me always to be a good comrade. Help me to win, if I may win, but—and this, O Powers, especially—if I may not win, make me a good loser."¹

One of his hobbies was photography, and he converted an attic in the house into what he called the Box-room Studio, and for a year or two the Borissow family and their friends were frequently presented with portraits of themselves, signed at the bottom with quite a professional touch: "K. S. R., The Box-room Studio."

In 1892 Ranjitsinhji surprised his tutor by passing into Trinity. He looked round for rooms in Cambridge, chose the most expensive, and decided to rent two floors, usually intended for two tenants. The rooms are now part of the Dorothy Café in Sidney Street, but were then situated over a baker's shop, one Mr. George Barnes being both baker and landlord. The furniture followed the usual undergraduate idea of comfort; but he spent large sums on carpets, table cloths, and curtains, and promptly fell in love with the dark and overcrowded rooms. The furniture was to remain in his possession all his life as a reminder of those, the happiest days he ever spent; and years after, when his frequent returns to Cambridge were occasions of civic importance, he would often steal away with a friend to the Dorothy Café and sit happily in the crowded tea-room, recalling the exact position of his favourite armchair.

His bed was under the window in another room, and he added to the congestion in the sitting-room by the addition of

¹ The prayer formed the basis of six favourite maxims of His Majesty, and are now displayed in the study at Buckingham Palace.

a ping-pong table for the amusement of his friends. The two upstairs rooms he kept empty of furniture.

It was at this stage that he was joined by Popsey, that widely-travelled parrot which became famous as his constant companion. Popsey's age, even in 1892, was not a subject for discussion, but she was still with him when he died, although her pristine beauty had been marred by the loss of the majority of her feathers. Popsey suffered a drastic change in her habits when she was brought out of the racy atmosphere of a public-house, and a strict censorship had to be exercised over her language. Ranjitsinhji chastised her with a lead pencil when her remarks bore evidence of her Bohemian upbringing, or when she bit with ferocity at his fingers. But in later life, up to the age of approximately 100, she was blameless in deportment and speech, and if a parrot can be said to be passionately attached to anybody, Popsey was devoted to Ranjitsinhji throughout the forty years of their companionship.

In March of that year he was to be seen at the nets, sometimes being hard at practice from eleven o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon. Frequently he was ridiculed for his insistence on obtaining the best bowlers, but the results of his self-confidence were seen in his consistent progress, although it was a long time before his many faults were eradicated. He defied all the rules of style and yet connected bat and ball with really devastating effect. And the leg glance continued to excite hostile criticism. Indeed, when he first exhibited this feat of legerdemain at Lord's, elderly critics shook their heads and deplored the entry of the juggler's art into a dignified game. But the fours continued to go down in the scoring book, to the consternation of writers who referred to the glance as "a patent stroke of Ranji's own invention." Other great cricketers attempted to imitate it, and to

emulate that suave flow of his wrists to leg, but there has been nobody to execute the movement with such accuracy and grace.

But Ranjitsinhji himself would never agree that his cricket was due to natural genius. He attributed his success more to painstaking practice, and cited a picturesque parallel one day when Paderewski described to him the early endeavours of the world's greatest pianist.

Paderewski, with whom Ranjitsinhji made close friends during a session of the League of Nations, recalled how he had been advised to give up his ambitions to play the piano. His professors told him he would never be able to play, but the great Polish pianist had a secret. He had already composed a few pieces of music, which he found to his astonishment that nobody else could execute. So he ignored the advice of his teachers and plodded on day and night with the conviction that he had music in his soul. The span of his hands was such that he could attempt with ease movements which were impossible to others.

Ranjitsinhji listened attentively: "It was the same with my cricket," he said. "I had a natural eye, but I had a lot of trouble before I was anything of a bat."

And he was already a great theorist. He would argue for hours on technical points of the game, and those who took the trouble to make a friend of him—and there were very few in 1892—found that he was studying the technique of the game even while he seemed to achieve his results by pure jugglery and quickness of eye.

Recognition of his merits was inevitable, although there were many who thought that University sport would come to an end when an Indian played for a College XI. Ranjitsinhji was picked for Trinity, and although at first he was ignored by other members of the team, and sometimes sat

alone and friendless in the pavilion, his modesty and his real love of the game soon convinced his fellows that here was a young man who was not, after all, very different from any other cricketer with a white skin. It seems incredible to-day to recall that only forty years ago this spirit was general in England, but in point of fact Ranjitsinhji was the first Indian to be accepted on terms of friendship and equality by undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge.

His path was the track of the pioneer. There were no Indian boys at the public schools, and being an unknown quantity to the undergraduate, he was not included in the free-and-easy companionship of University life. There were times when he longed for friends to share his enthusiasm. But cricket changed his life at Cambridge, and when he justified all his self-confidence by finishing second in the batting averages for the season, he found a place established for him in popularity for which he had always been eager. He was delighted on the first occasion that an undergraduate visited his rooms, and from that moment passed muster on his merits when judged by English standards. He was recognised as a fervent sportsman with a skill difficult to reconcile with his appearance of frailty, and there were already suggestions that he might be tried for the University XI.

But this was talk of an almost revolutionary nature. It was one thing for an Indian to play for his College, but if he were a member of the University team, he might one day expect to play at Lord's, the impregnable stronghold of the English game. The imagination quailed before such a prospect.

Sir Stanley Jackson gives to-day an illuminating illustration of the feeling prevalent in 1892. Sir Stanley records that Ranjitsinhji might have been good enough for his Blue during his first year at Trinity, but that he himself, as Cambridge Captain, never so much as considered his inclusion in

the 'Varsity Team. It was indeed only through a fortunate accident that Sir Stanley created history by conferring the greatest 'Varsity cricket honour on an Indian. During that winter Lord Hawke took a team of amateurs to tour India, and familiarity with Indians in their own country gave the Cambridge captain a new viewpoint. On his return in 1893 he was able to see the matter in a different light, and the prejudices of "stay at homes" were ignored, but Sir Stanley willingly admits that but for that cricketing tour in the East, Cambridge University might have let slip the chance of playing one of the greatest cricketers who ever wore pale blue.

Revelling in his new-found popularity, Ranjitsinhji probably had little time for consideration of his future and his destiny. There was no news from India, and although sometimes he talked to friends about the loss of his rightful heritage, he found them more disposed to discuss the leg glance and the weather prospects. His allowance arrived with regularity and for some time totalled £800 a year. He learnt that the usurper, Jaswantsinhji, now called Jassaji, and aged eleven, was at the Rajkumar College and that he was not shining at any of the sports in which Ranjitsinhji himself had excelled.

He had not yet begun to regret the circumstances which had led to his disinheritance, and for a time at any rate he took every pleasure as it came, content enough to have around him the new friends whom he had gained by his skill on the cricket field. The little dark sitting-room over the baker's shop in Sidney Street was crowded every evening, and Ranjitsinhji's soft and beautiful voice could be heard arguing late into the night on the theory and practice of the game. His hansom-cab awaited him outside, and he felt a glow of pride whenever he hailed it to visit another under-

graduate party. They played poker in his rooms, and Ranjitsinhji was the most frequent winner, having an uncanny gift that could be likened to a sixth sense. Gaining confidence as friendship ripened, he would play practical jokes on his guests, and when they complained of the whisky, he took immense trouble to please them by putting the same whisky into other bottles, laughing delightedly at their solemn assurances that a vast improvement had been effected.

There was a piano for his friends, making the available space still less adequate, and after the nightly supper parties, Sidney Street re-echoed with the voices of "hearties," robust though tuneless.

He was not always secure from the attention of the Proctors, although he was usually capable of outwitting them when they came to demand forfeit for minor offences. Many times, after a long chase in pursuit of a fast-running Indian undergraduate criminally lacking a gown, the bulldogs would arrive at the Sidney Street rooms to find an elegant figure stretched in front of the fire, having obviously been there for hours, for Ranjitsinhji seemed to have the gift (invaluable to an undergraduate) of being able to run swiftly and continuously without showing guilty signs of heavy breathing. And it was with Oriental impassivity that he demonstrated how absorbed he had been in his studies.

He gave many presents to his friends, and often enough he would return from a visit upstairs with a tiny ivory model, pressing it into the hand of a visitor as he left. Newton Digby, the journalist, was often in the party, and to him he gave a superlative pipe in a vain attempt to stop him smoking cigarettes. He himself smoked little and drank less, and it was noticed that very often his dinner would be a sandwich. He looked thin and frail, but there were steel muscles in his

slender arms, and the secret of those lightning flashes of the bat was a perfect co-ordination of eye and muscle.

With the change in his social life it was inevitable that the annual grant, regularly sent to him by the State, would be severely strained. Ranjitsinhji had not been born in the purple at the Court of Jamnagar. His earliest experiences of life had been in the quiet village in the Plains, in the carefully- and economically-run household of his father, who was dependent upon the acres that he had inherited in appanage as a cadet of the State. Neither had he lived at the Court after his adoption, owing to the danger always present. Thus he had no experience of that brilliant and lavish hospitality for which the Rajput rulers of Jamnagar had long been famous. Nevertheless, he had inherited the traditions of his House, and there was prominent in his mind a feeling that it was incumbent upon him to entertain in the most lavish and extravagant manner possible.

He spent little on himself, but it seemed to be essential for him to show generosity to his friends, and it was this unselfish fault which resulted, in the course of a few years at Cambridge, in Ranjitsinhji's income being completely insignificant when compared with his expenditure. It was not self-indulgence nor a desire to display his riches that drove him into debt, but a natural and apparently pressing need to please his friends before giving any consideration to pounds, shillings, and pence. There were also included in the reckoning some magnificent but uneconomic gestures on his own account. He was the possessor, for instance, of the first motor-car ever seen in Cambridge, and Mr. Goodchild still recalls one alarming afternoon when he looked out from St. Faith's School to find the roads blocked and a vast concourse of people gathered in admiration round a spluttering and self-willed automobile, with Ranjitsinhji in partial control.

But whatever the causes, there were melancholy figures to prove that during the next few years he lived superbly in excess of his income. He was always visiting the Cambridge jeweller's shop, buying expensive watches and running up a bill which he could not hope to meet for many years. His negotiations with the best Cambridge tailor were on a similar scale, for he fitted himself out with dozens of suits for every occasion regardless of the cost. His generosity to friends was, however, undoubtedly the chief cause of his sad financial situation, which he treated with a gaiety and casualness that showed something of the spirit of his aristocratic ancestors when they were arranging some elaborate Court function. He presented gold cigarette cases to acquaintances, signet rings to the professionals who coached him, and precious ivories to casual visitors.

The result was the expected one. He could not pay his way, and the justifiable impatience of tradesmen nearly resulted in his being made a bankrupt. It says much for his honest attitude in this situation that it was his chief creditor who eventually succeeded in persuading others to hold their hand.

Ranjitsinhji's method of placating importunate creditors relied more on persuasiveness than logic. When his tailor, who was a personal friend, challenged him conversationally with the remark: "But can you *pay*, sir?" he replied: "Of course I can't, but you will get your money one day."

And sure enough the kindly tradesmen who had for years held their hand were paid in full—plus 5 per cent.—when Ranjitsinhji was able to settle all his debts. Many of them also received special commands to meet him in London, and to take new orders from the customer who had once owed them a small fortune.

It was with a kind of joyous fatalism that he ran into debt,

never troubling even to be fitted for his clothes, but telegraphing to the tailor to try the clothes on himself, as he was of similar build. He had a kindly thought for everyone, and would go out of his way to extend a helping hand to others in trouble. A certain sports-shop proprietor, disappointed at a local council election, found that his whole stock of cricket bats had been signed with the name that had already become famous to hero-worshipping small boys, and the run on his shop for these treasures did something to compensate him for a political set-back.

Ranjitsinhji was very popular in the Cambridge Liberal Club, which he used to visit almost every evening to play billiards. His politics were a highly coloured form of Radicalism, and he took part in several debates on more or less serious subjects, once making a witty speech on the subject: "Should Cromwell have been executed instead of Charles I?"

The Sidney Street rooms were open to all, and among the company taking their departure in the early morning after a prolonged poker party there would be the jeweller, the tailor, the sports-shop proprietor, and the photographer, Mr. Harry Stearne—all creditors who were on excellent terms with the young Rajput on the strength of their common interest in sport.

He fished with them and shot with them, for the gun and the rod were now becoming almost as popular with him as the bat. Life was very full and very exciting. It would have been a miracle if, with his temperament, he had become unduly worried over his debts.

CHAPTER III

1893-1896. "IMMENSE, AUDACIOUS, UNSTOPPABLE"

SO a new idol came to cricket. Before the end of 1893 Ranjitsinhji was established with other god-like names in the annals of the greatest English game—with Grace and Fry and Archie MacLaren. At the same time signal honour was done to him by English cricket crowds, for at long last they learnt his name (or something like it) and no longer stumbled over its unfamiliar syllables or "compromised," as the Cambridge undergraduates had done, by calling him "Smith."

His name now became "Ranji," with a familiarity that meant affection. It was a kind of pass-word in cricket, a synonym for dashing, sparkling, and daring batting. The name clung to him long after honours fell thick upon him, and to the day of his death he was better known by these two syllables, that had first echoed round the stands of an English cricket ground, than by his titles that belonged to proud Rajput history.

(Indeed, at the crowning moment of his life, when at last he had achieved his ambition and was launching his princely career on the Gadi of Nawanagar, he did not smile when fellow-Princes acclaimed him with the traditional ceremony of their Order. But an Englishman in the glittering company raised his champagne glass and gave him a toast.

"To Ranji!" he whispered, and suddenly the new ruler's face lit up with smiles at the memories that the name recalled.)

The majority of the public did not know his real name,

nor did it care. In later years the fact that he was a Maharaja was ignored. It was enough that he was the Ranji who had saved England on the cricket field. The London *Star* printed a leading article about the new name and reported that their compositors had addressed a memorial to the editor requesting that a simpler name be found for one who was so often in print.

Punch also took advantage of his name and printed many allusions to "Run-get-Sinhji." And a Cockney cricket spectator, almost delirious with excitement, is said to have been so overcome with admiration that he delivered in stentorian tones from the stand an appeal to one "Ramsgate Jimmy."

Perhaps more than anything else, these facetious comments revealed how sensational a step it was for an Indian to gain national sporting honours forty years ago. Yet another illuminating incident occurred when Ranjitsinhji was touring with a Cambridge team and the opponents asked: "Does the dark fellow speak English?" They were told that he knew a word or two of the language. That evening "the dark fellow" rose after dinner and made a witty speech. For a number of cricketers it was the worst moment of their lives.

It was not until he played for Cambridge against the Australians that he was selected to be in the team against Oxford, and when he did appear at Lord's in the 'Varsity match, so much fuss was made of him that he was quite bewildered. But already many counties were competing for his favours, and in that year he definitely refused the request of Surrey to join them. He played for the Gentlemen v. Players, and twice more against the Australians—for the South of England and for the Past and Present of Oxford and Cambridge. During the 'Varsity's match against Yorkshire he gave a striking demonstration of the magic of his movements. "Long John" Tunncliffe drove a ball with all his

strength to where Ranji was standing in the deep. As the batsmen were running, the wicket-keeper called out: "Where is it?" F. S. Jackson shouted: "Run after it, Smith, what are you standing there for!"

But Ranji produced the ball out of his pocket, having caught it though it had been invisible to everybody else.

By the end of the season his was already a name to conjure with. He was twentieth in first-class batting averages, and third in the Cambridge averages. He was a close friend of the Cambridge captain, ever afterwards known as "Jacker," and in later years the friendship continued when Sir Stanley Jackson was Governor of Bengal, and Ranji was the Jam Saheb of Nawanagar. He called Jackson "my first captain" and found in him a man who could take an interest in his hopes of acceding to the Gadi. They talked cricket together, and the Cambridge captain declared that he had found a method of getting him out. "I should bowl at your left elbow," said Jackson, "and place as many men as possible to leg."

This, in a word, was "leg theory," or "body-line bowling," and Ranji's comment at the time is important in view of recent events.

"Yes, you would get me out, Jacker," he said. "But it would not be cricket."

It can be said that by the end of 1893 Ranji had entirely conquered the prejudices of those Englishmen who found it unusual for an Indian to be numbered among the elect of sport. (He was the first Indian to be made a member of the Hawks Club.) No doubt he made many mistakes, and there were people to take advantage of them, but he had a charm of manner that made its influence powerfully felt, and he was always willing to apologise when ignorance led him into a *bêtise*. Invited to stay with friends, he committed the crime of shooting pheasants in September, and boasted

about it when the day's bag was being estimated. But he had an aptitude for learning etiquette, and in later years there was nobody more correct in judgment of the unwritten laws of sport.

Now, in the spring of 1894, there came news from India—news that ought to have meant for him the realisation of his dreams. Jam Vibhaji died, and in spite of appeals and memorials on Ranji's behalf to the Government, Jassaji was confirmed as the future ruler. One of the first acts of the new regime, which was under the control of a British administrator owing to the tender age of Jassaji, was to cut down the salary of the young kumar at Cambridge. He had already found that income too meagre. He now had to leave Cambridge, just as he was approaching the height of his sporting fame.

The regularity and formality of procedure in regard to the new ruler under the orders of the Government made Ranji's prospects of accession appear hopeless. But he bided his time, making occasional attempts to enlist sympathy on his behalf, and though the way of the suppliant is hard, he met with considerable success. He submitted legal and influential memorials to the highest in the land, but he was faced with a *fait accompli*. The Chief Political Officer in Kathiawar, who had the first and the last words on the subject, relentlessly carried out the promises of the Government, against, it is suspected, his own personal feelings in the matter. But there was no question of opposing the Viceregal pronouncement, and even the appeals to the illustrious had to pass through the hands of this official.

So Ranji went down from Trinity before the 1894 cricket season, but kept on his Cambridge rooms and gave it to be understood that he would live there for as long as he remained in England. But he spent a considerable part of the

summer in Brighton, and during 1894 played consistently for the M.C.C., refusing offers from two southern counties. His wish was to play for Sussex, partly because he thought they needed new talent and he would always be certain of getting a game, and also because he liked the members individually.

Now began his friendship with C. B. Fry, that was to last for forty years, during which time they were almost inseparable for long periods at a time. He took to Fry immediately, combining a real affection for his personality with an admiration for his brilliant intellectual gifts and for his sporting prowess. Their companionship was gay and not without its storms, and Fry acted as a foil to Ranji's irrepressible sense of humour. Ranji baited him constantly about his "cut," a stroke that Fry was always incapable of executing, but the spirit behind his jesting was one of real esteem. They travelled constantly together, and when Fry periodically put up for Parliament, Ranji supported him with a secret hope that he would fail, fearing lest their partnership be interrupted.

During that first year of cricket for the M.C.C. there occurred his first meeting with the great Dr. Grace, duly commemorated as a historic encounter by the production of 200 runs in the space of two hours by this heavenly partnership. Cricket spectators of to-day will sigh regretfully at the recollection of such an entertainment, but in point of fact the batsmen in that M.C.C. v. University match had everything in their favour. Every member of the Cambridge XI was put on to bowl in desperation, but Ranji, Dr. Grace, and his son made 344 runs between them out of the stupendous total of 595 for seven men. This was "W. G.'s" highest score at Lord's for thirty years, and the M.C.C. won by 374. No wonder it was said that there were good omens



Sarodar. The Jam Saheb was born in a house near the circular tower.

1893-1896 "IMMENSE, AUDACIOUS, UNSTOPPABLE"

in plenty at the first meeting between Ranji and the "Grand Old Man."

The South Africans visited England that year, and if the matches had been ranked as first-class cricket, Ranji would have headed the year's averages. He made 53 and 146 not out against them, and rose from twentieth to eighth in the national averages.

He was no longer an obscure if exciting juggler with the cricket bat, producing runs with the aid of a variety of highly experimental strokes. He was a certain run-getter, and the hero of cricket-loving England.

For the winter, he returned to Cambridge, and tasted the best of British sport at neighbouring shoots. Although he was often painfully embarrassed for money, the financial situation did not seem to worry him in the least. He took a shoot at Fullbourne, and once a hard-hearted head keeper made the grim financial facts known to all who cared to listen by ordering the party off the estate until his wages were paid. Fortunately a friend came to the rescue, and Ranji continued with the day's sport without appearing in the least discomforted.

Almost before the frost was off the ground in 1895, he was at the nets again, putting a sovereign on the bails and promising it to any professional who bowled him. His cricket inspired the finest writers of the day to heights of imagery; "the ball flows from his bat like water rushes down a hill," wrote one. "*The suavitur in modo* is far more important than the *fortiter in re*."

There were now few critics prepared to cavil at his style. In a great and unforgettable period of English sport he was a shining and gallant figure, and he delighted the followers of Sussex cricket when he announced that at the beginning of the next season he would be eligible to play for that county.

The giants of cricket seemed to be at the top of their form, and Ranji took his place in the front rank. That was the year in which "W. G." completed his 1,000 before June 1st, the year in which twenty-six batsmen made their 1,000, and two made over 2,000; the year in which Archie MacLaren made 424 for Lancashire against Somerset—a feat that drove the crowds wild with delight.

The result of Ranji's early practice was seen in his first match of the season at Lord's for the M.C.C., when he made 77 not out and 150, taking also 6 wickets. The match finished late on the third day with a victory for the M.C.C. by only 19 runs, the three days' play having realised 1,227 runs. The Press now unanimously put Ranji on a par with Grace, some critics going so far as to say that these two were the finest batsmen that cricket had ever known.

In May he was playing at Old Trafford, to jump into the affections of the Lancashire crowd for all time. He made 35 and 46 against the bowling of Mold and Briggs. Mold was at that time the centre of a furious controversy, it being alleged that he was throwing the ball. Facing the most dangerous bowling in the country, Ranji showed no fear, and quickly made Mold's efforts look ridiculous. Time after time he flicked the ball to leg for a boundary. Mold had frightened every other batsman, but Ranji's accurate eye had decided that in point of fact he was nowhere near hitting the stumps as the ball was bouncing too high. He could judge it to the inch, and time after time hit the ball to leg actually over the bails. The crowd thought he was taking amazing liberties, and it was agreed that no other batsman was ever prepared to rely so much on mere sight of the ball.

In a subsequent engagement, when Lancashire were playing a match that could only end in a draw, the crowd demanded that Ranji go in first wicket down, and so insistent were they

on seeing him bat that he was sent for from his hotel on the last day of the match. When the wicket fell and it was learnt that he would make a personal appearance, the crowd waiting outside the gates paid their money gladly and filled the stand.

There was an anti-climax. Ranji was out first ball and the stands were suddenly empty again. That was the effect of Ranji's cricket on the hard-headed Northerner, and when in later years Ranji was negotiating for the cotton trade between England and India, he took full advantage of his secure position in their affections, even though he had killed the bogy of their favourite bowler.

In that year he could do nothing wrong, and from his headquarters at the Norfolk Hotel at Brighton, he departed on glorious assaults against other counties, in a team which included Fry, Murdoch, Brann, and Newham among the regulars. Yet there were many who saw him give sparkling displays at the wicket who never knew that he was a sick man. Many a night he never slept at all, or would fall to sleep just before being roused. Once he was actually dressed by the Sussex team and carried down, still asleep, to a motor-car. He suffered continuously from asthma, which seemed to be aggravated by the Brighton air, for a visit to Manchester usually provided a temporary cure. He could not stand the cold, and was on the point of collapse when a sudden snow storm overtook a match at Trent Bridge. The Sussex team had to wrap him in blankets and hurriedly light a fire in the pavilion, plying him with brandy until he recovered. This incident occurred just after he had delighted the Nottingham crowd by making a sparkling century.

He made 59 and 74 against Yorkshire, 83 and 41 against Hampshire, 110 and 72 against Middlesex, and 51 and 53 not out against Kent. In a total of thirty-eight innings, in three

of which he was not out, he made 1,766, with an average of 50·16.

The next year, 1896, Ranji was even better, and it was inevitable that he would play for England. Even the Editor of *Wisden* expressed his astonishment: "Ranji was so wonderful," he wrote, "that it is difficult to realise that his county is at the bottom." It was in this year that he performed perhaps his greatest feat, on a day that the Brighton crowds will always remember. Never before had there been such scenes of enthusiasm. Never since have adoring crowds shouted themselves so hoarse as when Ranji walked back to the pavilion after scoring two centuries in the same day against the formidable Yorkshire bowlers. Ranji made no secret of his wish to score well against Yorkshire, and in that match he had a gleam of ferocity in his diamond eyes as he leapt out to every ball, smiting to the boundary with regularity. His gossamer shirt fluttered in the breeze as a challenge, and casting caution to the winds, he made every stroke a vicious attack. He never played for safety throughout the memorable day, making every ball a bad length, advancing to meet every one with fierce determination.

"He is ever poised to spring on the ball," wrote a usually sedate critic who had been moved out of his usual calm. "There is a halo of romance around him."

General discussion preceded the announcement of the team against the Australians, and there was something like a howl of disappointment when it was found that Ranji's name was omitted. But 1896 was the last year in which English teams were chosen by the clubs on whose grounds the Test Matches were to be played. Thus, the M.C.C. chose the English team for the first Test Match, and it was already known that Lord Harris, the President of the M.C.C., was against the policy of playing Indians for England, since he

considered them, in his own word, to be "birds of passage." Lord Harris's opinion was not shared by the majority of the public, who regarded Ranji as a Cambridge Blue before they ever considered his country of origin. Lord Harris, however, was always unshakable in his opinions, and later expressed his opposition to Duleepsinhji being included in an English team.

The most violent opinions were expressed all over the country at the hesitancy in playing Ranji, especially as he had been told to hold himself in readiness for the first match. The second match was to be played at Old Trafford, however, and the Lancashire selectors ignored the example set by the M.C.C. and straightway put Ranji's name down for the team. Ranji agreed to play providing that the Australians made no objection, but Trott, the Australian captain, declared that his team would be delighted, for he had already experienced Ranji's skill when the visitors had played Lord Sheffield's XI (Ranji 79 and 42) and the South of England.

Ranji's display in his first Test Match has echoed down the years, and is still recorded among the most brilliant feats of English cricket. His 62 and 154 not out made the critics search for yet more fantastic adjectives in a vain attempt to convey something of the magic of his batting to a hungry public. C. B. Fry said that "he moved as if he had no bones: one would not be surprised to see brown curves burning in the grass where one of his cuts had travelled, or blue flame shimmering round his bat as he made one of his leg strokes."

The Sussex captain, the Hon. Arthur Somerset, said: "All other batsmen are labourers in comparison." A. G. Gardiner wrote in the *Daily News*: "There is little display in his methods—an Oriental calm with an Occidental swiftness, the stillness of the panther with the suddenness of its spring.

Nothing happens except that one sudden flash, swift, perfectly timed, indisputable. If the supreme art is to achieve the maximum result with the minimum expenditure of effort, then Ranji is in a class by himself."

In point of fact Ranji nearly retrieved England's fortunes in this match. It had looked like an easy victory for Australia when the crowds rose as one man to cheer a slim and slight figure that tripped down the pavilion steps and walked with the well-known swinging gait to the wicket. Grace, Stoddart, and others had failed, and Jones the Australian was bowling fast while Giffen the wily was sending up full tosses for catches. Trott tempted Ranji to hit, but he played every ball with confidence and was scoring even while playing himself in.

Even now there were some critics who refused to countenance the leg glide, his master stroke.

"Dangerous!" they said. "Very dangerous! What would happen if you missed the ball?"

Ranji's answer was terse and to the point. "When I miss the ball," he said, "I expect to be out."

In the *Strand Magazine*, an interviewer represented the doubting mood of the majority of critics when he referred to the much-debated stroke. After remarking on the danger and unconventionality, he wrote: "*Still*, these strokes brought runs. . . ." There was a world of feeling in that one word "*still*." . . .

Others were more open-minded. It was said of him that "he never made a Christian stroke. His batting had always something of the East in it, and in his first Test Match he laid the foundation of a new style of cricket, for he was the first man to make every ball into a ball to be hit hard."

The glide consisted of waiting till he felt the ball on the

bat, and then twisting the wrists. He even treated balls on the off stump in this manner, and it was admitted that with his wonderful eye he was justified in taking what with every other batsman would be terrifying risks. But he saw the ball earlier than any other man, and according to the evidence of Sir Stanley Jackson, he might have gone to the wicket on May 1st and stayed there till August 1st if physique could have stood the strain.

Some doubted whether his uncanny eye could deal with trick bowling. "What would you do with a googly?" they asked.

"I should watch the seams of the ball," he said.

He admitted that he held a physical advantage over all Western players. Mr. D. J. Knight once asked him: "You seem to be a wizard. How do you do it?"

Ranji answered modestly. "It is just a gift of the people of my race," he said. "Your players know where the ball is coming and get into position for the shot when the ball is just over half-way in its flight towards them. I know, though, when the ball has accomplished but a third of its journey towards me. Moreover, the message from the eye to the brain, and from thence to the muscles, is flashed with a rapidity that has no equal among Englishmen."

It was after an informal match, when the Sussex team went to Bexhill at the invitation of Lord de la Warre, that a new expression was used to describe his batting. Sussex had agreed to play on an unprepared and bumpy pitch provided that they were faced by no fast bowlers. On arrival they found to their surprise that Lockwood was included in the opposing team, prepared to bowl at his usual pace. Murdoch at first protested, but the game was begun, and whereas the professionals ran away from the bowling, Ranji found himself completely in his element, and made over sixty in as

many minutes. The expression was then coined: "He flicked fours off his eyebrows"—a phrase that ever afterwards remained his own copyright.

Mr. Knight, in *Country Life*, recalled his late cut. "It was in no way a gentle tap, a stroke of the persuasive species, but, drawing himself to his full height, he slashed down on top of the seams of the ball with all the power of his wrists, which, though small and thin to look at and feel, were in reality as supple as a fine Toledo blade and as strong as bands of steel. I honestly believe that he could have gone in with an umbrella (tightly rolled), and obtained a century against the fastest bowlers in England with strokes behind the wicket, steering the ball through the slips and gliding them to leg."

In a word, the finest writers of the day—and there were many in that halcyon age of English cricket—searched their vocabularies for new expressions with which to attempt to convey the wizardry they had seen at the wicket during that season.

But it was in the Gentleman *v.* Players match at Lord's that he eclipsed even his first performance for England. This was the real Ranji style, never seen to better advantage, for during a stay of precisely ten minutes at the wicket he made 47 runs off twelve balls, hitting Richards for 18 in the first over. He never bothered to play himself in, and was out l.b.w. to the thirteenth ball, from Briggs, which hit him in the stomach.

This was called the finest performance ever seen at Lord's, and for years afterwards the cricketing world was divided into two sects—those who *had* and those who had *not* seen Ranji play those twelve balls. He made four off every ball of Richard's over except the last, when he made a three in order to take the bowling at the other end. When he went in for



1889. Before the great adventure. First picture of Ranjitsinhji, with his tutor, at Rajkumar College.

the second innings, to make 51 not out, the crowds were delirious with Ranji-worship.

In his second Test Match he scored only 8 and 11, and at the last match, at the Oval, his chief feat was a throw-in, from the Vauxhall end, of 110 yards, which dismissed Frank Iredale.

It seemed only fitting that by the end of the year he should have passed Grace's record for the highest score ever made in one season by one player. In fifty innings he had made no less than 2,780 runs, with an average of 57·44, being not out seven times. The news was transmitted to "W. G." He was delighted. He said that Ranji fully deserved to beat a record that had been standing for so long. Seldom before has a record-holder expressed himself so genuinely delighted at the loss of his title.

The climax to this perfect year was a dinner given to Ranji at the Guildhall, Cambridge, by friends and admirers in the city of his adoption. His old friend, Newton Digby, to whom he gave credit for his first recognition, was the organising secretary, and the dinner was attended by representatives of every sport in the county. Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, represented the more serious side of University life, and "that great gentleman's green enthusiasm revived at sight of the young stylist—at the crease, if not in letters"—as a writer of the day put it.

The dinner was given as a sign of congratulation to Ranji at having stolen a title from "W. G." There were numerous flattering speeches, and it was generally a hilarious occasion, Dr. Butler combining a scholarly wit with a considerable knowledge of the guest's achievements. There was one sad note; Chester Macnaghten had died only five months before, too early to know if his prize pupil would ever play for England. But the Rev. Louis Borissow was there, and all

Ranji's friends of the cricket field. Possibly only Dr. Butler's speech deserves to go down to history. Certainly Ranji was too nervous to produce his best, or to do more than stammer his thanks.

Dr. Butler, after praise of cricket, in the course of which he said that he "could imagine Agamemnon, Achilles, and their peers playing a game of cricket," turned to his guest. "I recall," he said, "that our guest used to employ the famous late cut when he was supposed to be learning Roman Law. And I am not sure if the same popular appeal would have been there if Ranjitsinhji had been Senior Wrangler. I am afraid not. But Bonaparte, a hundred years ago, standing before the Pyramids, said to his soldiers: 'Soldiers! Forty centuries look down upon you!' But if the papers are true, since 1891 our guest has looked down upon forty centuries, and no less than eleven in the last five months! I feel inadequate in describing what it takes a Grace to equal and a Jackson to describe. But there is one particular hit of Ranjitsinhji's, with no adequate name, which I must describe through circumlocution. . . . The ball leaves the bowler's hand in the orthodox way, with every expectation, founded on past induction, of going straight to the wicket or a little to the off, with a twist on, and then either knocking down the wicket or lying dead before the bat. But to the astonishment of the bowler, by some extraordinary twist of the wrist, without apparent effort, the ball finds itself at the boundary on the on-side. I am assured that on such occasions the Prince stands at the wicket, does not move a yard, looks as if he cannot help it, being perfectly calm and modest while the bowler stands at the other end, also looking as if he could not help it, but not calm and modest, having a look—and sometimes a language—all his own. . . ."

So the speech continued, and such was the triumph of

Ranji, that from arriving in Cambridge a shy and slightly terrified youth, he was now after a few years inspiring the venerable Master of Trinity to sly humour.

"When in after years," concluded Dr. Butler, "Ranjitsinhji is endeavouring to rule India, it might help him to remember that he won general confidence and regard in his English and Cambridge home."

So representative of England was this banquet, so illustrative of the spirit of the day, that the *Daily Telegraph* the next morning printed a leading article from the pen of Sir Edwin Arnold, which began: "Last night, the hearts of England and India came closer together than they had ever come before. . . . Wrists supple and tough as a creeper of the Indian jungle, and dark eyes which see every twist and turn of the bounding ball, Ranjitsinhji has adopted cricket and turned it into an Oriental poem of action. He has touches all his own. He will sometimes proudly risk the fatal leg-before-wicket to draw the face of his bat, like the blade of a scimitar, at an exquisitely-judged angle across and along the path of a dangerous ball, so that it goes to leg and boundary like a shell from a 7-pounder, immense, audacious, unstoppable!"

The *Star*, in a leading article, made a new suggestion, although while at Cambridge the same idea had passed through Ranji's mind. "If Prince Ranjitsinhji has any ambitions in the political line, he would have no difficulty in securing a nomination from some enthusiastic constituency, for at this moment he is the most popular man in England."

But the "most popular man in England," and the idol of the robust and sporting crowds, was a sick man. A month after that banquet, he contracted congestion of the lungs, and was in bed for ten weeks, reading Dumas against orders all night long, unable to sleep.

CHAPTER IV

1896-1899. "LEG-THEORY"—ETIQUETTE—SNOBBERY

SOME strange cases of the laws of cause and effect come into the life-story of Ranji. We have seen how the intrigue of an Indian zenana gave the English cricket field a new hero: and now a treacherous English winter and a sudden snow storm gave the library of English cricket one of its most classic works.

Ranji was staying at Kneesworth Hall, Royston, when he was dispatched to bed with congestion of the lungs, and when Dumas had been exhausted and time lay heavy on his hands, he conceived the idea of writing a book on cricket. The *Jubilee Book of Cricket*, as it was called, was dictated from a sick-bed in Kneesworth Hall, for no sooner had Ranji decided to occupy his time in this way than he sent for a shorthand typist and set to work. Probably he had also in his mind some idea of augmenting his income to cope with the ever-mounting bills.

It is interesting to note that although in those happy days there was never a mention of "leg-theory" or "body-line bowling," the theories propounded in that volume would to-day cure all the diseases of cricket if carried honestly into effect. The volume is still referred to as containing all the secrets of good sportsmanship and fair play, and the year before his death, when asked to give an opinion on the leg-theory epidemic, Ranji bade his questioners refer back to the *Jubilee Book of Cricket* for the solution of all their troubles.

Once having put his hand to the work, he continued almost

without a rest, and enlisted the aid of C. B. Fry in the writing of certain parts of the volume when the two of them went to the South of France to complete Ranji's recuperation. He also gained considerable help from Mr. A. J. Gaston, "Leather Hunter" of the *Sussex Daily News*.

He worked from a simple assumption in delivering his opinion on the then unnamed and unmentionable "leg-theory." His contention was that a man with a bat in his hand should never be hit by the ball, and in every match he played he put this theory into practice. Coming back to the pavilion on one occasion after knocking up a century, he was complimented on his fine performance.

"Wonderful, Ranji!" said a friend.

But Ranji shook his head and pointed regretfully to three marks on his snowy pads:

"It's no good," he said. "I was hit three times."

On another occasion he was even more terse in the expression of his opinion. Full of alarm, a friend came to him with the news that a famous batsman had been hit by a fast bowler. Ranji's reply was bland and innocent: "Why," he asked simply, "hadn't he got a bat in his hand?"

This was the sermon of the *Jubilee Book of Cricket*, copies of which are still retained by friends as precious relics of the golden days. He obtained permission from the Queen to dedicate it to the Throne, and it was published in 1897, the Jubilee year, by the firm of Blackwood, after many offers of good money had been received. Separate chapters dealt with training, outfit, bowling, fielding, captaincy, and umpiring, and it enjoyed an instantaneous success and did much to ridicule the theory, common in some quarters, that Ranji could not write at all! In later years he revised and added to the book, and published a second Imperial edition, containing chapters on Australian, Canadian, Indian, and

American cricket. The book also contained many wise and considered opinions on etiquette, and it was true that no other cricketer in England was better fitted to instruct the young in the niceties of behaviour at the wicket. Ranji had himself delivered several lessons in etiquette by personal example, one of the most eloquent being for the education of the spectators at Manchester, when he was barracked for refusing to hit out while still playing himself in. Ranji was quite unmoved by the demonstration, and when he had settled himself to his own satisfaction and was sent some leg balls to punish, he refused to hit them, letting the crowd see plainly that he disliked being bullied into popularity.

Another lesson which he was trying to teach was that the long-established snobbery of amateur and professional was an anachronism. At Brighton, owing to the lack of room, amateurs and professionals used the same dressing accommodation, and Ranji was daring enough to suggest that this arrangement should be observed in every club-house. He made no progress with this reform, though he received the following commendation from A. G. Gardiner in the *Daily News*: "It was Ranji who first set himself to break down the barriers between the professional and the amateur. The caste system of our own cricket field has only a basis in riches. Perhaps, after all, Ranji has more right to correct the caste traditions of our land than we have to deplore the caste system of his own."

His message to British boys, written at the request of a London editor, also revealed something of his honest philosophy. It was as follows: "Keep yourselves in good condition at all times. Cultivate patience and perseverance: both qualities are necessary for doing things which are worth the trouble. Do not be despondent at your failures and be modest in the hour of your success."

He had shown all these virtues himself under some trying conditions, and he might also have added with justification some homily regarding courage during illness, for throughout his many bouts of asthma he had always shown a cheerful and contented spirit.

Sussex cricketers showed their admiration in 1897 by a gift of plate, which remained one of his greatest personal treasures throughout his life, and a portrait of himself by Mr. H. J. Brooks, A.R.A. Just before the spring he was still weak and tired as a result of his illness, and if the truth be told he had never really rested even while in bed, his impetuous nature being opposed to enforced inaction. So the visit to the South of France was followed by a trip round Europe, and with a friend he visited Paris, Germany, Vienna, and Constantinople. The round tour was by no means a rest cure, for he found the Turks bitterly engaged in a satisfactory little war with Greece.

"Let's go," said Ranji. The Turkish army was thereupon augmented by two highly unofficial observers who insisted upon penetrating into the actual fighting area without passes and without permission.

More than once it was due to good luck rather than good management that they kept out of serious trouble, but the trip seemed to have done Ranji good, for when he arrived back in England, just in time for the Sussex opening fixture, he was as energetic as ever although sadly in want of practice. But by May, when Sussex came up to Lord's, he had already played himself in for the season, and in just over four hours at the wicket, against the formidable bowling of Jack Hearne, Martin, and Davidson, he made 260 runs, including a six and 34 fours. He thus nearly equalled the Lord's record, of 278 in 1820. He came back to the pavilion amid a tumult of cheering with the laconic comment: "I enjoyed that innings."

But in spite of this magnificent effort, Sussex were beaten owing to bad fielding, and Ranji devoted himself to a renewed campaign for the improvement of this neglected art. He himself was the most attentive man in the field, and often said that he actually preferred fielding to batting. It was written of him that "there was no man more energetic between wicket and man in. There is nobody more skilful than Ranji at fielding the ball a yard above his head or an inch above the ground," while Mr. J. L. Garvin records a striking detail of his unceasing concentration on the game. When standing at the bowler's end with bat in hand, instead of looking at the other wicket as most batsmen do, he always watched how the bowler used his hands. "I always thought there was the touch of the master in this attention to detail," says Mr. Garvin.

A few days later he played for the M.C.C. against Lancashire, and won the match for the club with a second innings of 157, scored in three and a half hours. Certainly there seemed nothing wrong with his health now, although his nights were often sleepless and he had by no means finally rid himself of asthma. Sir Leslie Ward ("Spy") drew him in *Vanity Fair*, accentuating the darkness of his skin and the slenderness of his body, while his pose was the lackadaisical one familiar to the thousands of cricketers who would jump to their feet at sight of him coming down the pavilion steps trailing his bat. "Spy" was naturally accurate in detail, and gives a good impression of the luxury of his silk shirt, the sleeves buttoned at the wrist. His shirts indeed were as famous as his cricket. It was recorded: "The shirt, always of silk, always fully large, was his most distinctive feature. It bellied and flapped round his body like a sail at every movement of the breeze. And there he stood at the wicket the very embodiment of grace and elegance, almost careless and lazy in atti-



1903. "Trailing his bat, the embodiment of grace. . ."

tude, so perfect and relaxed was the whole poise of the slight delicate figure." Mr. E. V. Lucas remembered the shirt when writing his obituary notice in 1933. "It rippled in the breeze," he wrote in *Punch*, "and seemed to carry into infinity the smooth follow-through."

A team of amateurs from Philadelphia toured England that year, beating Sussex easily with the aid of a demon bowler named Bart King, who had the distinction of claiming Ranji's wicket first ball. King swerved both ways, and the unusual experience of being so easily defeated by a bowler established a bond of friendship between the American and the Rajput which was to result in Ranji's visit to America two years later.

In 1897, Ranji was fifth in the national averages, scoring 1,940 runs, while the four batsmen above him played less than thirty innings compared with his forty-eight.

Nobody was surprised when he was chosen for the English team which left England in September for Australia, and at a hilarious farewell party given by Sussex, he presented every member of the team with a medal bearing the arms of the county.

The sea treated him badly, and on the way out he made many new resolutions to stick to dry land as often as possible in the future. He was also pulled down by another particularly severe attack of asthma, the result of an all-night fishing expedition when he had ignored the teeming rain in his enthusiasm for a sport that was rapidly becoming his favourite. His inexperience of life on board more than once led him into an embarrassing situation, and he recorded the awful moment when he had found himself one morning asleep in a saloon otherwise occupied only by the ladies. Ranji did not know that in the Red Sea the ladies regard the music saloon as a private dormitory, retreating there for the night owing to

the heat in the cabins, and, finding a number of sleeping forms he joined them. A terrified eye looked out from the bed-clothes when dawn broke, and not until the last lady had departed to the swimming bath did Ranji dare to move, thereafter giving thanks for his miraculous escape.

Such was the pleasure of the Australians in welcoming so famous a cricketer that a special law was passed in the Senate excusing him from being taxed the customary £100 before a foreigner can enter the country, the House making this gesture without a single dissentient voice. To the Australians he was the most interesting member of the visiting team, and on arrival he was immediately engaged to write his comments on the tour for the *Australian Review of Reviews*—an opportunity at which he jumped as another method of augmenting his income, which he now regarded more in sorrow than in anger as an insignificant breakwater against the rising tide of his debts.

The Australians were not disappointed in their expectation of fireworks, either at the wicket or in print. In his first match at Adelaide he made 189, and in his first article he roused a public outcry by the frank allegation that Jones, the Australian fast bowler, was throwing. The whole country rose up and denied it in violent terms, and many newspapers suggested that Ranji did not like the pace or the fiery wicket. It seemed likely that overnight, from being the most popular man in the team, he might become the most unpopular. The Australians were really angry, although Ranji had protested that the alleged fault was unconscious and was general throughout England. Worse, he fell ill again, and unscrupulous critics at once alleged that he was ill because he did not want to face Jones. In point of fact he was suffering from quinsy contracted in the wet weather, but when he heard that he had been accused of cowardice, he insisted on rising

direct from a sick-bed and going on to the field, where he made the biggest score that had ever been made for England in a Test Match.

In the course of a superb innings of 175 he was especially severe on Jones' bowling, and he seemed to have refuted for ever the lies that found their way into the Australian Press. Then straight from the wicket back into bed, and a gradual return to popularity. Australia indeed, with the exception of Adelaide, went Ranji-mad. Smokers used "Ranji matches," and visited "Ranji bars," rubbing "Ranji hair-restorer" into their heads and, of course, playing cricket with "Ranji bats." But he was still barracked, and although he affected to take no notice of the storm that greeted his appearance at the wicket, on many occasions it had the inevitable effect upon his nerves.

The third Test Match was at Sydney, and Ranji's health was worse than ever. On the morning of the match, indeed, an operation was performed on his throat, but he strode to the wicket to achieve what he later called his greatest feat. He made 40 not out the first day, and later increased it to 186. He was easily top of the averages for the tour, having made 1,157 runs in twenty innings, with an average of 60·89. Of all the compliments paid to his cricket, perhaps that of Reuter's correspondent was most eloquent. Telegraphing in words charged with disappointment, he recorded of one match: "Ranji only made 50. . . ."

There were compensations for the unwelcome notoriety which he had received in some sections of the Press. He made many friends, including Lord Lamington and Mr. Wilson Barrett, and he also had the satisfaction of making some prophecies in the *Review of Reviews* to which he could refer with pride. His estimate of the world's finest batsmen was particularly striking. He cited C. B. Fry as the coming bat in

England, and Victor Trumper, then being tried for New South Wales, as the most promising player "down under." In this connection it is interesting to compare expert opinion of to-day, which places W. G. Grace, C. B. Fry, Archie MacLaren, Victor Trumper, and Ranji in sometimes differing order as the greatest batsmen of all time, Mr. Gilbert Jessop limiting his selection to three in the following order: Grace, Ranji, Trumper.

Ranji had come out of the "ordeal-by-barracking" with flying colours, and it says much for his level-headedness that his batting had been of such a quality. The agitation had been methodical and sustained, a cartoonist even making unkind capital out of a trivial incident. Going to the races, Ranji won a large sum of money on an outsider, and was so pleased with his success that he commanded the winning jockey to present himself later in the evening for a reward. Ranji duly paid out liberally when the jockey was announced, but was shocked to hear, a few minutes later, that another claimant had appeared. The truth was that an opportunist had overheard his promise on the racecourse, and had relied on Ranji not recognising the real jockey. The newspapers coloured the story to impress their readers with Ranji's credulity, and a cartoon showed an enormously fat man claiming the reward, while the real jockey stood unnoticed in the background.

Sailing West again, Ranji prepared himself for a summer that he must have anticipated with mixed feelings. He was going back to India, but he knew he could not go to Jamnagar. The attitude of the State to him was definitely hostile, coupled, probably, with a certain uneasiness as he progressed year by year to the peak of popularity.

But the rest of India now hailed him as a celebrity, for his reputation had naturally travelled back to his own country

without any depreciation. The Princes, who might have ignored a mere claimant to the throne of a State, now joined in rivalry for the privilege of entertaining England's hero.

His companion throughout an eleven months' tour of India was Sir Arthur Priestley, and their first step after landing at Colombo was to tour Ceylon, thence travelling north to Patiala, being regally received and fêted en route. It is undoubted that there was more purpose than a social call in the visit to India, for there were many evidences that Ranji was now reviewing his position with serious intent for the future. A memorial to the Secretary of State for India was in course of preparation, and was presented during the year. It set out in plain language the claims of the young Rajput, and pleaded for a reconsideration of the Government of India's acceptance of Jassaji as heir to the Gadi. The answer was curt. Lord George Hamilton replied that he declined to reopen the question.

Perhaps Ranji realised that his cause would be benefited far more by the support of the influential Princes. He was right, for he probably owed his eventual triumph largely to that first visit of goodwill. Charm of manner was his chief asset, aided by the fame which was attached to his name, for it was not an everyday matter in those times for a native of India to be *persona grata* in English sporting circles, and a celebrity is always irresistible.

Personal accomplishments, however, played their part, and it is not altogether true to say that the nice conduct of a cricket bat resulted in the winning of a throne. Ranji, a guest of the aged Maharaja of Patiala, began a friendship that was to be of tremendous benefit, though in a very short time death intervened, the kindly influence and help being continued by the Prince's successor, the present Maharaja. Ranji was made an A.D.C. and an officer in His Highness's personal bodyguard

of Lancers, and there may have been something significant in the fact that the Viceroy, Lord Elgin, was at the time due to pay an official visit to the State. Ranji was naturally in close attendance on His Excellency.

He played cricket in this now-famous nursery of the game in India, and obtained some shooting. He was nearly mauled by a wounded panther, but revealed himself as one of the finest shots of the day—another fact which attracted admiration from the sporting ruler.

Although every door was shut in Court circles in his own State, he did travel to his birthplace, there to see again the beloved mother of revered memory. "The Masaheb" exercised a tremendous influence throughout his life. In strict purdah, she was yet a personality to be felt long after her death. It was as if one had known her personally, or at least had seen her face, to listen to Ranji talk of "the Masaheb." She came often into his conversation, seemed to direct his actions, and a definite impression of her presence was to be felt by the portrait of her which always hung in his room after her death. It was painted by an English artist from photographs taken by Ranji himself, since no other man was allowed to see her.

Ranji's mother had the face of a Madonna, more Italian than Eastern, and Ranji himself attributed almost miraculous powers to her, saying that more than once she had "willed him to live" through serious illness.

Thus, in Sarodar, he was within forty miles of the Court, wisely keeping that distance in order to refute every allegation that he was engaged in propaganda against the ruler. But there were other visits to neighbouring States almost equal in benefit to the Patiala trip, to Rutlam and Jodhpur, while during his stay in Calcutta and Mysore he was enthusiastically received, his popularity being so apparent, and the

publicity so general, that the existing regime in Nawanagar might have been excused for being fearful of the result of this triumphant tour of the country.

Another valuable ally was secured in the romantic and martial figure of Sir Pertab Singh, the Maharaja of Idar and Regent of Jodhpur. Much has been written about the glamorous personality of this aristocrat who had already become a tradition. Sir Pertab, who was connected by marriage with the Jamnagar House, was the descendant of a great fighting breed in Rajputana, and although he had already come in contact with his young nephew, it was during this Indian visit that he decided to support Ranji's claim to the Gadi with all the strength of his influence and the power of his name.

Sir Pertab spoke little, thought a great deal, and saw a long way ahead. Some fantastic stories are vouched for regarding his valour and his ever-youthful anxiety to be actively concerned in every war undertaken by the British Raj. It was his custom to present himself, fully equipped for battle, to the Viceroy at the first rumour of war, and it is recorded that on news first being received of the Boxer Rebellion, he appeared at Viceregal Lodge with the laconic syllables: "Saheb: I go."

Among the many honours to his credit, Sir Pertab was A.D.C. to the Queen, and with his breast covered with ribbons he had considered it his right to be in the forefront of Indian troops even in the last years of a life that read like a military cavalcade. In August 1914 the grand old man, still erect and with a fierce eye, worried the authorities until he was sent to Flanders, and when later transferred with Lord Allenby to Egypt, it was with the utmost difficulty that he was prevented from precipitating the troops under his command into an early engagement with the enemy in Palestine.

Ranji now came under the sway of this illustrious figure who might have stepped out of the pages of chivalrous history, and from that moment had an ally who might well turn the scales in his favour.

Ranji, indeed, now entertained definite hopes that he would one day break the chain of ill-fortune. He was elated at the evidence of popularity in India, and he was now very much the man of the world. Encouragement now came from another quarter, possibly unreliable in Western eyes, but nevertheless important in India. For in Bombay he was introduced to a "joshi," or astrologer, named Pandit Hareshwar. The man already had a wide reputation. He was unread and of humble birth, but it was said that his readings of the stars in their courses and his knowledge of palmistry had been justified in startling fashion.

The pandit had been a cook, a member of a band of strolling musicians, and employee in a hat factory before receiving his powers. But he had jumped into fame when he had forecast with detailed accuracy the death of an old man who had rescued him from poverty, and since then was acknowledged, not only in Bombay but far and wide in India, as a "guru" of almost infallible skill.

Hearing of his fame, Ranji prepared a trap. Hareshwar was called to a bungalow outside Bombay, where he found four men. Behind the chair of one of them stood a servant, waving a fan.

"Tell us," said one of the men, "which of us will be a ruler among men?"

Hareshwar asked the date of their births and inspected their palms.

"None of you," he said, "but I should like to inspect the hand of this servant."

He was allowed to do so.

"This man will be a ruler," he declared. "But I see also that he is a ruler in another field—in sport, I think."

The "servant" was Ranji. Overjoyed, he introduced the pandit to some famous men in India. He persuaded Lord Curzon to submit his palm for a reading. For the Viceroy, Hareshwar forecast unpopularity in India. For a High Court Judge, he foretold a brief term as Governor, and through an extraordinary chain of circumstances, he held that office for a few weeks. The pandit forecast the death of an official who was murdered at Nasik. And in later years he related what amounted to an advance history of Nawanagar and its ruler.

Ranji placed trust in him from that moment.

Although in England the public was regretting the absence for a whole season of the most popular cricketer of the day, a strong foundation was being built on which Ranji could base his hopes. He now told those of his friends who cared to listen that he would one day fulfil his rightful destiny. (One of his bids for influential support was aimed at Lord Northcliffe, though the great newspaper proprietor did not champion his cause.)

Many young men might have been tempted to remain content with the premier position in the heart of the English public. Ranji was enthroned in the kingdom of sport, but in his nature there was a realisation, come down to him through generations of Rajput rulers, that his future must be in his own country, in his hand the sceptre of power.

"Ranji Saves England" read the newspaper posters during the summer following his return from India. But there was irony in the printed words. For Ranji's ambition was now set on the redemption of his title in the premier Hindu State of Kathiawar.

CHAPTER V

1899-1903. "NIL DESPERANDUM"

PUBLIC interest in England, however, was less concerned with Ranji's claim to sit on the Gadi of Nawanagar than with his cricket form after so long an absence from England. Particular importance was lent to the point by the arrival in England of a strong Australian Test team. Thus Ranji would have been optimistic if he had expected Press or public to be worried over the justice or otherwise of his claim. They were far more intrigued by the question of whether his leg glide had become rusty.

Nevertheless, he did succeed in obtaining some official notice of his quandary in regard to the future, and considerable interest was shown in a question in the House of Commons from Sir Seymour King. Sir Seymour, who had always been a good friend, recalled to the House the memorial presented to the Secretary of State on Ranji's behalf a year before, and asked the Government why, "contrary to the legal settlement of 1878, Ranjitsinhji was not recognised as the heir-presumptive to the Gadi of Nawanagar?"

Sir Seymour asked why there had been no answer to the memorial. He pointed out that Jam Vibhaji had had fourteen wives legitimately, and several Mahomedan concubines. None of the Rani wives had produced a son who survived, continued Sir Seymour, and he suggested that the facts deserved a commission of inquiry.

Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary of State, replied that he was not aware that there had been any legal settlement.

The late Jam had been permitted, he said, to disinherit Ranjitsinhji. The Government's answer to Ranjitsinhji's memorial was a refusal to open the question.

The attempt, therefore, to sound the Government had only a negative result, but Ranji at any rate was showing a renewed interest, and once having taken up this personal cause, he brought to it the same untiring energy that had been seen in his cricket. "Nil Desperandum" he took as his personal motto. There is no man who has better lived up to it.

It may have been due to his desire to work on this campaign that he asked to be omitted from the team meeting the Australians in the first Test Match, saying that his early performances for Sussex, of which he had now accepted the captaincy, did not justify his selection. But he was prevailed upon to play at Trent Bridge on June 1st under the captaincy of Grace—the last occasion on which England was led by the Grand Old Man.

On the last day of the match England was set the task of making 300 to win, and it was a dangerous situation which Ranji and Tom Hayward faced when they went in to bat. Between them they made 62 runs in an hour and twenty minutes, but after Hayward's dismissal, Ranji was practically left by himself for the last forty minutes. He made 93 runs with inspired skill, running singles to take the bowling, and fully justifying those posters which told of his salvation of the side.

This was the beginning of a great year (1899) and for the first time on record he amassed 3,000 runs, reaching this total in the last match of the season and averaging no less than 76·16 in the Sussex matches, and 63·18 in all matches. Some strange figures contributed to his total, for it was discovered that after three completed efforts for Sussex he had piled up 494 runs. It was no wonder that 20,000 people flocked into

the Old Trafford ground to see him, for throughout his fifty-eight innings he had been a consistent miracle-worker. One incident deserves mention to reveal the unique position in which he was held by the cricketing public. He had apparently made a brilliant catch in the slips, and at the umpire's signal the batsman began his walk back to the pavilion. Nobody doubted that he had been caught, but suddenly Ranji's voice was heard calling the batsman back. He explained that he had not properly held the ball, and contrary to all precedent, the umpire's decision was reversed.

He frequently put himself on to bowl, although some of his friendly opponents were apt to be sarcastic about his efforts. When playing for a London County team under Grace, the opponents, Cambridge, applied to Grace to put Ranji on to bowl. "We are sure to lose anyway," they said. "So you may as well give us a chance." Grace obligingly complied, and far from giving them a chance, Ranji took 6 wickets in 13 overs for 53 runs.

He had always complained that Murdoch had not allowed him to bowl for Sussex in the early days, for fear that it might spoil his batting, and Stoddart frequently sympathised with him on the "harsh treatment" of their respective captains. He was indeed compared to Victor Hugo, "who thought little of writing but longed to paint." (In actual fact Ranji had a good medium-slow bowling style with a break from the off.)

His tours in cricket-loving England now resembled those of Royalty, so great was the popularity that was his. Small boys would wait in the roads for his passing, to catch a glimpse of the national hero, and when he was playing in London, it was said that the rumour: "Ranji is set!" could lure keen business men from their offices for the day. A tale was invented illustrating his nation-wide fame. A yokel

was being conducted round the city of Leeds, and in the course of the tour, came across an equestrian statue.

"Oo's that?" he asked.

"That's the Black Prince," he was told.

"Wot! Ranji? Why not Lord 'Awke?"

Years later, proof was to be given of the cosmopolitan fame of his name. An officer in the service of Nawanagar was in difficulties in France, and could make nobody understand his country of origin. He made his interrogators understand that he came from India. He was asked from which part of India. But they had never heard of Kathiawar.

"From Rajputana . . ." he essayed. But they had never heard of Rajputana.

"From Kathiawar . . ." he tried once more. But there was no response.

"From Nawanagar . . ." he said as a last resort.

"But of course!" said his French friends. "Ranji's Nawanagar!"

Into the summer days and nights of 1899 he crammed every hour of sport and amusement that he could, on one occasion producing a sparkling performance after dancing all night at a May Week ball at Cambridge. He was third in the averages, the two players who headed him having in fact played only thirty-two innings between them, compared with his fifty-eight.

When he was looking forward to some winter sport with the rod and gun, he was invited by the Associated Clubs of Philadelphia to take a team to America. The team of amateurs he got together was the finest that had ever left England, and the only serious omission was that of C. B. Fry, who was unable to spare the time. It was composed of Ranji, Bosanquet, Brann, Jessop, Llewellyn, MacLaren, Priestley, Robson, Robertson, Stoddart, Townsend, and

S. M. J. Woods, and it was a pity that such a team was more or less wasted upon a five-match tour during which the cricket had never the fault of being too serious.

Ranji saw little of the Atlantic, for he was confined to his bunk most of the way, talking across the corridor to Jessop, who was equally ill-treated by the rough weather. The tour was indeed more of a triumph of hospitality than of cricket, and it was in this department that Sir Arthur Priestley proved himself most valuable, for he was discovered to be the only Englishman in America—and perhaps in the universe—who could make after-dinner speeches on equal terms with the American.

The reception accorded to Ranji in New York was terrifying, and although he managed cleverly to evade many of the newspaper reporters, that made no difference to their highly coloured accounts of the appearance and the “wise-cracks” of “the Prince from Hindoo.” Within a day of his arrival it was announced that he was searching for an American heiress, and the most fantastic tales were published about his riches and his Eastern background. But Ranji was long-suffering, and only protested when it was solemnly announced that whenever he made a century his “royal father” sacrificed two slaves in gratitude to the Gods!

The conversation of two spectators on seeing Ranji was recorded in the newspapers:

“There’s the Prince!” said one.

“What? That feller with the hat pulled down over a face like a truck driver? That ain’t a Prince!”

The English team at any rate lived up to their blazers, which had been provided by Ranji. They were truly magnificent garments, in his own colours, each member having one for ordinary use and another in the form of a dinner jacket. The first match against the Colts at Phila-

delphia began with a slight discussion, for a great many Colts appeared on the field and, when counted, were found to number twenty-two. Ranji protested, but later agreed to allow his opponents to field fourteen men and bat twenty-two.

Priestley, it is said, revived an old cricket story with complete success. After being bowled first ball he remarked: "I never could stand these trial balls," and prepared to stay at the wicket. Terrific enthusiasm greeted Ranji's first appearance, although his swinging gait, so loved by the English crowds, was described by American newspaper observers as "rolling about like a barrel on pins." In spite of their liberties with the laws of cricket, and although no less than eleven men were run out in the first match owing to the baseball-bred anxiety of the Americans to run at all costs, Ranji said that he could train many of them to play well enough for any county cricket team, and was particularly impressed with Bart King and G. S. Patterson.

Illness again marred Ranji's trip, and when the team went to Canada he had to stay behind, joining them later in Toronto, where he made friends with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the great Canadian statesman. He only played in two matches during the five weeks, and returned again to the ordeal of the ocean, heiressless and again inwardly disturbed by the waves.

That winter he did get his shooting, and remarks he made to his friends showed that he was now working behind the scenes with the object of enlisting support for his cause after the unsatisfactory reply given in the House by the Government representative during the summer.

On May 7th, 1900, he was in the cricket field again, a score of 158 in under four hours giving a welcome assurance that the Americans had done him no harm. A 97 and 127 in his second match of the season confirmed that opinion. He had started on a faultless break, his next appearance producing

222, following that with a 215 not out against Cambridge, scoring the first century in two hours. His record up to date was now 661 for three completed innings. Before the next engagement, against Kent at Tonbridge, he was informed that he had never made more than 70 against those opponents. So he proceeded to make 192 not out, declaring the innings closed when within eight of a double century, with a quixotic disregard of personal records that might well have been imitated by other first-class cricketers who seemed to be intent only on their own averages. His great ambition now was to see his county at the head of the Championship. Team work and tactics were more to him than records of personal prowess.

Alarming news came from the cricket prophets, for it was announced that Ranji "was perfecting a new stroke that makes his friends' hair stand on end." But he was in no need of novelties, for proceeding to Leicester with Sussex, he hit 275 in exactly five hours, being out just before he was going to declare. Sussex scored 686 for eight men, and later, back at Brighton, Ranji and Fry made between them 197 in 100 minutes, Fry's contribution in two innings being 125 and 229.

P. F. Warner was one of the few who dared to doubt Ranji's ability on any kind of wicket, and in an article unwisely questioned whether he would always score such amazing totals. The answer was seen at Brighton, on a wicket which might well have been prepared as a test, so treacherous was the surface and so easy the task of the bowlers. And Ranji made 202, the rest of the team making 34 between them, and their opponents compiling 118.

The Editor of *Wisden* gave special credit to this performance, which set the seal on Ranji's ability to bat under any conditions.



1904. "Ranji became an officer in the Patiala State Bodyguard. . . ."

Photo: Stearn, Cambridge.

He wound up the season at Hove with another double century, the fifth of the season, after he had been challenged to see if he could repeat his first innings. The second century was gained in seventy minutes, and appreciably helped Ranji's record for the year. Ranji and Fry together had scored 4,439 runs in county matches, Ranji's average being 85 against Fry's 63, each scoring nine centuries. On figures alone Ranji had again topped his best, scoring over 3,000 runs for the second time, and in all matches having an average of 87.

Once more shooting and fishing occupied the winter, and it was probably a mental if not a physical holiday that Ranji was able to enjoy with a variety of friends, most of them of course being companions of the cricket field. But he had a liking for any celebrity, and anybody with a well-known name sooner or later found himself in the dark and overcrowded Sidney Street rooms where Ranji played host. There were some strange encounters and clashes between personalities. Where else in England would Dr. Grace have made friends with Sandow? Where else would one hear the cultured voice of an intellectual theorising with a professional cricketer?

Very often he stayed with the Borissows. In the house of his former tutor he was more of an occasionally-absent resident than a guest, and he identified himself with them more and more as the younger members of the family, who were of about the same age, grew up.

He obtained tickets for seats from which to view the funeral procession of Queen Victoria, and it was natural that he should invite the Misses Borissow to accompany him. Ranji, however, travelling up to town with the two young girls the night before that historic ceremony, had not realised that every room in London had been engaged days before, and on arrival found to his horror that it was impossible to secure

accommodation either for his guests or himself. Until 3 a.m. they toured London in a hansom cab, and at that unholy hour his luxurious taste was shocked when he found that the only possible haven was a third-rate hotel, the mere aspect of which horrified his guests.

But it was that or nothing, and Ranji persuaded them to settle themselves for the night in the only available room. The girls were still frightened at the unfamiliar experience, but resolved to spend the night in hideous discomfort sitting on the bed.

When, early in the morning, they opened their door, they tripped over a recumbent and dishevelled figure—the faithful though ill-tempered idol of English cricket. Ranji, one of the most fastidious men in England, had kept all-night vigil stretched on the floor in the corridor.

It was perhaps due to this and similar experiences—for he would never look after his health—that influenza laid him low during the early spring, and it was not until May that he was able to appear again in the cricket field.

The season of 1901 saw him again beat his highest previous score. The match was played at Taunton, and at the end of the first day's play, during which Somerset had put up a good score, it was evident that Sussex would have to be in their best batting form. Murdoch, therefore, addressed the team on the benefits of going to bed early. His remarks had special reference to Ranji, for he had the reputation of keeping very late hours, and had before then kept other members of the team from their slumbers by his talking. Ranji promised to obey, and the anxious Murdoch went to sleep happy when he heard Ranji's cheerful voice saying good night, and the thud of his boots being placed outside the door.

Fortunately Murdoch slept soundly, and it was thus that he did not hear the scrape of a ladder outside Ranji's window.

Nor did he hear the stealthy departure of his star batsman as he crept out into the night, his boots slung round his neck. For it was a fine night for fishing, and Ranji had previously made all arrangements to while away the dark hours. He was back for breakfast wearing the shining and innocent face of the guiltless. He made 285 not out, and only the stopping of play through rain, forty minutes early, prevented him from making 300.

"You see what early bed does, Ranji," said Murdoch.

Ranji agreed without a smile.

So the summer passed in the companionship that he loved best.

Nothing was too good for his friends, and he seemed to consider that no national occasion had been adequately recognised unless he himself had given a banquet to celebrate it.

Thus, the return of the Cambridge contingent from the South African War could not be allowed to pass by without receiving a seal of appreciation at Ranji's expense. Receipt of the news of their coming was immediately followed by the formulation of elaborate plans to entertain them, and it was a mere detail that Ranji himself had not even a small part of the money necessary to stage the function with the magnificence that he naturally desired. The estimate was £50, and it was the work of a few hours to scrape the money together in Cambridge, his creditors being among the most eager to finance the occasion. The dinner passed off with the success customary to everything that he arranged, and once more a national event could consider itself duly fêted.

It was no desire to make a display or advertise himself that urged him on. He was by nature so generous, and so appreciative of a task well and truly completed, that he was compelled to express his approval in some way. It was his attitude

throughout life, and the fact that the British public personally knew him and hailed him with such friendship and affection, made him feel that he could never do enough to repay.

In the autumn, Ranji travelled back to India, this time to perform the mourning ceremony on the death of the aged Maharaja of Patiala. The visit was a formal one. It was the only way he could show his affection and respect for the generous man he had called "Uncle," whose death was a serious material loss to him. But he had the consolation of knowing that his friendship with the dead man had already been of some benefit. He never forgot him.

He was back in England in time for the cricket season of 1902, and played in three Test Matches against Australia, an injury preventing him from appearing in the fourth. His cricket was considerably interrupted during the year by the calls of friendship made by relatives and friends who had come to London in preparation for King Edward's coronation, and he was not slow in taking advantage of the presence of Sir Pertab Singh, who was among those in London for the occasion. Ranji indeed did a great deal of work for his cause during the year, although he found time for some more sparkling cricket in spite of the weather. He made his fiftieth century, and on two occasions topped the 200 mark, once making 234 not out in under three and a half hours, 156 of them coming from boundaries.

His average for Sussex was 66.61, easily heading the county averages. But perhaps even more than the first-class engagements, he enjoyed the village cricket at Gilling, in Yorkshire, where his tutor, Mr. Borissow, had recently acquired the living. The little village gained fame and material benefit by its association with Ranji. He grew to love it, and interested himself in its parish politics and festivities. The village green, which up to date had been the scene of

doubtless stirring matches between local teams, was now honoured by the presence of some of the finest cricketers in England. Members of visiting Test teams here completed their education by sampling English cricket at its best—as it has always been played in the country villages—for Ranji made himself a benevolent patron of Gilling's fortunes, many of the stars of the game playing to a large assembly of country people whose entrance fees went towards the restoration of the village church or to the redemption of a parish debt.

Ranji found valuable companionship in Gilling, and retired to the house of his old friend and tutor whenever worries or illness made a rest imperative. He obtained some excellent fishing in the district, joining the Rydedale Angling Club, and grew to know and to love the wild Yorkshire moors where he could satisfy his desire for shooting.

As might be imagined, cricket at Gilling was conducted with Ranji's usual insistence on etiquette, though on occasions, when local umpires pronounced the verdict, there were incidents to cause first-class players to raise their eyebrows. Ranji himself was once given out l.b.w. by a village umpire without any appeal being made, but he was evidently prepared to take village cricket in the proper spirit, for he walked from the wicket without demur, though he would have been the first to complain in other circumstances.

The majority of the matches were played on the Hovingham Hall ground, and these were the forerunners of regular engagements between the Yorkshire Gentlemen and a Hovingham Hall XI. Sir William Worsley usually picked the opponents, but Gilling village, Hovingham, and Slingsby teams also competed against Ranji's XI. Once, he missed the only train of the day from London to Gilling. He was anxious to play in a match that afternoon, and there was general consternation when his telegram arrived with the

news. A substitute was hastily obtained, and the match began.

But the chance of a game of village cricket was more important to Ranji than time-tables. He walked on to the field several hours late. He had chartered a special train.

He spent the whole of the winter of 1902-3 at Gilling, and in February of 1903 jumped into a controversy that was after his own heart. It has been related how keen he was on theorising on the technique of cricket, and his clear-cut views on the subject and his deep consideration of its problems enabled him to contribute to *The Times* a letter which earned for him the admiration of all who were debating a pressing problem. The subject on which all England was taking sides concerned the advisability or otherwise of a larger wicket, then being considered by the authorities. Ranji was against the proposal, although such a change might be fully expected to be of tremendous help to his particular game. His letter virtually decided the authorities against the change, and was considered to be one of the most brilliant contributions to the scientific literature of the game.

CHAPTER VI

1903-1907. THE GREATER WORK

RANJI'S endeavours to cure his chronic financial troubles were many and varied. More than once he nearly burned his fingers in business ventures, for his increasing success in enlisting support for his cause had the effect of bringing many adventurers of the business world to him with magnificent offers of immediate cash, more or less "on note of hand alone," in return for promises of repayment when he was a ruling Prince and a rich man.

He also made money by his pen, and for a lengthy period wrote cricket articles feverishly. They were well constructed, and should have brought him in a steady income, but he often contracted to write for newspapers that were more enterprising than reliable, and on many occasions had to employ legal aid before being paid.

Bottomley saw in him a great public attraction, and commissioned him to write weekly articles for the *Sun*, for which he promised good pay. And good pay it was so long as the cheques arrived, but many pilgrimages had to be made to Fleet Street before Ranji's solicitors could obtain the full amount due to him.

The great Horatio, then rising to the top of his fame, was not above exploiting the fame of Ranji for the benefit of his readers, and, imitating an American newspaper custom, he persuaded Ranji to edit the *Sun* for one day, the idea being that Ranji should get other famous cricketers, who had up

till then refused all Bottomley's blandishments, to contribute articles.

Ranji as an editor was enterprising as any tabloid director. As the day approached when his name would appear in the *Sun* as controller of its fortunes, Sussex cricketers had only one joke. Ranji's leg was pulled unmercifully, particularly when he tried to persuade all the great names in cricket to become journalists for a day. He used the expert's wiles to obtain their contributions, and invented a rumour that he had already secured the promise of a masterly and hard-hitting "scoop" from the pen of Sir Stanley Jackson.

In an endeavour to convince Archie MacLaren, whose article he wanted to print, Ranji sent a telegram to himself, purporting to come from Sir Stanley, and signed: "Jacker." It arrived at the Sussex ground when Ranji was fielding, and in an interval he called across to MacLaren: "There you are, Archie, what did I tell you?"

But MacLaren knew Ranji and his love of a practical joke. "You'll get mine before you get Jacker's!" he shouted back. "And you'll never get mine!"

But although the famous edition of the *Sun* went to press without the promised article by Sir Stanley Jackson, Ranji had his revenge on MacLaren, for the public read an article signed by the great Lancashire cricketer, printed in big type for his further aggravation. As a fact it was from the pen of George Beldam, who had contributed two articles for his friend, and who was particularly annoyed when he found some of his favourite phrases attributed to another man. "Lord's is the place where plots are hatched . . ." Beldam had written, and neither he nor MacLaren was pleased at Ranji's free-and-easy transposition of the author's name.

But however mistaken the ethics of journalism displayed by Ranji, his creditors were always pleased when he showed



1907. The Jam Saheb at his installation, with Sir Pertab Singh of Idar.

himself capable of making money. Creditors' meetings were being held, and although the English firms to whom he was in debt were satisfied with his assurance that one day he would be able to refund them in full, there were some foreign firms whose anxiety presented a considerable danger. Several times he was helped by friends and relatives in India, but his method of living remained the same, and every gesture seemed to be one which entailed the payment of a staggering bill.

Taking a Cambridge cricket XI on tour one day, he was annoyed to find several members of the team missing when the train was due to start. As it moved out of the station, Ranji pulled the communication cord, and cheerfully paid £5 in order that the team should be complete. Nor could he understand the attitude of the officials who protested at such behaviour. "I can't play cricket with half a team, can I?" he pleaded.

This was his attitude, that certain expenditure was essential, and if one had not the money, then the only possible course was to run into debt. Thus, it was obviously vital for him to entertain at Lord's from a most expensive box, and if twenty or thirty friends arrived, there must be lobster and champagne for all. He must honour every Cambridge May Week with his presence, going to as many balls as possible with parties of friends, and at Brighton he must keep "open house" with three glittering motor-cars standing outside the Norfolk Hotel to dazzle the natives. . . .

In the midst of this gay existence he learned that the next inevitable step had been taken in Nawanagar. Early in the spring of 1903, Jassaji was installed as Jam Saheb. This final blow could not but have been anticipated, for the chief political officer in Kathiawar was pledged to the support of Jam Vibhaji's nominee. Ranji was not asked to the installa-

tion ceremony, and during the summer may have been able to forget the shattering of his dreams in the cricket field. He learnt, too, that the new Jam had not made a favourable impression. Like Ranji, Jassaji had had every educational advantage, had been to the Rajkumar College, and had been provided with an English guardian and tutor. But he remained an unimposing figure, *gauche* and ungraceful, displaying none of the regal attributes of his predecessor. He was provided with five wives, and it seemed that Ranji's hopes must be abandoned, for it needed only the begetting of a son to provide the State with a direct heir, whose claims could not possibly have been contested.

So Ranji played cricket. Was it perhaps due to his desire to escape the memory of his misfortune that he played in more matches that season than he had for five years? A score of 204 against Surrey delighted the Oval crowd, and Brighton again saw him at his best, with a 162 not out against Gloucestershire, a 144 not out against Lancashire, and again a 105 against the Northerners. His average for the 41 matches in the season was 56.58.

In the autumn he went to India, possibly for financial reasons, or perhaps with the intention of making a last attempt to sound the prospects. And in truth there was plenty of sympathy for him, and some of the local officials almost openly hoped that one day he would be seated on the Gadi. It was a frail hope, however, for even if Jassaji failed to become a father, there was always the possibility that a male child would be introduced into the zenana.¹

¹ "Jam Ranmalji mounted the throne in 1645, and married a lady of the Jodhpur House, but as he was enfeebled by his excesses in early youth, this lady had no hope of offspring. Being, however, of ambitious temperament, she gave out that she was with child, and with the aid of her brother and a servant, she introduced into the female apartments a fine male child, and pretended that it had been born of her." (From Colonel J. W. Watson's "Account of Nawanagar" in the *Bombay Gazetteer*, 1884.)

Once more Ranji consulted the joshi. This time, greatly daring, he asked for the year and month of his accession. Pandit Hareshwar drew the criss-crossed diagram in which he made his calculations, read the palm once more, and promised to dictate his opinion. The answer was received a week later. It read: "If you do not sit on the Gadi of Nawanagar on March 11th, 1907, I will give Rs.2,000 to charity and will give up my work."

Many months later events proved the uncanny accuracy of this forecast, contrary as it was to all probability. It converted Ranji into a firm believer in the powers of the occult. Although in so many ways as English as a Cockney, he placed considerable faith in Hareshwar's powers, and would almost invariably obtain his readings of the future before an important undertaking. He differed, however, from many of his race, for whereas others will consult the joshis before embarking on a plan, Ranji put the necessary machinery in motion and *then* sought to hear what the future might hold. Thus there was a subtle difference in his attitude towards the occult and that of others who believe in the mathematical progress of destiny. He was generally disposed to laugh in public at what people call "luck," but in secret he had the Western superstition about black cats, together with many of the Eastern beliefs in omens.

Ranji stayed with many of the Indian Princes during this trip, and during a visit to the Nawab of Junagadh, shot his first lion. He made a study of the habits of this nearly extinct animal, and estimated that there were about 150 still surviving in the Gir, the 200-square-mile belt of forest which is the last refuge of the Asiatic lion. Ranji had, of course, missed the Indian Prince's usual initiation into the art of big-game shooting, but he had rapidly become a real expert in the English shooting field, and was equally adept with a rifle.

His first experience was not without adventure, for his *machan* was dragged down by a panther, and his life was saved only by the beast's shock and hasty departure as he crashed to the ground. Although he was not a great horseman like most of his race, he was fond of horses, and had amazing endurance, often tiring many more experienced shikaris. Once, when suffering from an injury to his leg, he went snipe shooting on horseback with great success, and even gained the admiration of the veteran Sir Pertab Singh, who, like most Rajputs, was born in the saddle and was the hero of many fabulous feats of horsemanship.

But fishing had already become the paramount sporting interest in his life, and in the course of many discussions he invariably confessed that he would rather land a fish worthy of mention than cover his walls with tiger skins.

Back in England for the cricket season of 1904, he ran a neck-and-neck race with C. B. Fry for the first place in the national averages. Ranji finished a few points ahead, though their positions in Sussex matches were reversed. In 34 innings he averaged the second highest in his career, and both he and Fry had averages of 70 in English and County matches. Brighton once more was fortunate, for it was there that he scored 207 not out versus Lancashire, in the first match of the season, and again 178 not out against South Africa and 152 against Surrey. Wisden paid special attention to his first performance this year: "From the first to the last ball in that superb display he was at the highest pitch of excellence, and beyond that the art of batting cannot go."

And now regular cricket was over for ever.

Ranji did not know, but he had scored nearly his last century. The next time that he put on pads for an English game, it would be in vastly different circumstances. History would be made, the fates would have smiled again. In the

future he would play cricket when other affairs permitted, and the game would never be allowed to make first claim on his time. It was perhaps fortunate that the English crowds did not know that this was virtually farewell to a career that had always provided thrills and fireworks.

He sailed to India in November, probably intending to return the following spring. With him was Lord Hawke, with whom he had made close friends. This time the object of the trip was big-game shooting, at which Lord Hawke was an expert. In the Gir and in Palitana, they enjoyed camps and shikar expeditions, but when Lord Hawke returned to England for the summer of 1905, Ranji stayed behind. Visiting relatives and friends, he lay low for a time. His contact with British officials was flattering to him. He found himself readily accepted in some influential circles. Still persisting in his head was the idea that it would be of benefit to gain the confidence of official circles. He did not yet approach Jamnagar, but through the summer he watched and waited, ignoring the malicious propaganda that emanated from the Jamnagar Palace.

Once, in company with Lord Hawke, he saw Jam Jassaji drive through Rajkot. The carriage clattered past with its escort, and the dust rose in a cloud. Ranji gazed at the departing cavalcade.

"That's where I should be . . ." he said gently.

Lord Hawke joined him again for the winter of 1905, and Ranji was now *persona grata* with many of the highest in the land, including the Viceroy. In February of 1906 he was invited to be a guest in the house of the Agent to the Governor at Rajkot, the ex-administrator of Nawanagar during Jassaji's minority. This official was Colonel Willoughby Kennedy, and the invitation to stay at the official residence could only have been the result of considerable forethought,

the Colonel's desire probably being to bring together the two inimical parties, Ranji and Jassaji.

Colonel Kennedy, though a sincere friend of Ranji, was actually his greatest stumbling-block, for there was no possibility of overcoming his deep-rooted loyalty to his job, which entailed the official support of Jassaji. Indeed, neither Ranji nor Colonel Kennedy ever breathed a word on the subject which must have been uppermost in their minds, and such was their mutual esteem that they remained genuine friends for many years afterwards—until the Colonel's death. They based their esteem for each other on rigid adherence to the rules of the game.

Jassaji was already in the house-party at Rajkot. When he was informed of the imminent arrival of Ranji, he was furious, and threatened immediate departure.

"Very well," said Colonel Kennedy. "If my house cannot hold both you and Ranji, you will be the one to leave!"

The Jam packed up and returned over the border to his State, thereby being of the utmost use to his rival, for although Colonel Kennedy would have fought tooth and nail for Jassaji's rights, as ordained by the Viceroy, he would not tolerate rudeness to a fellow-guest.

The Rajkot visit was important, and others showed Ranji that he had made a good impression on local officials—a fact that might be more useful to him later than were his former direct methods of trying to enlist sympathy in Whitehall.

Evidently his presence in India was considered to be a danger to the Jam Saheb, for the Nawanagar State propaganda department lost little opportunity of blackening his character, and attempted to prove that his financial position was due to debauched habits. All these efforts were hope-

lessly overdone, however, and defeated their own object, for it was difficult for anyone to believe that the finest batsman of the day was a fast liver, and in actual fact his perpetual inability to budget his expenditure was in English eyes only a very human and almost likeable fault.

Once more he went to the Gir with Lord Hawke, but soon after the latter left him for England, there came startling news from Jamnagar.

The Jam Saheb was ill.

Jassaji had contracted typhoid fever—a by no means surprising event in the life of a resident in the old town. Jamnagar was indeed a nest of disease. “It is fit for the body of a gallant but dirty animal,” wrote a political officer at the time. Epidemics were difficult to check, and in spite of precautions, the deadly typhoid crept into the Jam Saheb’s residence.

And Jassaji, though only twenty-four, was unhealthy, ill-equipped to fight a dreaded scourge. He sank slowly. In a few weeks he was dead.

Ranji worked quickly. He jumped at the opportunity, and in a few weeks had addressed a petition couched in strong terms to Mr. John Morley, the Secretary of State for India, and to other quarters. Jassaji had never had a son, and although Ranji had an elder brother, Devi Singh, no claim was made on his behalf. It was rumoured that attempts were being made to obtain Government recognition for an adopted son of one of Jassaji’s five widows, but if these were in order to estrange sympathy from Ranji, they were dismal failures and had precisely the opposite effect. There rose a storm of protest all over India, giving proof that Ranji’s work on his own behalf had not been in vain. It was said, indeed, that Sir Pertab Singh, who now appointed himself the chief director of Ranji’s fortunes, made a solemn declaration to

the Viceroy in person, to the effect that if Ranji's claim were disallowed, even his famed loyalty would weaken.

The petition to Whitehall cited his pedigree and emphasised every point in his favour, quoting the Government's decision of 1878, when Ranji had been adopted with legal and religious ceremony. He was said to be "immeasurably superior to other claimants," and reference was made to his "literary talents, sportsmanlike qualities, knowledge of the English and their ways, equable temper, and kind heart—a man of tact, good address, and an intimate knowledge of Indian affairs."

This general and influential support of Ranji no doubt played its part, but the decision itself rested with a florid, white-bearded autocrat of the old school who was now barricaded (and almost invisible), behind the files of the ~~Agent to the Governor~~ in Kathiawar. Mr. Percy Seymour Fitzgerald was enjoying himself. He was in the limelight, and intended to linger in it. For weeks he sat behind his mountainous files, revelling in the sensation of literally keeping the world waiting for news.

More than one powerful Rajput State sent a deputation to him, with expressions of hope that he would pronounce in favour of the obvious claimant, and he was made fully aware of the keen desire in the whole of Rajputana that the throne of Jamnagar should be returned to the fold. The history of the Gadi, dating back to 1540, in a land mentioned in *Thucydides*, the oldest classic in the world, was indeed jealously guarded.

Nawanagar rulers had held their land secure in the sixteenth century against Mogul emperors equipped with Turkish artillery, and in all history the pure blood-strain of those who sat upon the Gadi had been preserved against every tyrannical attempt to impose a foreigner. Crushing losses had



1907. "He was riding to triumph, in a borrowed carriage through
an evil slum. . . ."

been sustained by armies of former Jams in their determination to resist an invader, and the blood-soaked pages of Rajput history are replete with classic stories of heroism and sacrifice in order that the ruler's lineage should be immaculate down the ages.

There remained the personal aspect, and it was a fortunate chance that Mr. Fitzgerald knew Ranji's father intimately. Mr. Fitzgerald was a man to form his own opinion, and to stick to it through thick and thin. The justice of the claim was borne upon him; he could not have chosen any other course against the plain facts. Nevertheless, the wise and self-opinionated old Indian official was no doubt happy to have his duty confirmed by personal knowledge of the Sarodar family.

No doubt Ranji, now staying with his mother in Sarodar, knew the future. He must, at any rate, have been optimistic when there arrived in Rajkot the striking and confident figure of Sir Pertab Singh, to stay with his old friend Mr. Fitzgerald. Further, there was the prophecy of the joshi, which he would not have entirely ignored. And Ranji wrote a letter, in which his own feelings are revealed, to Miss Borissow, one of the family which provided his greatest English friends.

"I think I can be certain of sitting on the Gadi," he wrote. "But I am not altogether certain that I want to. . . ."

What was in his mind when he wrote those words? At the last, did he hear a faint echo of those cheering cricket crowds, did he see, as if in the distance, that well-beloved green pitch where he could perform his magic? Did he begin already to mourn the fact that no longer would he bring the thousands to their feet, with a twist of his steel wrists?

Ranji, however, was ever destined for a greater work in life than the collection of cricket honours, and it is unlikely that

he would ever have been content with being merely a sporting idol. His written sentiments, therefore, on the eve of this, the greatest event in his life, must be dismissed as a passing emotion at the thought of the magnitude of his future, in which mere games of cricket would be but an insignificant detail. He must look forward to years of arduous and sometimes heartbreaking work. That much he knew, for it was common knowledge that affairs in the State gave grave cause for anxiety, and great difficulty in administration would be experienced until some improvement was effected. It was not into a position of ease or wealth that he was moving, for even during the three short years of his predecessor's reign, much had been done to nullify the curative powers of Colonel Kennedy's administration.

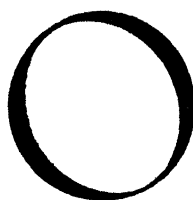
There could be no elaborate display at his installation. The ritual which had always attended the ceremony on the accession of a new Jam, and which in the seventeenth century, under Jam Lakhaji, had cost £50,000, must never be contemplated—no doubt to the disappointment of the populace. The Treasury was depleted, and it was, indeed, more of a responsibility than an asset that he was undertaking.

Unhurried, and without any sense of the dramatic, Mr. Fitzgerald announced the Government's decision.

Ranji was Jam Saheb.

CHAPTER VII

1907. "IN A BORROWED CARRIAGE"

 ON one side of the square were the elephants. They formed a solid block, immobile, patient, as if they were only the dull background for the colour and glitter of howdahs. On the other three sides of the square, troops and the Lancers of the Jamnagar Imperial Service Corps. Behind, a chattering, excited mob, men, women, and children, struggling to be in the forefront.

Above the mob there waved banners and flags. Triumphal arches spanned the narrow streets, and the early morning sun, already fierce, picked out the flamboyant colours of congratulatory phrases of welcome. The sun, indeed, now mounting above the city of Jamnagar, had much to reflect its spring glory. There were the naked spear-points of the troopers, the drawn swords of the officers, the polished brass bowls of the holy men, the silver and gold trappings of the elephants, the full-dress uniforms of the officers, and the sparkling jewels of State worn by a score of ruling Princes.

In Rajputana, the home of chivalry, the people were celebrating the coming of a ruler. The scene might have been reconstructed from an ancient print, and if comparison had been made with a similar occasion a century before, there would have been few points of difference. For a new Jam Saheb was coming for the ceremony of installation, and though on this day, March 10th, 1907, it was the clatter of a train that announced his arrival, the excited citizens of

Jamnagar had been able to impart a historic atmosphere of pageantry even into the station.

But the sun, which so appropriately lent additional glitter to the scene, was also an unkind critic of the true state of affairs. It shone perhaps too strongly on the seams, and revealed too much. The critical might have remarked on the fact that some of the carriages which awaited the visitors had been borrowed for the occasion from neighbouring States; the uncharitable might have whispered that some of the furniture, the tents, and the shamianas, were stamped with a varied assortment of names—all were borrowed for the occasion.

And the sun shone down on a plague city. Jamnagar's alleys were streets of death. Its crowded bazaars were raging with disease, and the stench rose to high heaven. Glitter and riches above, plague below. The very houses from which hung the emblems and the banners of welcome were rotten with disease. The Princes and the potentates who rode that day through the narrow streets did so at their peril, and many were glad when the procession was over and they were free from the very air of the place.

But the people did not care, though it was later revealed that the daily death roll in Jamnagar sometimes approached two hundred. It was past six o'clock in the morning, and already there was a stir at the station as a saloon coach (borrowed), attached to a special train, drew in. Not for half an hour was there any sign of movement, for the astrologers, chief of whom was Pandit Hareshwar, had decreed that the ruler must set foot in the city at precisely seven.

But the astrologers were admitted to the carriage, their opinions were confirmed, and the mob, now completely out of hand, waited with as much patience as could be mustered. Hindu maidens of high degree then entered the saloon, there

to perform the ceremony of welcome before the ruler. There was a more violent rush by the crowd against the restraining influence of the troops. And as seven o'clock struck, Ranjitsinhji, Jam Rawal Vibhaji of Nawanagar, stepped into his kingdom.

He wore silk Durbar dress, a jewelled sword belt, a thick rope of pearls. Garlands were flung round his neck, and he stood on a carpet of flowers. With Mr. Fitzgerald and his elder brother, he forced a way through to the carriages.

Slowly the procession of hastily-borrowed equipages passed down the route favoured by the astrologers, the band playing, and the elephants, heavily laden or dragging two-wheeled carts, lumbered slowly through the unswept and uneven canyons of stifled houses. For more than an hour the procession passed, with frequent halts at the temples for the Jam Saheb to offer prayers. And if the illusions of the innocent regarding Eastern processions are destroyed by these revelations of dirt and disease, it may perhaps provide consolation to be reminded that the most colourful ceremonies of chivalrous history would have been sordid to our Western senses by the neglect of elementary sanitation.

Jamnagar was dirty, and the evidences of its filth could not have gone unnoticed by its new ruler. He was riding to triumph—through an evil slum. But about his ears there rang the jubilation of his people, and round the world the news of his inheritance passed with the speed of all good tidings. Five thousand telegrams from Europe, the United States, and Australia testified to that world-wide spirit of congratulation. He was still "Ranji" to the world, a great sportsman first and foremost.

The ceremonies had to be hurried. The astrologers reported that no event of such importance must take place between

March 11th and May 11th. The stars in their courses were opposed to it, and the new Jam Saheb had ordered that hasty preparations be made to conduct the installation without adequate notice. Even furniture and beds were brought into the city from neighbouring States, and Rajkot was looted for the very necessities of existence for the hundreds of visitors who braved the plague-stricken city.

The Nawab of Junagadh made himself personally responsible for the safety of the new ruler. Proof of his anxiety is shown by the elaborate precautions he took. He provided a staff of Arab guards and a large number of servants to accompany the Jam Saheb to Jamnagar, and was particularly careful about food, special cooks being in attendance.

The Treasury yielded little hope. The Jam Saheb no doubt recalled his ancestors, and thought longingly of that regal gesture of Jam Tamachi, when to honour a State occasion he "opened wide his treasury and scattered diamonds and pearls and rubies, and coins of gold and silver among the fisher folk, as freely as if they had been their own fishes' scales . . ."¹

But consolation lay in the obvious pleasure of fellow-Princes in his approaching installation. Those chiefs who were unable to come owing to the short notice sent deputations, and representatives of the Maharajas of Bikaner, Kashmir, of Benares and of Baroda, Kapurthala and Dhurbanga, sent costly presents as evidence of their satisfaction. Particular importance was paid to the gift of the Maharao of Cutch, chief of the Jareja clan of Rajputs. The State of Cutch, lying to the north of the gulf of that name, was the cradle of the Jamnagar House, for it was thence that the first Jam Saheb had come, a younger son of that ancient line of rulers, ill content with his appanage, and eager to carve out his own kingdom.

¹ *Tales of Old Sind*, by Charles A. Kincaid, C.V.O.

To this day Jamnagar looks upon Cutch with the respect due to an elder. It was appropriate, therefore, that the Maharao Saheb should present a horse and sword in person, and thus set the seal of his approval, as head of the great Jareja clan, on the return of the great Jamnagar House to its pure lineage. It represented the formal seal of dignity from all the great Princes of Rajputana.

During that night, hundreds of Brahmins chanted mantras for the new Jam Saheb's success, while the brilliant company was augmented by more illustrious guests. There were Princes, Thakores, Chiefs, Talukdars, and great Ministers from all over the Province, and practically every British official of the district.

The Masaheb had already arrived in Jamnagar to avoid the ordeal of the official welcome. Eight special trains brought their convoys of Princes and attendants. Sir Pertab Singh, the Maharaja of Alwar, the Maharaja of Jodhpur, the Nawab of Junagadh, the Raja Saheb of Dhrangadhra were among that day's arrivals, many being greeted personally at the station by the Jam Saheb.

There were many other formal ceremonies to be conducted. Joshi Hareshwar and religious advisers first performed the Pattabhishek ceremony in the temple of the old Palace, a crowded, many-roomed building wedged between tawdry slums. Here, in the family temple, the State officials handed silver rupees round the head of the new ruler, indicating their wish that all calamities should pass away from his person. Then he took his place on the temple throne, dressed in the saffron robe of holiness. The throne, made of rare and precious “Umber” wood, was spread with the skin of a lion, and as he sat there, holy water was sprinkled over his head, and the sacred torch waved in his face.

Inside the temple, the Brahmins smeared his forehead with

the holy caste mark, and after the crown had been placed on his head, he climbed up narrow and rickety stairs to the top of the ancient building to worship the historical weapons of his clan. A change of clothes preceded his worship of the Royal Horse, and he was finally decorated with the State jewellery—a ceremony which was curtailed in length owing to the regrettable disappearance of many of the most valuable ornaments during the chaos which reigned immediately after Jassaji's death.

So "Ranji" came into his own. The "Jam" which now became his title was that under which the Princes of Cutch first ruled, derived from the great Jamshed of Persia, illustrious and luxurious.¹ The name "Rawal" he took from the founder of Jareja rule in Nawanagar, who had descended on Kathiawar from Cutch in 1535. It was an appropriate name for a man who had already shown determination and indomitable courage, and it is by no means an exaggerated comparison to reflect that while the generalship of that founder of Nawanagar in the sixteenth century had carved out the future of the State, it was Jam Ranjitsinhji, nearly four hundred years later, who first made the name familiar to the Englishman. And though the cricket bat and the statesman's portfolio seem puny evidence of merit beside the gigantic sword of a Rajput, it was Jam Ranjitsinhji who brought the greater happiness to his people.

In the late afternoon, at the conclusion of the Rajput ceremonies, the civil coronation took place. The ceremonies were considerably delayed by minor accidents and mismanagement, and it is illuminating to compare to-day's military precision in Jamnagar with the methods of only twenty-five

¹ Colonel Walker's report to the Bombay Government, 1808. Colonel Walker based this opinion on a translation of the Persian *Tubakut Akberee*, by Nizamooddeen Ahmed.

years ago. Mr. Fitzgerald, a martinet, no doubt fumed and fussed, but although the ceremony had been promised for three o'clock in the afternoon, it was not till nearly sunset that his representative delivered to the Jam Saheb the Seal of State and the keys of the Treasury. A huge shamiana in the square of the Palace was the scene of the simple but traditional ceremony. From early in the morning the roads had been packed, and the roofs of the old houses were invisible beneath the multitude who craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the principal figure. Over all the town there rose a steady thunder of talk, the unwatered roads raised their dust, the carriages creaked their way, and the sun shone ever stronger upon surging crowds, troops fighting to make way for a new arrival.

Guns boomed, and Mr. Fitzgerald, wearing the huge medal of the first Delhi Durbar (almost unique in India) made his way to meet the Jam Saheb. Thirteen guns boomed out again as he reached the shamiana. He was conducted within, and the brief ceremony began. The Jam Saheb now wore a rich dress sparkling with the State jewels. Across his shoulder, like a silver river, there ran the jewelled sword belt, and again on his ceremonial sword there glittered stones that had long lain in the Palace vaults.

First, there came the speech of Mr. Fitzgerald, representing the Government of India, and when that great resonant voice had sounded the last significant syllable, the man who had kept the world waiting for news led the Jam Saheb to the Chair of State and bade him be seated, to the salute of eleven guns, as he handed him the congratulations of the Governor of Bombay.

Mr. Fitzgerald's speech was well to the point. He recalled the Jam Saheb's direct descent from Jam Raisingji, ruler of Nawanagar 250 years before, whose life ended on the battle-

field of Sheakhput in 1664. He recalled that just as the House of Jodhpur had been responsible for the restoration of Jam Raisinghji's son to the throne, so now it had been due to the Regent of Jodhpur, Sir Pertab Singh, that he himself sat upon the Gadi.

"Times have changed," continued Mr. Fitzgerald, "and you have won fame on a more peaceful field. Your reputation as a cricketer is world-wide, but in the making of it you have shown that you possess all the gifts of the fine old Rajput race from which you are descended. I knew your grandfather Jhalamsinhji, whose gallantry won for him the confidence and favour of Jam Vibhaji and the high consideration of the officers of the British Government. I knew your father Jiwansinhji, and esteemed him as the *beau ideal* of a Rajput gentleman, and I have known you since you were a little boy, ever since you were designated his heir by Jam Vibhaji. I have seen you tried by sore adversity and have admired the pluck, the patience, and the restraint with which you have met it, and I have no fear for your future. To the instincts of a great ruling race you have added the experience of a man of the world, an experience gained over a wide field in the West and in the East, but your long residence in England and your Western training have never diminished your love for your people, and I feel that no Jam ever sat to rule this State better equipped for his task than you are.

"You are no boy on the threshold of man's estate, and I feel that there is no need to warn you against flatterers, intriguers, and sycophants. Your antecedents give me no reason to fear that you will be idle, luxurious, or indifferent. . . .

"I trust that you may be spared to make your State one of the richest and the most prosperous. Ten sad years of plague, pestilence, and famine have reduced it sorely, but its broad

acres comprise much fertile land, its waters include a pearl fishery of no small value, and its harbours are capable of great development.

“It will behove you in the present financial circumstances of the State to proceed with caution at first, but you should be strong to maintain and lose no opportunity of extending the reforms which were inaugurated during the period that the State was under the direct administration of the British Government. Be always careful of the various departments of your administration, employ the best men, pay them adequately, insist on efficiency, and do not be led by any mistaken feelings of kindness into retaining a bad man. . . . Mix freely with your subjects, give ready audience to the humblest, ascertain the truth for yourself, and watch over everything.

“You start on your career as a ruler under the best auspices, and the news of your installation to-day will be welcomed all over the world. Here your subjects acclaim you, throughout the native States of India the tidings will be received with great joy, while in England, where you lived so long, there will be thousands who will rejoice that ‘Ranji’ has come into his own.”

Phrases from the speech are worthy of comment. It was noticed that not a single reference was made to the short reign of Jassaji. Mr. Fitzgerald, indeed, had carefully indicated that attention should be paid to the “reforms inaugurated during the direct British administration.” The genuine love of the British administrator for the Jam Saheb was betrayed in his words, and it was evidently with intimate knowledge of affairs in the State that he had referred to the “flatterers, intriguers, and sycophants.” Time showed how literally the Jam Saheb obeyed the advice to “mix freely with his subjects,” and in later years he was to remember with mixed feel-

ings the special reference made to the necessity for development of the ports.

In the reply which he made from the Chair of State, the Jam Saheb showed the emotion he had felt as his old friend had performed the ceremony of installation.

"Your estimate of the wide feelings of joy with which my installation as a Chief has been received throughout India and Europe is, I hope and believe, true," he said. "But, I am also aware that all those expressions and feelings add immensely to my responsibilities, and I feel deeply the obligation which rests upon me never to disappoint my friends. In any case, while it would be vain to predict that my new career will add to my reputation, I can only say I shall endeavour to play the game so as not to lose whatever credit I have gained in another field.

"I must admit, with all my experience in past life, I am entering upon a page of history that is new to me. I know it will be trying. I know I have to guard against the various pitfalls into which a Chief is likely to be led by interested persons. I cannot afford to be idle, luxurious, or indifferent, as that would involve injury not only to my personal interests, but to the interests of the large population committed to my care.

"I hope to abide loyally by the traditions of this State, in its deep unswerving loyalty to the British throne, in which I could not have a better example to look up to than my friend the famous Maharaja General Sir Pertab Singh, Maharaja Saheb of Idar. . . ."

It was over. The Princes and the Chiefs departed, and the dust clouds rose again above the tramp of their marching retinues. Tents and bedding were folded and returned; furniture and carriages and horses were sent back to their owners. The flags and the banners of welcome were torn down, and

1907

“ IN A BORROWED CARRIAGE ”

the people looked hopefully to the Palace for the first step in the era of prosperity that they were convinced was on the way.

But the peril of disease continued in the old town that bore a proud name.

CHAPTER VIII

1907-1909. "I SEE BUNKERS AHEAD"

THE Jam Saheb was unchanged at heart. Few if any of his contemporaries among the ruling Princes had gained such an extensive knowledge of the world,¹ for his education had not ceased at Cambridge, and it was as a man of the world that he ascended the Nawanagar throne. His views were far from parochial in their limitations, and his host of friends, of every colour, caste, and creed, heaped upon him social obligations that were immeasurably greater than those of his predecessors. Nevertheless, the great responsibilities placed on his shoulders did not now, or at any period in his life, deprive him of his sense of humour and his love of a practical joke.

Soon after the installation, Mr. Fitzgerald was called upon to perform a similar function for the Thakore Saheb of Rajkot. It was now approaching midsummer, and the peppery but kind-hearted old gentleman decided that the occasion would be attended with less discomfort if the installation took place at half past eight in the morning, long before the sun could make things unpleasant.

The stars, however, did not consider comfort, and the joshis had announced that the Thakore Saheb's horoscope indicated that it must not take place before nine. Mr. Fitzgerald still insisted on half past eight. But the stars in their

¹ From the *Bombay Gazetteer*, 1884: "The present Jam (Vibhaji) has been more enlightened than his predecessors in foreign travel, and has visited Rajkot, Bombay, Benares, Allahabad, and Agra."

courses would not alter their decision even at his command. There seemed to be no solution to the impasse, and the Thakore Saheb, as the day approached, grew more and more uneasy lest the ceremony take place before the hour decreed by astronomy.

The Jam Saheb was, of course, among the most important guests. He was staying with Mr. Fitzgerald at the official residence, and his presence at the ceremony was essential. On the morning of the great day, the distinguished guests duly took their places before eight o'clock. All were present except the Jam Saheb and the Agent-to-the-Governor, for the representative of Government must be the last to arrive at such an important State function. The Thakore Saheb was visibly affected, knowing Mr. Fitzgerald's insistence on punctuality, and was now certain that the worst prophecies of the joshis would be fulfilled throughout his future career.

It was impossible that Mr. Fitzgerald would be late; it was equally certain that the joshis could not be wrong. The Thakore Saheb quivered with apprehension and doubt.

But the clock struck a quarter past eight, and there was no sign down the dusty road of the approach of the cavalcade. Half past eight, and it seemed that the incredible was about to happen. A quarter to nine, and the heart of the Thakore Saheb beat with hope. At five to nine there was a clatter of hooves and a cloud of dust, and the head of the escort galloped up. There emerged from the carriage the calm and serene figure of the Jam Saheb, and as he got out there appeared in the distance the leading files of the Government official's escort, hard on the heels of the Jam Saheb's Lancers.

The Jam Saheb was hurriedly escorted to his seat and the officer on duty hastened back to the entrance, just in time to assist an angry Agent-to-the-Governor out of his carriage.

In solemn procession he was escorted to the dais. And at nine o'clock exactly Mr. Fitzgerald hurried through his speech, having with difficulty controlled his voice. The installation ceremony took place at one minute past nine, and the Thakore Saheb embarked contentedly upon a prosperous reign.

"Can't make the Jam Saheb out at all," complained Mr. Fitzgerald. "Usually so punctual, but this morning he seemed to be unable to get shaving water . . . wouldn't get a move on . . . extraordinary!"

Years afterwards, the Jam Saheb would recall that incident, imitating the angry voice of his old friend, chuckling at the success of his own strategy.

It was fortunate that a sense of humour found a place in his nature, for he was in need of laughter's refreshment when he settled down to consider the position of the State. Nawana-gar, in area 3,791 square miles, or about as large as three average English counties, possessed a total annual revenue of twenty-one lakhs of rupees, or £140,000. Even an average year left no surplus, and the State would be a long time before recovering from an appalling famine in 1900. In addition, Jam Vibhaji had neglected to develop any of the revenue-producing sources of the country, and his reckless extravagance had resulted in a loss to the State of many valuable pieces of Crown property.

Dancing girls and eunuchs were on the State books as recipients of large annual grants, and there was no doubt, even from a preliminary examination, that dishonesty and deceit existed in almost every branch of the Government services. Trouble also threatened from a defiant subject established in the north of the Province. The Khawas of Amran, owner of several villages, had shown open opposition to the Jam Saheb's accession, and such were his insolence and



1907. Pomp and ceremony. The Jam Saheb rides to the installation.

bravado that he persisted in claiming the rights of an independent chieftain, in spite of repeated protests. He carried on a semi-legal but altogether seditious campaign against the ruler, one of his methods being to inveigle himself into the Rajput fold by marriage with a young girl of an impoverished Rajput family in a neighbouring state. There was trouble ahead for the Jam Saheb here, for the Khawas continued to scorn all warnings, even when he was reminded that his own territory, granted many years ago by the State, might be confiscated.

But chief among the problems to be dealt with were those of population and measures for the relief of famine. The average increase in population for the last few years had been little over 3 per cent., and malaria, cholera, plague, and rabies might cause an actual decrease.

Famine relief depended on funds as a first necessity, and little could be done until revenue was raised an appreciable extent. Here there was obviously room for immediate improvement. The Jam Saheb decided at once that whereas his predecessors had taken a fatalistic view of the matter, and had merely prayed for better climatic conditions and rainfall, he himself could take active steps and reorganise the system of revenue.

Another campaign was in the Jam Saheb's mind. He looked upon the city that was his capital with horror. It was a bad time in which even to consider an expensive rebuilding scheme, but his sensibilities were shocked at such crowded insanitation.

These were some of the problems facing him. For a time he went shooting in the neighbouring State of Rutlam, but even while he was adding to his bag of big game he was turning over in his mind methods by which he could begin the terrific task before him. For a fortnight he rested, and on

returning to his capital received calamitous confirmation of his fears.

Typhoid struck him down, and for weary months he fought against death. In a month he was gaunt and weak, and had lost three stone in weight. The doctors rushed him out of the plague-spot, and watched over him day and night, fearing that the deadly disease could not fail to conquer. His mother was ever on her knees at his side, and he himself, writing from bed after recuperation, recounted his own belief that only her prayers had been responsible for his life. "I woke up one night to find her praying beside me," he wrote, "and I knew that I had been drawn back to life."

A rich Parsee merchant of Jamnagar nursed him through the crisis, and his reward in later years was a position of trust and responsibility in the State. Colonel Child, I.M.S., took charge of him in Poona, and it was due to his ministrations that the illness was conquered.

"I have had a narrow escape," he wrote from bed, "and only merciful Providence and skill, and my healthy constitution, have pulled me through."

Until the autumn he could not stand up, and chafed at unaccustomed idleness in a wheel-chair, from which he wrote letters with a shaking hand.

But the illness which had killed Jassaji and nearly ended his own life served to harden his determination to raze Jamnagar's filthy bazaars to the ground. He was frightened of his mother staying in the city, and one of his first moves when he returned to Jamnagar in the autumn was to order the uprooting of all the drains of the Palace buildings with ruthlessness and desperate energy. Only then was he more at ease, although he had made but a beginning. Soon, he resolved, the whole of the city would be cleansed. It did not matter that the Treasury could hardly support the essential

services of the State without any extra burdens. His mind was made up.

But he could not ignore his illness as easily as that. The doctors insisted on a visit to England and a long rest. He protested, but they had their way, and in the autumn he sailed for England with two of his younger brothers. It was no fault of the doctors that they had prescribed for him a treatment that he was incapable of obeying. They did not know that the Jam Saheb could not rest, and was not agreeable to making the attempt.

He arrived in London on November 10th, and was at first unrecognised at the station. Illness had left its mark, and during the last three years he had become appreciably broader. But the Press soon pounced on him, and paying scant attention to him as the Maharaja of Nawanagar, hailed him as "Ranji," the cricketer.

Would he play cricket, they asked?

Could he still play cricket?

The Jam Saheb did not know. He was, he said, under doctors' orders. But there was a note of longing in his voice. Cricket, he knew, would be the finest cure for all his ills. Jamnagar seemed far away at that moment, its problems very remote. The sound in his ears was the click of ball on bat, four thousand miles nearer than the temple bells. The six months' leave became a year. . . .

There was more in his return, however, than a recuperative visit. For he was now paramount in his own land, and he wished to repay all the hospitality he had received in England. His chance had come to show gratitude, and he did so right royally. He often referred in later years to "the days when I was a poor man." There was always a twinkle in his eye as he said it. And those days were now past. He determined to resume his old life on a new level of lavish hospitality. He

contemplated with delight the parties he would give, the friends who would stay with him for a whole season's cricket.

But at first he was over-ambitious. The day after his arrival he was in bed again. For days he was unable to leave his hotel, and it was evident that he must not yet take risks with his health. Early in December an important and long-anticipated formality occupied him. For the first time he was going to see the King. It was a State visit, and he was granted the usual formal audience at Buckingham Palace. Contact with His Majesty thrilled him. All through his life a visit to his King was a major event, something to be anticipated with pleasure and pride.

In the New Year he was better, and decided to rent Lord Winterton's seat, Shillinglee Park, Sussex. All through the summer he made the house his headquarters, and, with the help of a huge staff of servants, entertained royally. He was invited to many house-parties, and at Blankney Hall, Lincolnshire, made the acquaintance of Lord Londesborough, the Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Westmorland.

Everything he did was on the grand scale. He took neighbouring shoots so that his total estate measured 15,000 acres. He stocked the Shillinglee Lake with trout, and reared wild duck and thousands of pheasants. He laid out a new cricket pitch in the grounds, and invited everyone to whom he took a fancy, himself finding his greatest pleasure in giving them the best. Viscount Chaplin, General Sir Bindon Blood, and Sir Arthur Pearson were among his numerous guests, and the Jam Saheb supervised every detail of their entertainment.

It was at Shillinglee that Henry Scott Tuke painted the portrait of the Jam Saheb that hung in the 1909 Academy. "Tuko," as the Jam Saheb called the artist, was invited to stay at Shillinglee, and joined a gay house-party. But it was one

of his most difficult commissions, for the Jam Saheb was an impatient model, and when he tired of sitting silent he would often recruit his younger brother, or another member of the house-party, to don the robe and puggaree and depu-tise while he himself went fishing.¹

The artist must have had an equable temperament, for after each day's work on the portrait, the easel would be surrounded by the Jam Saheb's guests, many of them professional cricketers, and the most outspoken comments would be made on the day's progress from a layman's point of view, the Jam Saheb joining in. The portrait was a more remarkable achievement when these circumstances of its execution are considered.

Life at Shillinglee was at times very gay. The large party of guests always to be found there sat at a high table, while at several small tables sat the cricketers, among them Lilley, Arnold, Hargreaves, and Lees. They too were introduced to fishing, and will always remember the occasion when the Jam Saheb nearly lost all the trout which he had bought to stock the old stone "stews," relics of the days when Shillinglee was a friary. A large sum of money had been spent on the trout, but the morning after their transference to the stews they were found to be in a desperate condition. The stews had not been used for fish for many years, and were weedy and stagnant. An agitated demand for instructions from the Jam Saheb brought the advice to spray them with permanganate, and to retrieve them from the stews and revive them in pails, tins, and tubs. The Jam Saheb promptly organised a sweepstake on the number of trout that would survive, and served out fish nets, buckets, and pans to everyone in the house-party. The ladies, the honoured guests, and the professional cricketers all worked manfully under the

¹ *Henry Scott Tuke: A Memoir*, by M. Tuke Sainsbury, 1933.

Jam Saheb's direction, and at the end of an hour they had the satisfaction of seeing more than half the valuable fish slowly recovering.

As soon as the summer weather came, the Jam Saheb entirely disregarded doctors' orders and prepared to practise for the coming cricket season. In May, a few days before he had promised to appear again in first-class cricket, Dr. Grace brought a team to Shillinglee to play on the reconstructed and re-laid pitch in the Park. Included in the team were De Trafford, Paravicini, Reg Crawford, and Dr. Heasman, and at the subsequent banquet it was Sir Arthur ("Skipper") Priestley who gave the toast of "the three greatest living cricketers—Grace, Ranji, and Archie MacLaren!"

It was a gay week that the party spent as guests of the Jam Saheb. Grace was decorated with a scarlet puggaree at dinner, and "Tuko" seized on this opportunity and painted his portrait so ornamented. The picture was excellent, the strong, characterful face of the man showing up under the voluminous headgear.

The Jam Saheb's return to cricket took place on May 28th, and proof of the recovery of his health was convincingly shown in his 28 innings. He was top of the Sussex averages with 65.09, and seventh in the national table. Against Surrey at the Oval he made 200, against Middlesex 153 not out, and for England versus the M.C.C. (Australian Team) he made 101—this during his return to Scarborough Cricket Week.

The cares and worries of the last four years were forgotten, and his appearance in flannels once more, revived all the old enthusiasm of the cricket-loving public. The Press greeted him with the old familiarity. "He still walks from the Pavilion with the curious swinging gait," it was recorded, "the bat held loosely in the hand swinging back and forth

from a wrist as supple as india-rubber. It used to be said of him that but for getting tired, the bowlers would never get him out, but the nimble-footed Ranji has been succeeded by the Indian nabob who finds running three a task and four a terrible exertion."

Nevertheless, the crowd rose at him, stopped the game, and made him bow his acknowledgments from the wicket before they would let him continue. Every match was announced to be his last, in the manner of a prima donna on her last ten years of farewell tours, but in point of fact there existed in the mind of the British sportsman a feeling that for ever afterwards he would regret it if he failed to see "Ranji's" parting bow.

"The King of Cricket will come no more," wrote A. G. Gardiner, in the *Daily News*, "for the Jam Saheb is forty and the Jam Saheb is fat. The temple bells are calling him back to duty. No more shall we see him tripping down the Pavilion steps, his face wreathed in chubby smiles. The well-graced actor leaves the stage and becomes only a memory, Prince of a little State but King of a great game. There were giants before, but as a batsman the Indian will live as the supreme exponent of the Englishman's game. His play is as sunny as his face; he is not a miser hoarding up runs but a millionaire spending with yet judicious prodigality. It is as though his pockets were bursting with runs that he wants to shower, with his blessings, upon the expectant multitude. . . . We have no one to challenge, with our coarser methods, that refinement of style. It is the art of the great etcher who with a line reveals infinity; the art of the great dramatist who with a significant word shakes the soul. It is no jugglery nor magic, but simply the perfect economy of means to an end. His batting can be compared with Asquith's oratory, who exercises the same thrift in words as the Jam Saheb in action. Each is a model in the fine art of the omission of unessentials.

Lord Salisbury might have said that 'here was a black man playing cricket for all the world as if he were a white man.' As we realise that he does not play as a white man, but as an artist of other and superior strain, so we come to reflect and catch through this solitary figure in our midst some vision of that vast realm which we govern without knowing anything about it. He is the first Indian who has touched the imagination of our people, and he has released trains of thought in our minds. India could not have found a more triumphant missionary. It is as though a pet kitten had begun to talk tariff reform—that is his position in the eyes of the public. The Jam Saheb has brought the East into the heart of our happy holiday crowds, and has taught them to think of it as something human and kindly. . . ."

And that indeed was his object. He realised the strange position that he was in. Cricket might even become a barrier to the attainment of his objects, though it had achieved so much for him. The "pet kitten" would insist on talking tariffs. And it says much for the character of the Jam Saheb that in later years he "talked tariffs"—and many other matters—before the highest and most august assemblies in the world. He lived down fame and built another reputation. Greater praise than that there cannot be.

The Jam Saheb's delight in his return to first-class cricket was equalled by the pleasure he obtained from a revival of his interest in Gilling, where he frequently visited his former tutor. It was village cricket, but it suffered a transformation by the presence of "Ranji." For the teams he gathered to contest XI's like the Yorkshire Gentlemen had to be strong, and there was general regret that he would not give some of the first-class grounds the privilege of staging these "friendly matches."

In August he gave up his place in a county team in order



1907. "He knew he must look forward to years of arduous and sometimes heart-breaking work. . . ."

to play in a Gilling charity match. With him he took J. B. King, W. G. Quaife, George Beldam, J. A. Lester, Lilley, Archie MacLaren, H. L. Simms, C. L. A. Smith, C. Charlesworth, and C. B. Fry. The match was memorable for several reasons, for the proceedings were not without their "incidents" of an unpleasant nature, a Yorkshire Gentleman being positive in his assurance that one of the M.C.C. umpires had given a wrong verdict. The match was stopped, as a result of the ensuing discussion, and only resumed when tempers had cooled down.

The object of the engagement deserved a more Christian spirit, for it was in aid of the bell tower of Dr. Borissow's Church, and 1,200 people paid for entry on the first day, most of them buying full-length autographed photographs of the Jam Saheb to augment the funds. The sum needed was £100, and with a few strokes of the pen the Jam Saheb could have saved himself a great deal of trouble. But that was not his way; he had the English spirit, and wished to help the villagers themselves in their efforts to pay for their own treasures.

And by dint of his efforts, the bell tower was duly repaired, and the Jam Saheb travelled again to Gilling the next month to attend the service of thanksgiving. He himself formally set the clock in motion, and seemed at that moment to have become personally identified with the village. It was a strange juxtaposition, the Indian Prince and the quiet country village, and there is some excuse for the old countrywoman in the crowd who watched him solemnly, and remarked with wonderment: "Fancy! A Christian clock started by a heathen!"

To this day the affairs of Gilling village are regulated by what is known as "The Christian Clock."

The sermon touched briefly on his presence: "There is

associated with us to-day one whose home is in the distant East and who holds an exalted position there. But England is to him a second home. Would that such goodwill and loyalty might prevail throughout that great dependancy which is so heavy a charge and responsibility to the English rule!"

At Shillinglee, Brighton, and Gilling, he held high holiday. Three professional cricketers were engaged to bowl to him at his Sussex place. He bought motor-cars, and engaged the services of an English mechanic to come to India to look after his garages. In Brighton, he played the royal host in the Norfolk Hotel, and when a promenade conjurer pleased him, nothing was good enough until he had engaged him to entertain his party, introducing the man to the party with a lavish tip.

It was evident, however, that hospitality did not entirely engage his interest. In September, for instance, he wrote ominously. The underlying reason is obscure. But it was obvious that during his negotiations with the Government, he had already found some point of issue. "The news from India is disquieting," he wrote. "I see bunkers ahead, and we will have to face them with a strong hand and heart. I have had a great holiday, but not so much freedom as I would have liked. And there are things which simply turn one inside out, and sour our hearts. As an Indian loyal to the Crown, I regret this beyond measure. . . ."

Here was an unfamiliar Ranji—serious, intent, emotional. The world did not know that such a man existed. They knew him as practical joker, sportsman, magnificent spend-thrift. But already the statesman was appearing. The public refused to credit him with any other than cricket ambitions. They little knew that he burned with a new enthusiasm, or that he was summoned by a nobler call to duty.

All the depths of his feelings, the sincerity of his new ambitions, were revealed in the autumn of the year when he was once more called to Cambridge to respond to hilarious toasts in his honour at another Guildhall banquet. On October 19th, the prominent residents of Cambridge invited him to a dinner. The Jam Saheb promptly took the "University Arms" for the night to accommodate his friends. One hundred and fifty men sat down, including the officials of the town and county, some of the greatest cricketers in England, and scholars ancient and modern. The aged Doctor Butler, unfortunately, was unable to be present through illness, and the first visit made by the Jam Saheb in Cambridge was to his bedside.

Possibly for the first time in history, the "Roast Beef of Old England" was sung in honour of an Indian Prince, and even the presence of all the county officials did not make this too solemn an occasion. The Jam Saheb himself responded to the hilarity in his old manner, and only in his reply to the speech of congratulation did he change the tone of the function from gay to grave. Here was a chance for him to point a moral. He never in his life missed an opportunity.

"I think it would be wrong," he said, "to jump to the conclusion that, because there are a few mischievous people in a population of two hundred and eighty millions, India is disloyal. When you read from day to day that there are malcontents in England, might I not make an apology for the malcontents in India? But there is one thing I would like to point out, merely as my own suggestion: I think that the British Empire ought to treat all British subjects alike. The doors to Indian peoples have unfortunately been shut in Australia, and in Canada and South Africa. I cannot but regret it, and I think that the Home Government ought to try and make out some scheme by which Indians could

give their labour and trade in our colonies. I honestly believe that the present agitation in India arose, not so much from any dislike of the British Government, because they saw from the Government peace, progress, and prosperity, but when people got no employment they were apt, as in this country, to brew mischief. . . . I leave England with a sorrowful heart. But I am starting a new career with this one ideal—to do my duty to my country and my people, to uphold the honour of my house and my race, to maintain the unity of our common Empire, and to show unswerving loyalty to the Sovereign. . . .”

The Jam Saheb was too good a student of human nature to endeavour to pack more politics into a speech delivered to a gay company for whom the menu had been devised with particular emphasis on the cricket scores. Later on there would come the opportunity of stressing his political views. For the moment, he was prepared to give the public what it wanted.

Dr. Grace, lowered from his place of honour by the guest of the evening, next intoned a dignified yet light-hearted commendation. He recalled that on the first occasion that he had met “Ranji,” he bowled him first ball. “I regret,” continued the doctor, “that the very *last* ball I bowled to him this year bowled him out. Yet from the first time I saw him, I was pleased, because Ranji put his heart and soul into the game. He will never lose his form with the bat. I assure you that you will never see a batsman to beat the Jam Saheb if you live for a hundred years. . . .”

The dinner was concluded in the old style. Cricket reigned, for it was “Ranji” they were toasting, not the Jam Saheb. Mr. S. O. Buckmaster, K.C., M.P., told of a fifteen-year-past cricket match when he had first met the famed “Ranji.” It was, he said, an occasion memorable in

village cricket. "Ranji never knew," continued the speaker, "but the postman, a noted fast bowler, had been trained for the occasion, and for weeks past had been driven by car all round his district to save his energies and too long lingering in the kitchens of the county. I need say nothing of the pitch on that occasion, but I distinctly remember a bump about the size of a football about three yards from the wicket. This led to an altercation about whether the bowler was aiming at the bump purposely to murder, but His Highness, like a gentleman, avoided the lump when bowling, and was consistently mowed to the boundary by many of the team who had learned their cricket in the harvest field. . . ."

The next morning, the *Yorkshire Post* printed a leading article headed "Back to Duty," though it was obvious that the interest was mainly centred in the cricket field. "There is a growing tendency," remarked the *Yorkshire Post*, "to play more for self than for honour and glory, and as a result we hear much about the degeneration of the game. Here is one of the saving features of the game to-day—His Highness the Jam Saheb of Nawanagar!"

If the Jam Saheb translated these phrases into terms of life and of destiny, he was well satisfied. When he left England, in December, he faced a greater game. There were rumours that he would never come back to England.

CHAPTER IX

1909-1912. NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES

THE Jam Saheb returned in 1909 to find that the monsoon had been normally benevolent to his State. But that did not mean that he would be able to put all his schemes into operation for several years. Renewed contemplation of the situation gave little ground for congratulation of his predecessors, and he must have come to the conclusion that Nawanagar was a most backward and primitive kingdom.

The total length of railway line was fifty-two miles, from Rajkot to the capital. There were no telephones, only eight dispensaries, and in all the land only 9,000 boys and 1,000 girls went to school. Assessment of land had been begun in 1900, but it was obvious that progress in this reform must be at a far greater pace in the future.

He himself now lived in the Guest House, and allowed the ladies of the zenana to live in the great Palace.

He made many additions to his entourage, replacing some of the sadly inefficient officials who had served Jassaji. A new broom was needed; and he plied it fearlessly and effectively. There had been too many cases of slack conduct in high places for the State to prosper as it deserved. But courage was essential for the immense task.

One of his first visits on return was to see how the new cricket pavilion near the Palace was progressing. He determined to have all the young men playing the game, and prophesied that very soon he would be able to lead a

team of Rajputs into the field that would rival even the Parsees.

His practical outlook was shown by a decision he made in regard to the memorial to Jam Vibhaji. The usual memorial was of course a statue, but the Jam Saheb refused even to consider such a course. "The State can do without a statue," he said, "whereas it is essential to build a school, a hospital,¹ and a home for students." And so it was. The practical, probably for the first time in history, had conquered the spectacular in India.

Another move tactfully made was the ridding of Jamnagar from the scourge of rabid and diseased pariah dogs. He was on delicate ground here, for the religion of many of his subjects forbade them to countenance the taking of life, human or animal. There was almost a hint of rebellion in the air when he made known this decree, and such was the temper of the people that he yielded, rescinding his order that all dogs would be shot, and instead gave the people a time limit in which to remove from his sight the thousands of mangy curs that roamed the streets. A sense of humour came to his rescue, and he further decreed that if after that time stray dogs were found in the city, the task of killing them would devolve on the people themselves. The result is seen to-day, for Jamnagar is one of the few cities in India where the visitor is not shocked by the sight of a wandering army of disease-spreading dogs, homeless and dangerous to health.

But it was borne upon him times without number that he faced a stupendous task. Further, he had enemies outside the State, men who were jealous of his popularity and abilities.

Indeed, protective measures were taken by the Government

¹ For financial support in teaching First Aid, and ambulance work in India, the Jam Saheb was created a Donat of the Venerable Order of St. John of Jerusalem in November 1911.

of Bombay during his return journey from England, for a plot had come to light that an attempt would be made on his life. It was learnt that the attempt would be made either at Marseilles, Aden, or Bombay, and the date of his return was kept secret, while the principal conspirators were arrested.

Eager detractors were ever ready to pour ridicule on his schemes, that appeared to be impossibly grandiose. They found an amusing topic of conversation in the laying of foundation-stones in Jamnagar, and the promises he made that his people would soon be supplied with a railway, schools, dispensaries, and hospitals. Distinguished visitors almost always laid a foundation-stone for some new scheme, and gave the opportunity to his critics to talk of reckless finance and "eye-service." They made serious mischief, but although the Jam Saheb waited no less than twelve years before he could raise the capital for his railway extensions, he redeemed every promise before he died, together with many other additions and improvements.

He was not content to put on Vibhaji's spectacles and enjoy the quiet sleepy life that had existed in Jamnagar in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Such an attitude was not to be expected from a man with an energy that had shown itself in everything he had undertaken. His experiences also, and his Western outlook, would not let him relapse into the life of a Maharaja as depicted in the early days of the East India Company.

It was clear, however, that his ambitions were too great for the resources of the State as they stood at that time. The State was a goodly heritage, and its revenues had sufficed always for former rulers who had been content with the old order. But these rulers had done nothing to enhance its productive value, and no advantage had been taken of the possibilities of development.



Photo by courtesy of Messrs Martin Secker

1908. Henry Scott Tuke's portrait, in the Academy of 1909.
"He was an impatient model. . . ."

And then irrigation. Water will always be the standard on which to judge the prosperity or otherwise of an Indian State. Water controls the budget and decides the extent of every expenditure. Throughout history, the cultivators of Nawanagar had year by year searched the summer skies with anxious eyes, delivered their prayers for water, and envied neighbours less arid and more abundantly blessed by nature.

The Jam Saheb feared famine, and visualised a time when his poverty-stricken farmers could afford to ignore the niggardliness of the monsoon for at least a year. The variations of the rainfall were extreme, and no man could say when famine would next level the villages with death and disease owing to the lack of the precious bursting clouds. In 1884, for instance, the heavens had opened and deposited fifty inches of rain on the swamped fields. In 1901, four inches had fallen throughout the year, and the wretched farmers had resigned themselves to the decimation of their families, the loss of their small fortunes, the wiping out of their cattle. Only three years before, in 1905, under seven inches had fallen, and the Treasury was still hopelessly inadequate for further ventures as a result of the four years 1899-1903, during which period, from autumn to autumn, a total of only thirty-two inches of rain had fallen on to a gasping countryside.

In past years, the rulers had always fled from the capital, to escape both the evidences of want before their eyes, and the waves of disease which swept through the crowded bazaars as the dreaded aftermath of a water shortage. Their attitude had been that since the gods had decided to punish the State, there was nothing to be done by humans. Jam Ranjitsinhji later proved to be the first ruler in Nawanagar who had ever attempted to combat adversity, and stayed in a rebuilt and comparatively healthy capital during the worst famine that had ever laid waste the land.

The Jam Saheb's opinions were well transcribed by a celebrated German author and journalist who stayed with him during 1909. "Our ancestors were educated to be idle," the Jam Saheb told him. "Indulgence and extravagance were held up before their eyes as most sacred duties. It is only in the English schools that we were taught the lessons of *noblesse oblige*. While our forefathers were living luxuriously and at the cost of their subjects, the Indian Princes of to-day are working hard to advance the welfare of their people. We still want Great Britain's strong hand to lead and support us in spite of our advance in civilisation. We continue to be like children. Neither at present nor at any time will the diverse elements of India be united into one single nation. Neither at present nor at any future time will India be fit for self-government; but under Britain's benevolent and powerful guidance, India will become a powerful and dominating factor in the world's arena of nations, the markets of the world. When I returned to India, it was not easy for me to pour new wine into the old bottles of my fellow-countrymen. . . ."

But that was what the Jam Saheb was doing. Nawanagar had been called "a wild marsh inhabited by wild asses" in the House of Commons, but history was being made in a small but very loyal corner of the Empire, and the moving spirit was a man nearing forty, already corpulent, who was at his desk at 6.30 in the morning, in the Council Chamber from noon to late afternoon, on the cricket pitch till seven, and often working again until late into the night.

"What shall we do with famous cricketers when they have made their last century?" asked Mr. J. A. Spender after a visit to Jamnagar. "Here in this corner of India the problem has found its perfect solution, for Ranji, still in his prime, is devoting himself heart and soul to the welfare of his people and to the development of their estate, and bringing to his

task an energy and resourceful spirit that proves that his strokes are by no means exhausted. . . .”

After two normal monsoons and one good year, during which revenue had maintained a fair level, the Jam Saheb was able to show definite results of his daring work. Sir G. Clarke (later Lord Sydenham), the Governor of Bombay, paid a formal visit to Jamnagar in order to give the Government blessing to several important schemes. He laid the first sod of the Dwarka Railway extension, connecting the capital with the important centre for pilgrims at Dwarka, the shrine of Krishna, which annually draws thousands of reverent Hindus.

The financial negotiations behind the railway were complicated, and more will be heard of them later, but the fact that another sixty-six miles of railway were contemplated had more than a merely commercial benefit to the State. The railways in those days meant civilisation and lawfulness, and some evidence of the conditions before railways came into being, even so late as the 'seventies of the last century, is preserved in an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Writing about the dangers of travel, the author remarks: "Such was the fear of kidnapping that the young Princes were guarded by armed guards day and night, and their progress to and from Rajkot was in the nature of a military procession. Outlawry was then winked at, much as the exploits of Robin Hood were admired as a protest against feudal tyranny. The great material pacifying agency has been the railway, which has covered the Province with an efficient system of communications."

So the additions to the railway tracks in Nawanagar cannot be considered as merely so much more iron and steel. Prestige was measured by the degree of civilisation, and the Jam Saheb had started with a severe handicap.

And the Dwarka Railway extension also played a great

part in the so-far visionary scheme of the Jam Saheb to develop the maritime trade of the State. Up to the coming of the railway, the exporters of Nawanagar had to employ primitive transport before their goods reached other important centres of trade, and many changes of vehicles were necessary, adding greatly to the expense of the goods.

Sir George also inaugurated the construction of a pier at Rozi, and what seems on the surface to be a trivial ceremony was in actual fact the beginning of a vast scheme to develop the sea-going commerce of Nawanagar. In formal phrases, a new epic was being heralded. In three years the Jam Saheb had caught up the tragic arrears, and had embarked on a new era.

The Governor's words at the time are important in view of future events: "I am glad to know," he said, "that you have further projects under consideration. If Nawanagar could be provided with a port for commerce available at all times and seasons, there can be no doubt that the benefits would be great. . . ."

Seventeen years later, the Jam Saheb was to repeat those words with bitterness in his voice. For the last six years of his life they were echoing persistently in his brain.

It was a happy time for the ruler, even if his fishing expeditions were curtailed and he could not often give those cricket lessons on the new pitch, or stand for a thrilling half-hour in the nets while his cricketers bowled at him. Usually, he had to content himself with a brief visit to the ground in the cool of the evening after a hard day's work, and even when he went into the jungle for a few days' rest, his time would be fully occupied with the eternal files that dog the steps of an administrator in India.

But his satisfaction lay in the gradual progress towards solvency and prosperity, and he could already look on the

work of his hands with supreme satisfaction. He would ungrudgingly allow another to be given the kudos for some suggestion that had come from his own tireless brain, for his one aim and object was to get things completed, and, like Kipling's bridge builders, he revelled in the joy of contemplating them. It is true that his constructive ambitions invariably exceeded the resources of the State in those early days, but when he had come to a decision, there was no thought of going back. Progress must be made. When he actually started the slum clearance scheme, for instance, there were no overseers available, so he made all his personal body-servants into supervisors of gangs of labourers. They became keener than he was. . . .

Suddenly, in 1911, all his ambitions were shrivelled up.

Through the summer, anxiety grew and grew as the skies remained sunny and the sun burnt arid crops to dust. The Jam Saheb's irrigation schemes were only in their infancy, and although wells had been dug in greater numbers than ever before in the history of Nawanagar, many were not yet prepared, and many more proved inefficient. Not yet had the people changed their fatalistic attitude in times of calamity, and with the example of former Jams before them, they seemed disinclined to do anything towards the improvement of their lot except implore the pity of the gods.

The year 1911 goes down to history in Nawanagar as that in which the land came under the curse of God, for during the twelve months, the scanty drops from heaven only just contrived to measure over three inches.

Since 1884, when men first took the trouble to measure the year's rainfall in the State, there had never been such a drought. Only once since that year has there been any period of such overwhelming tragedy. Half a tumblerful of water on a desert. . . .

It was as if a malicious destiny had chosen the year, the circumstances, the exact psychological moment for the wrecking of a gallant craft of state. In a few short weeks, every scheme for the happiness and health of the people had been relegated to the territory of unfulfilled dreams. Work stopped all over the country, and the optimistic plans for improvement and civilisation that lay on the Jam Saheb's desk were swept away into forgetfulness, while he strove night and day to devise means for the alleviation of his people's starvation.

Revenue dropped by half, reaching a new low record. Over all the land, the farmers found themselves able to give little over £100,000 for administration, relief, repayment of debts, and every public work. Taxes were remitted wholesale, and all attempts to collect payment from literally starving districts were given up as hopeless. The death roll mounted alarmingly, and it was obvious that the after-effects would be as terrible as the scarcity of water.

It was years before the memory of 1911 was wiped out. The Jam Saheb was surveying a land dragged down by despair, confidence ebbing and hopes blasted. Immediately, he made yet another reduction in his personal allowance from the Treasury, thus bringing his income down to one-third the amount that had been recommended for him by the British Government at his installation. It was obvious, also, that a loan would be necessary for the alleviation of distress and for the immediate expenses of administration. Twelve lakhs of rupees (£84,000) were obtained from the Government to give temporary relief to the wretched populace.

But there could be no going back, and before the end of the year the Jam Saheb was busy with multifarious schemes by which he hoped to put the fear of famine for ever out of the minds of his people.

Later in 1911 he attended the great Durbar in Delhi in honour of the King and Queen. The Princes had each made elaborate preparations, and it was likely that there would be intense rivalry between them in the magnificence and prodigality of their entertainment and personal entourage. This expense could only be added to the burden of Nawanagar at the sacrifice of many of the Jam Saheb's schemes, and he was obliged to obtain a loan of considerable proportions in order to represent the Premier Hindu State in Kathiawar with adequate ceremony.

He drove to the Durbar in a silver coach, and jewels flashed in his raiment, in his sword belt, on the hilt of the thrusting dagger which had rested at Jam Rawal's side, and which found a place in the crest of his House. His emblem floated bravely in the wind, and on the shield of State there were the historic symbols of Jamnagar—a fish, token of esteem when given by a friendly neighbour; a galley, denoting a State on the seaboard; a lion, denoting loyalty to the British throne; and antelopes as supporters to the shield.

So he rode to the Durbar. It was unthinkable that in the City of Tents his magnificence should be second to any other. His banquets were lavish, and his gifts to his fellow-Princes unequalled in a gathering of unprecedented magnificence. That much he owed to his Order. . . .

He performed his obeisance before the Throne in a Court that was not excelled for splendour even in the days of the Moguls. The vast arena was barren of flags, the colour being provided only by the grouped banks of puggarees, by the green turf. His own camp was outlined in oyster shells to denote the seaboard territory, thus matching the carved setting of the Kashmir Prince, the individual *motifs* of every State. There he entertained Lord and Lady Londesborough, Lady

Irene Denison,¹ the Hon. Sybil Fellowes, Sir Home Gordon, and Sir Arthur Priestley.

As he marched to the golden Throne, a splendid figure, his heart was filled with a fervent emotion as the cheers rolled round the immense arena. "That is a cheer for cricket," said an English friend in his ear. The Jam Saheb beamed.

But the year had not been a happy one for him, and soon after the Durbar, the expense of which had not been of his own choosing, he was hurt and angry by the anxiety displayed by the Government of India regarding his financial position. He had been forced to appeal for financial aid following the disastrous famine. He had further obtained a loan for the expenses of the Durbar Camp. Now Government was persuaded that a British official should be posted to the State as financial adviser. His prestige was hurt, and he compared his own position, which he attributed to the work of his busy detractors, to that of other less wealthy States which had taken large loans and had never been bothered by Government anxiety. There was no maladministration, and there were no cries of distress going up from his people. The money he had borrowed was not being squandered. It was going back to the people. Apart from what he had devoted to public works, he had already accumulated all the necessary paraphernalia of State, such as jewels, horses, carriages, tents, and furniture, the absence of which had been so apparent at his installation.

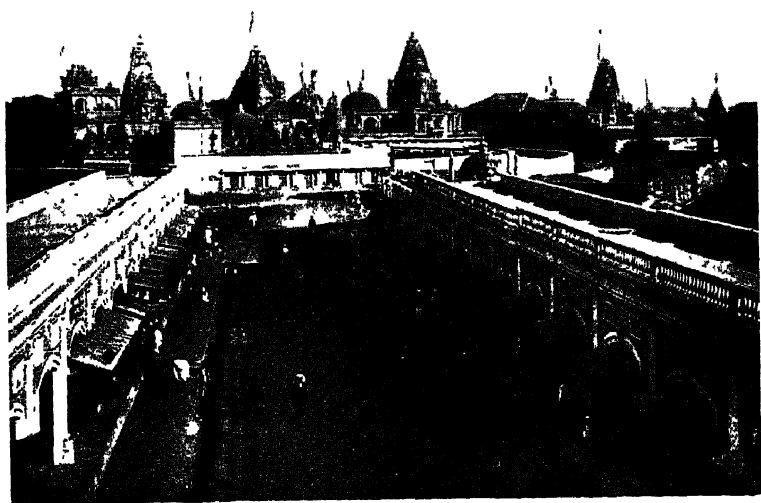
The Jam Saheb was puzzled at the Government attitude. He objected strongly to leading strings, and he averred that officials had lent too ready an ear to detractors and unkind critics.

Hence there arose one of those small incidents, trivial in themselves, but which in the aggregate amounted to a slowly

¹ Now Marchioness of Carisbrooke.



View of the Jain Temples, in 1907.



The same view, in 1927.

growing resentment against the Government of India and the Government of Bombay, and which resulted in the Jam Saheb writing; "The Government is always nagging. . . . I have been hampered from all quarters where help might have been expected. . . . In some quarters the prejudice against me has been so strong that there is positive reason to assert that I have been thought a really disloyal Chief to my sovereign and crown. Nothing could have been more unjust and cruel than this, but I have not the habit, and have never cultivated the same, of showing my loyalty to my King by flattering certain officials. But injustice is felt as keenly by Princes as by peasants. . . ."

In the spring of 1912, however, he was on his way to England, and the day after arrival he was at Lord's, practising in the nets. It was revealed that he would play again for England against the visiting Australians, if he were invited, but there were general doubts as to whether he had kept his form. But in 28 innings he gave ample proof of his staying power with an average of 42 runs, and at Brighton, against Lancashire, Kent, and Australia, he made 176, 128, and 125, concluding with another century at Lord's for the M.C.C. against Cambridge University.

There was even a suggestion that he should be captain of England for this second "farewell" cricket season. But the Jam Saheb was no longer heart-whole in his love for the game. He was smarting under a reflection on his honesty and his wisdom, and his mind was now occupied with one problem.

Could he manipulate his State into the position of being able to laugh at Government's fears?

CHAPTER X

1912-1913. LAST PAGEANT

DURING the autumn of 1912 the Jam Saheb was a guest of the King at Balmoral, in a party which included the Marquis of Bute, Lord George Campbell, Lord Londesborough, and his old friend of Australian days, Lord Lamington. An interesting memento of that occasion is seen to-day in the Lal Palace in Jamnagar, where there hangs a painted photograph showing the Royal party taking lunch on the moors. The King is sitting apart from his guests, the young Princes are sprawling on the grass, and the Jam Saheb is *vis-à-vis* Lord Beatty. The secret of the divided party is that it was suddenly discovered that they numbered thirteen; His Majesty, therefore, decided to reduce the main group to a harmless number by separating himself.

Illness once more ruined the Jam Saheb's plans during the winter, and he sought rest at Gilling, where he was impresario at a village entertainment where he showed a film of the Delhi Durbar, the splendour of which might well impress the inhabitants of a Yorkshire village. In London, he usually lived at the Grosvenor Hotel, the Metropole, or the Kensington Palace Hotel, and the staffs have good reason to remember an occasional visitor who invariably asked after their wives and families, and who bestowed generous tips.

He had returned to old associations, and it was natural that he should rent again his old Cambridge rooms, which had once accommodated a care-free undergraduate, and now

gave shelter to a very worried ruler whose thoughts turned inevitably to his State. In the early part of 1913 he bought a house at Staines from Sir Edward Clarke, as he said that he had never slept well in London, and desired a country house easy of access. It was a wilderness that he had bought, but he saw possibilities in it, and in later years grew to love its gardens and its lofty rooms. It cost him £30,000.

He returned to India in the spring, heralded by one of those many rumours that he was about to be married. In actual fact, he now had no intention of marrying, and he could afford to laugh at the many prophecies that his wife would be the daughter of a neighbouring Prince, that she would be an Englishwoman, an Irishwoman, a Welshwoman, or any other nationality which rumour credited with the retention of his affections.

He had been betrothed in early life to a nobly born Rajput girl, and the seriousness and formality of that ceremony were not to be flouted by any devout Hindu. But, if the truth be told, the Jam Saheb had been in England too long to be enamoured of the Hindu custom of choosing a bride long before the groom is old enough to decide for himself, and in his advice to nephews and nieces he always implored them to make up their own minds, to marry only when their hearts dictated, and to adopt, in a word, a more Western attitude in the consideration of the problem.

He was indeed opposed to the strict observance of the purdah system. Like many other devout Hindus, he put his preachings into practice, and brought several of his nieces out of purdah when they visited England. He bade them observe purdah, however, if they were betrothed to a young man who desired it, and the lesson he tried to teach was that their own conscience, and not custom, should dictate their movements.

On many occasions, the Jam Saheb was petitioned by his subjects, who desired above all that he should leave a direct heir, flesh of his flesh, for the continuance of his line. But the Rajput lady remained unmarried, and so did every other person whom the newspapers and the gossip of the world had credited with being the future Maharani.

Immediately on his return to India, he met an old friend of the Political Service, one Major H. W. Berthon. The Jam Saheb asked him to come to Nawanagar to make the permanent settlement of the alienated lands—a delicate task always carried out by British officers. It was an important reform, for about one-quarter of the land had been alienated through the centuries by previous rulers, and this large tract was producing nothing towards the expenses of administration. These grants had been made for various reasons, some for armed service, mounted and unmounted, some for temple service, and many on purely whimsical grounds. In many cases the actual title deeds were signed with the wrong symbol, and the village craftsmen had obviously been racking their brains to imitate the thrusting dagger which marked the genuine approval of the ruler. There were many forgeries, and though it was possible to believe that previous rulers had given away a large area of land in honour of an eclipse of the sun, it was decidedly improbable that they would have mistaken the date of signature by more than a hundred years!

In three years the Major judged 3,000 cases, only one of which was the subject of an appeal. The result of the scheme was the raising of the revenue by over £20,000.

Another reform put into operation at this time was intended to check a very human failing. It has already been related how the Jam Saheb had inherited the princely Rajput attitude towards money. He considered it his privilege to be

fleeced, and beneath his dignity to insist on his full rights where payment was concerned. Thus, he could not bring himself to correct a financial mistake if it entailed the recovery of money from his subjects, and time after time he waved away his dues when appeal was made to him to insist upon the letter of the law.

If a contractor, for instance, had been paid fifty rupees too much by an oversight, he invariably solicited the sympathy of the Jam Saheb, and rather than make the unprincely gesture of accepting money from a subject, he would dismiss the matter peremptorily. A ruler cannot accept change. . . . The same thing occurred with large amounts, and it was obvious that clever men were taking advantage of this unbusinesslike sense of chivalry. Major Berthon, with the aid of an expert clerk imported for the purpose, stopped once and for all the possibility of the Jam Saheb ever being placed in such a false position again. He introduced a pre-audit code, and there ceased for ever the embarrassment of a ruler who was expected to combine hard business technique with Rajput pride.

The Jam Saheb decided to abolish another custom full of abuses. The zenana still held the widows of Jam Vibhaji and Jam Jassaji, and each of the purdah ladies was entitled to "pin money." But in the collection of these dues, which were in the form of revenue from villages, the ladies had to rely on the honesty of private secretaries, for they themselves could never visit the properties. The Jam Saheb now suggested that the lands be resumed by the State and the ladies paid a monthly cash allowance. It was a risky experiment, and entirely contrary to established custom. But his courteous treatment of these ladies had won their respect, and when Major Berthon announced the new proposals, they were delighted, for they had existed for years in complete ignorance

of the fact that they were entitled to such sums. Such was Nawanagar in the old days. . . .

Other important changes had already been made in the established order. Streams of wealth had been flowing out of the Treasury for a privileged and dishonest minority, and these were dammed at the source. Some considerable risk was run, as many recipients had been trained in a corrupt world. Dancing girls, the descendants of women who had pleased some ruler of the past, were among those who found their source of income gone. It required more than ordinary courage to antagonise large sects of the community which enjoyed some influence in the State.

The Amran affair, which had loomed as a probable danger early in his career, gave serious trouble. The rebellious Khawas was descendant of one Meru, a Palace attendant who a century before had been granted several villages in return for meritorious service to the State. But his ambitions had led him to rebel openly against the ruler, and the aid of British troops had been necessary before he had been quelled. The arrogance and foolhardiness of Meru was evidently handed down to future generations, for the representative of the family in 1907 had disapproved of Ranjitsinhji's nomination, being in favour, rumour said, of Lakoobha, son of the notorious exiled Kaloobha.

The Khawas now displayed open rebellion, arrogating to himself the position of an independent chieftain with the insignia of royalty. He ignored all warnings, and the Jam Saheb had now no alternative. The man was tried and his lands were forfeited to the State. But, as the settlement of land on his ancestor Meru had been made with the approval of the Government, the Jam Saheb took the precaution of consulting the Agent to the Governor before promulgating the final orders on the ruling of the court. He thus took every safe-

guard; his care was not, however, sufficient to save him from further embarrassment.

The silence of the Government seemed to indicate approval. Now, however, the Khawas appealed to the Government of India, and to the Jam Saheb's astonishment seemed to have had his appeal allowed. At any rate, the result of the appeal was a peremptory and definite *ex parte* order to the State to restore the lands to the Khawas. Such an order, besides being most unusual and drastic, was damning to the prestige and the very position of a ruler.

The Jam Saheb's fighting spirit was aroused. He was seen in a new light. He travelled hot foot to Bombay, where he explained the facts to the Governor, Lord Willingdon. An inquiry was ordered, and the Jam Saheb was advised to go to Simla to see the Viceroy. The result of his action and explanation was that the Government order was immediately withdrawn. The Jam Saheb at least came out of the affair with flying colours. . . .

Here was another pinprick. In later years his sensitive nature was to suffer much from small and easily avoidable encounters of a similar nature.

These matters, however, were not allowed to interfere with the steady progress of the State towards prosperity. In all matters, the machinery was tightened up, the joints mended. And he now began a great work, which still occupied him in the week of his death. He abolished the slums.

Those politicians who are desirous of seeing India under a Western form of Government, might well travel to Jamnagar for an example of the benefits that can be secured under autocracy. For the Jam Saheb could only have achieved his benefits by the exercise of his supreme power in the State, and by an energy and drive that eventually resulted in gaining the interest and enthusiasm of his subjects.

Sir Edwin Lutyens, the designer of New Delhi, recently inspected Jamnagar and pronounced that he had seldom seen a city built with such practical economy and such excellent results. The benefits are also recorded in the medical records of the State, and those who have been in a position to compare the old city with the new have expressed astonishment at the changes which took place in twenty years.

Doctor Kalianwalla, the medical adviser to the Jam Saheb, who fostered his desire to rebuild the city after compiling a terrifying document on its unhealthiness, tells the story of a chauffeur whom he found praying in the street one hot night in midsummer. "Why do you pray?" asked the doctor.

"I am giving thanks," said the man. "I am blessing the name of the Jam Saheb, who brought the breezes into this bazaar. . . ."

The Jam Saheb's methods were typical. He sent for a map of the city, and drew a straight line from one gate to the other. Where the line crossed temples and mosques, he drew circles. The lines represented a road fifty feet broad, the circles were the sites of crescents and open spaces. And forthwith he drove into the bazaar, sought out the tenants of shops and houses whose dwellings were selected for demolition, and informed them that if they had not vacated within a week, their roofs would be pulled down over them.

Naturally enough, he met with opposition. But he was firm, and had already elaborated a plan by which their interests would be looked after. A committee of assessors was immediately appointed. Generous compensation was offered, and the tenants were given the first opportunity of acquiring the new shops and dwellings which bordered the wide road. The filthy slums were razed to the ground, and when the first shock had passed, and a new ideal of health and cleanliness was being realised, other tenants in the city actually



1911. "He drove to the Durbar in a silver coach. . . ."



The Jam Saheb's birth-place.



A Rabari of Kuleshwar. Believed to belong to the lost tribes of Israel.

appealed to him to turn his attention to their quarters next, so that they too might benefit both physically and financially by the new campaign.

The greatest attention was paid to the necessity to afford a view of the ancient temples. Hitherto, it had been impossible to gain a glimpse of the fine buildings, and indescribably shabby houses and shops rubbed shoulders with the wonderful architecture of past generations. Their domed roofs were invisible from the streets, the roadway being so narrow and crowded that the pennants and the pinnacles of Jain temples were never appreciated.

Few rulers could have performed such a feat as this reconstruction of a capital. Signor Mussolini is clearing up Rome in the same way, but Jam Ranjitsinhji was the first to reopen the beauties of a city to the eyes of the public. A Municipal Council, putting such proposals to the public, would have lost their seats to a man at the next election, and even many autocrats would have hesitated before committing themselves to such a venture with a Treasury that gave no grounds for optimism. But here was a monarch, the representative of God on earth according to his people's spiritual view of their ruler. It was one-man rule, and his word was law. The "Round Table," many years later, delineated the power of an Indian Prince without exaggeration in the following terms: "He appears the unquestioned master of all around him, the embodiment of proud tradition, the living personification of sovereignty; he has freely lavished upon him a popular devotion and reverence which are almost without parallel in the modern world. Even when he rules badly, his people seem to ascribe their complaints to the defects of his advisers. The Prince is a pivot on which the whole State turns."

Not all of the Jam Saheb's campaigns had the object of making money for the State. Humanity and generosity were

shown to many individuals who might not have shown the same sentiments if the positions had been reversed, and it will be seen later how the Jam Saheb proved himself a man of pity and generosity to a close dependant of the man who had treated him very shabbily in the past.

His philosophy in life was a simple one: "My religion teaches me to try and find out something good about people," he said. "Don't believe the bad about them until you find yourself wrong in thinking them good men and women. Pick out the best in them."

More than once he found himself "wrong in thinking them good," but his letters throughout many years of trying times show how reluctant he was to condemn a man. He had the gift of judging sincerity almost at sight, and if he were unimpressed, he would often take time and trouble in proving himself in the wrong. But it would be a mistake to think he was soft-hearted or unwilling to come to a decision. It was well known that he was secretly averse to the idea of capital punishment, and it was thought that he would test the effect of its abolition in Nawanagar. But in a short time he had seen enough to realise that the experiment would be a dangerous one, and indeed in one case he delivered a judgment of such severity that it could be seen he was revolted by human degradation and vice. Two men were before him for a particularly brutal murder, one of them being a Brahmin, and a Hindu ruler might well be excused for hesitating before committing such a dignitary to death. The Jam Saheb ordered a public hanging. The act was significant, and made a great impression in the State.

Friendship and influence made no difference to his State appointments, though sentiment for the memory of his old tutor had resulted in the discovery of a talented Education Minister in this mentor of early days. It was during his

administration that education in the State was completely revolutionised. Primary education had already become free, and in a few years' time secondary education received the same impetus. The Dewan Saheb of Jassaji's reign was retained in his position, and became a faithful and devoted servant and friend.

Work continued steadily in the important field of irrigation, though many years passed before any great improvement was effected in the attitude of the average landowner towards his own duties in the campaign to relieve the fears of famine. Labour was expensive and the farmer was poor, and only when liberal grants were given for the sinking of wells, and modern blasting and boring apparatus provided by the State, would the farmers bestir themselves for their own salvation. But the State took in hand the construction of lakes for water storage and irrigation plants, so that in the event of another drought the results would be minimised. There now began a programme of public work that was to be continued over twenty-five years without cessation, and which resulted in the State being to-day a model of efficiency and modernity.

Roads, railways, hospitals, schools, a tramway system, houses and shops, gardens, and afforestation—all were attended to in minute detail, and as a slum-clearer the Jam Saheb, during the next few years, would have served as an admirable model to the Minister of Health in England. Budget or no budget, he flung himself into the work with such zest that his subjects, at first in open opposition to any policy of change, became fired with the same spirit. The financial soundness of his housing schemes was given scant consideration, but when each individual campaign was concluded, and the financial results reviewed (not without trepidation on the part of Major Berthon), it was found that the

State had actually made a profit on some of his unconventional transactions!

But foresight and common sense were hereditary qualities. Years before, Jam Vibhaji had not been slow in showing his political sagacity in the matter of the introduction of telegraphs.

The Government of India pressed for the installation of the telegraph system if the Jam would guarantee a certain sum annually. The telegraphs were to be worked by the Government, and the revenue was to be retained by them. The Jam asked one question: "And if the revenue is greater than the sum I am asked to guarantee?"

The Government representative laughed at such an absurd possibility.

"Then you can have the difference!" he declared.

A treaty or agreement was made accordingly.

In a few years the Government was paying an annual sum to the State that was a regular and welcome feature of the budget.

Jam Ranjitsinhji loved that story, and it became a favourite in his repertoire. He would repeat it with active imitation of his wise old predecessor's voice and mannerisms, and the short-sighted pomposity of the Government's representative.

A Land Revenue Survey Scheme was another reform that was greeted with general satisfaction. From time immemorial, revenue on land was paid by a fixed share of the produce, called the "Raj Bhag," or Ruler's Share, usually amounting to one-quarter. The system was irksome to the people, and cumbersome,¹ productive of wastage and furnishing magnificent opportunities for fraud. The uncertainty of tenure—for the cultivators were mere tenants at will and not leaseholders—was not conducive to good farming, and there was no encouragement to agricultural improvement, for the Maharaja

¹ See Appendix, p. 322.

was owner as well as ruler. Now, every acre was being classified and graded according to its productive ability. Holdings were then granted to the cultivator for a fixed period at a fixed cash rental, subject to reassessment at the end of the period. Thus, whatever produce he might get, the cultivator paid the same sum per acre in rent, and could enjoy to the full the benefits of high prices for cotton and cereals. The farmers became financially stronger and were able to pay their rent even in lean years.

The Jam Saheb himself was a born squire, and could settle an argument with a cultivator by a deep knowledge of conditions. He could pick up a handful of earth and discourse on its origin, possibilities, and history. He was of farming stock, and there was no man in his State who could get the better of him in an argument on crops and the science of the plough.

Bit by bit he regularised tenancy and ensured greater prosperity, giving his peasants a security which they had never known before. They were the backbone of the State, he knew, and every amenity which he wished to give to his people, every advance which he wished to make for his land in the esteem of the world, depended upon their prosperity. In his Cambridge days he had often stayed at a farmer's house and picked the brains of the men who might teach him something. Later on he devoted attention to the science of farming in California, for he discovered that the climatic conditions there were almost identical with Nawanagar, and he resolved to introduce Californian methods to India. Three of his nephews he sent to Cambridge, where they took their degrees in the special branch devoted to agriculture, and later, through his friendship with Colonel House, he sent them to California for further study of the American systems of agriculture and afforestation.

The importance of railways as a civilising influence has

been stressed. The building of the new railway line to Dwarka was a vital plank in his programme. But here the Jam Saheb found a serious obstacle.

After several attempts to find the necessary loan, he had come to an arrangement with the Gaekwar of Baroda whereby that rich Prince would pay for the entire construction of the line provided that the Jam Saheb could get the British Government to guarantee the loan. This latter seemed an easy task, for it was simple for the Government to indemnify itself out of the Jamnagar revenues. Further, the Government's consent might be expected to be encouraged by the promise of greater prosperity in the State after the coming of the railway. But such was not the case; the Government refused, the reason given being that under such an arrangement the Jam Saheb might find himself dominated by the Gaekwar as mortgagee. (The excuse did not hold water in the opinion of anyone who knew both personalities. So far, nobody had yet succeeded in dominating the Jam Saheb even over the choosing of a tie-pin.)

But whatever the true reason, the Government was adamant, and the Jam had to submit to the humiliation of a long delay before he was able to obtain permission to borrow the sum required (about a quarter of a million pounds) from the Bombay firm of Sir Vithaldas Thackersey & Company. But it was 1921 before the line was finished.

In the course of his visit to Simla in connection with the Amran affair, made at the suggestion of Government, he had met the present Maharaja of Patiala, successor to that great ruler who had so energetically worked on his behalf before he had come into his rights. Such an occasion could not pass without full honour being done to the representative of the powerful and progressive Sikh State. The Jam Saheb invited the Maharaja to Jamnagar for Christmas.

The invitation was accepted during the autumn, and the Jam Saheb was delighted. He considered it an honour both to himself and his State, and, indeed, the countryside was ablaze with the news. It was history, and made a profound impression on friend and critic alike.

It might have been questioned whether the Jam Saheb could in truth afford the hospitality that was bound to be prepared to suit the occasion. Where, it might have been asked, was the money coming from to pay for the entertainments, the illuminations, the refurbishing of the State coaches, the new uniforms for the army, the elaborate programme of shikar, the presents that must be given both on arrival and on departure, the restocking of the gardens so that they should be in full bloom at the exact moment of the distinguished guest's arrival, the fireworks, the thousands of men who would be in charge of the organisation, the extra gamekeepers, the shamianas and tents for the accommodation of at least a hundred other guests, even the wines, the cigars, the mountains of food?

Where, finally, would His Highness of Patiala sleep?

"Naturally," said the Jam Saheb, "we must rebuild the Guest House!"

He did not stop to think of the cost. As was his way, he considered first the definite needs of the moment, the necessity to represent the might and the glory of Kathiawar at this most important occasion. The bill could wait.

He had little over six weeks in order to transform the Guest House and its environs. The visit duly took place during Christmas 1913, and up to the last minute the Jam Saheb was spurring on gangs of workmen, under forced labour, to complete the entire rebuilding, the alteration of the whole of the Palace grounds so that a blaze of colour would greet the exalted Prince if he deigned to look out of the

window, the reorganisation of the already perfect shooting arrangements on the island of Rozi. The "abru" of the State demanded it. . . .

And when, alarmed by a rumour (proved to be exaggerated) that the Jam Saheb had spent nearly £30,000 on the entertainment, the Government again began to take an intelligent interest in his finances, he showed no hesitation in reminding the Government that it was at their own suggestion that he had gone to Simla on the occasion when the meeting with the Maharaja had occurred!

The Jam Saheb's comment on the attitude of the Government was indignant and bitter. "I am bound to take exception," he wrote, "to the repeated annoyances to which I am put by the agency in finding fault with me and prying into my internal affairs. I am being regarded with suspicion and distrust, and am subjected to continual nagging, contrary to the correct usage and practice of Government with a first-class State. My prestige and my self-respect demand that I should protest against this attitude, which is worrying me and bullying me, for I feel that my nerves and health will not stand any further strain, against which I have striven with patience and fortitude for a long period. What I feel most is that such an attitude is not adopted in the case of my brother chiefs who are in other respects much worse off than we are. I can only conclude that it can only be a personal matter, and I should like to know my sins. . . ."

Undoubtedly he thought, with the rest of his State, that no expense would be too great to signalise the visit of one whose approval and support were more valuable than riches, more desirable than the condescension of a Government that he accused of "nagging." And it would be wrong to presume that such display was in order to satisfy his own pride. He was singularly modest in the daily routine of life, and disliked self-

advertisement intensely, but at the same time he had a keen appreciation of the value of display to the Indian peoples, and their susceptibility to pomp and ceremony—a fact which is frequently forgotten by those who criticise the glitter and the pageantry which surround British officials in the East, and who call for a more utilitarian mode of living. They are ignorant alike of the religious views and psychology of Hindus.

Rajputs take keen delight in the retailing of legends of their rulers' prodigality, even while conscious that they themselves pay the bill. They recall, for instance, the lavishness of Jam Ranmalji, who spent a fortune on the restoration of the temple to Krishna, and who was compared in open-handedness to the three most generous kings in Indian legend, Bali, Karna, and Bhoja.

But, most important of all, two good years had followed the disastrous famine, the famine loan was being duly repaid, revenue was up and expenses were down, and the Jam Sahab had already confounded the critics on more than one occasion. He found himself in the position of host, and it was a temptation he could never resist. With skill and with organising ability, he eclipsed the efforts of more wealthy States in the sumptuousness of the programme that was offered for the visiting Prince. Little did they think that within a few months their wealth and their resources would be devoted to a greater and more noble cause than rivalry in the provision of entertainment.

The fireworks seared the night sky. It was the last pageantry before the sound of festive drums was drowned by the thunder of distant warfare.

CHAPTER XI

1914-1915. INDIA IN THE WAR

THE drums that called the nations to arms were heard far beyond the frontiers of those Western peoples in whose territories the gigantic struggle was first staged. Up to the Khyber Pass and down to Madras, from the border of Tibet to the Western deserts of Sind, the roll of immense portent and tragedy was understood and responded to with alacrity. Warlike men of the North-West Frontier, squat and sturdy hillmen of the Himalayas, Rajputs, Mah-rattas, bearded Sikhs, even the studious Bengalis whose history told of artistic and intellectual triumphs rather than battle—all rallied to the call.

India's part in the great struggle has never been given adequate recognition, and certainly after the hostilities, the sacrifices of the Princes, their actual bleeding of their States for the great cause, went comparatively unnoticed and unhonoured in the orgy of mutual congratulation being performed in Europe. A few honours here, a few more guns added to a ceremonial salute there . . .

The story of one State of India, not large and by no means wealthy, is told in this account of the Jam Saheb's life, and can be taken as representative of many of the Indian States whose courage and loyalty have been forgotten.

The Jam Saheb heard the rumour of war when he was keenly occupied. In May he was in Bombay, his mind full of the alienation scheme, which he described as "going without a hitch, and therefore unique in the history of such schemes."

On receipt of the news of war being declared he was at Government House, Bombay. On August 6th, two days later, he wrote a telegram to the Viceroy. The message was a *carte blanche* offer of every horse and every motor-car in his State.

Immediately, every scheme for the improvement of his State was stopped. The money put aside for these programmes was at once diverted to war preparations. "I have asked the Government," he announced, "to call upon my State for all its war resources."

He made another magnificent gesture of generosity. He asked that the next instalment due to be remitted to the Government in repayment of the famine loan should be transferred to the War Fund, and that he should be debited with an equal amount, to be repaid as soon as possible.

"I fear the trouble is going to be very serious," he wrote, "and therefore every unit of the Empire should contribute its mite towards its strength, consolidation, and preservation."

The first shock he received was when he found the Government hesitating over this offer of a contribution to the War Fund in return for a moratorium on the famine loan repayment. Before a decision was made, however, he had paid the sum into the War Fund, thus forcing their hand. The Government had to agree. Such unconventional methods were upsetting to the even tenor of the Government's train of thought, for Simla had not yet realised that this was going to be a most unconventional war. . . .

All over India, the native States were in a fever of preparation. The lances of the cavalry, rarely to be seen in all their brave array in this struggle of machinery and burrowing men, were wheeling in the brilliant sunshine; many of the Princes themselves were manœuvring to secure staff positions overseas; Sir Pertab Singh made another journey to Viceregal

Lodge, there to repeat for the last time those laconic syllables: "Saheb, I go . . ." The gem-encrusted miniature of Queen Victoria shone in his puggaree; ribbons across his breast proclaimed his long years of service in other and more chivalrous campaigns on behalf of the British Crown; he did not know that he was going to a battle of giants, in which man's individual strength and valour were to have little part.

He was delighted with the Jam Saheb's success in obtaining early orders for France. "If you had not insisted on going," said Sir Pertab, "I should have seen to it that you were among the first."

The Jam Saheb rapidly cleared up the urgent work awaiting him in Jamnagar. Handing over absolute control to Major Berthon, he bid him "uphold our prestige, and our cherished rights, and our honour unsullied."

He wrote to him: "Please see that we are not penny wise and pound foolish. It will be a difficult task for you, for I know many to be rogues, but useful to the State. Finally, as guardian of the State's highest and truest interests in my absence, I deposit with implicit confidence the charge of the State's administrative work with you, wishing you brilliant success."

In a last speech at Jamnagar, he said that his duty was clear before him. His people must maintain their composure with a quiet and dignified confidence and faith in the great cause. His last day in the Palace was one of exhilaration, for he received a telegram from his nephew Digvijaysinhji, who was then at Cambridge cramming for the Indian Civil Service.

"Can I join up?" it read. For hours after he had telegraphed his consent, the Jam Saheb was youthful in his delight.

He left the capital very quietly. There was no salute of guns, no guard of honour. Probably no Jam Saheb had ever left the ancient city for the field of battle with less fuss and display.

He sat alone with Major Berthon in the shuttered saloon at the station, happy and quite prepared for whatever fate awaited him. He left a letter in which he gave clear instructions regarding the accession in the event of his death.

"When one goes, as I am proud to know I am going, to fight the Sovereign's foes," he wrote, "it is wise to go prepared never to return. My primary duty under the circumstances is to express in unmistakable terms my wishes as to succession in case anything happens to me."

In privately adopting his eldest nephew, the Kumar Pratapsinhji, as his heir apparent, he asked that this decision should not be made public. "Actual open adoption leads to family quarrels," he continued, and proceeded to make arrangements for the comfort of his mother, "for whose saintly character and devotion to me through my days of adversity I feel most grateful. . . ."

It was perhaps the most important moment of his life. As never before, he believed himself personally responsible for that "abru" which was his most jealous concern. He felt that in his hands there lay the opportunity of raising a banner to the glory of his race and his clan that would be seen by the entire world.

In the hurry of departure he forgot to take any cash with him. The Dewan, who accompanied him to Bombay, returned to request Major Berthon for permission to send him £1,000. The Major, therefore, took steps to find out the State of the Treasury. Such had been the Jam Saheb's generosity that the Treasury did not contain that sum. . . .

In Bombay, the Jam Saheb sent for Pandit Hareshwar, on whom he had conferred a "Sanad," or official testimonial. In this, he had declared that "being fully convinced of his erudition and his work on the day of accession, respect must be shown to him throughout the State."

Now he reminded the joshi that he was a bachelor, and, unlike any other ruler, was going on the actual field of battle. "Shall I return?" he asked.

The joshi's exact words are important in the light of future events.

"You will not lose your life," he said, "but you will lose a limb while you are abroad."

He sailed with the Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and during the journey settled down to study every manual of modern war strategy that he could lay hands on. At Marseilles, he learnt that he was gazetted an Honorary Major, and would be attached to the staff of General Cookson in France.

"I hope to pick up a lot by observation," he wrote. "I am almost afraid there is a tendency to treat my presence as an encumbrance, but I have told General Cookson that I want above all to work, in any useful capacity. Further than that, I had not the heart to blow my own trumpet. I fear that my cars are more useful than myself. If, however, I am still regarded as a tin soldier, it is not my fault, and I shall regard myself as unfortunate. The trip with the Inniskillings was a great education to me, and I feel I have missed my vocation in life. I think when I return I shall miss things very much, and I shall never neglect my duty towards my Lancers—provided Government will give them a few serviceable rifles instead of the present firewood sticks. . . ."

After landing in France he was ill. Asthma attacks had pulled him down, and he feared to see the doctors. For more than a month after he left India he refused to take advice, and went in fear and trembling that his physical condition would be noticed. "I daren't see a doctor out here," he wrote, "for fear of being kicked out, for I am very short-winded. But in any case I shall stick it out or perish in the attempt."

His enthusiasm could not be damped, even when he found, on arrival at headquarters, that considerable difficulty was being experienced in finding work for the Princes. "They are all dying of ennui," he wrote on January 20th. "All the chiefs are complaining. Bikaner is sick of doing nothing. This kills our zeal and enthusiasm, and if I did not feel it my duty to my King to stick to it, I should chuck it, for I feel I should be more useful to the cause in India than out here with nothing to do. . . ."

The unfortunate lack of opportunities for work gave him the leisure to attend to State affairs, and in long letters to Major Berthon he showed his anxiety. The Major had had occasion to issue a warning that finances were perilously low. "Thank you for your straight talk and frantic jaw," wrote the Jam Saheb. "Your warm friendship has enabled me to conquer myself of my own weaknesses, and I am not going to give you any further anxiety on account of my propensity for *objets d'art*, and I have determined to check myself until such time as I can legitimately do so. So now let us forget old sins and co-operate in wiping them out. . . ."

But he was still grieved about the Government's treatment of him over the Dwarka Railway loan. "I never liked it and was never a party to it. I was forced into it simply because I was sat upon owing to the financial weakness of my State, consequent upon a famine and the Delhi Durbar. I was treated unfairly and not even candidly. The whole thing was so unfair and so un-English . . . I seem fated to remain poor, but I get a great deal of pleasure out of my funds."

This time, the "frantic jaw" of the Major seemed to have had a definite and deep effect upon the Jam Saheb. At any rate, he soon reveals the secret of a new "windfall," at which he had frequently hinted. It was the result of nothing more complicated than the sale of pearls, though his expert interest

in them must have been shocked at seeing them go at half their value.

Another scheme was coming to fruition. His solicitor, Mr. E. F. Hunt, had considerable experience in the management of hospital finances, and when the Jam Saheb immediately ordered that Northcote, the Staines house, should be offered to the Red Cross as a hospital, he deputed Mr. Hunt to estimate for its complete conversion. About £5,000 a year was needed for the maintenance, and £500 for its conversion, suitable for thirty patients. Actually, the conversion and fitting of the house cost the Jam Saheb £3,500, and for many months he paid £500 a month from his personal allowance for its maintenance. ("But please don't advertise this," he wrote.) The Maharajas of Patiala and Kashmir also contributed to its upkeep. Altogether, the hospital cost him over £50,000.

"I shall grudge nothing and miss nothing in the loyal and dutiful support of our King's Government for this great national and Imperial purpose," he wrote. "The more we do for them the more I shall be pleased, and after all, our mightiest effort is only a tiny drop in the ocean of the British Empire. . . ."

This was his attitude, but at that precise moment he was nevertheless burning with indignation at a complaint received from the India Office, and also on the receipt of news from Major Berthon that the Government had asked for a report to be made on the financial position of the State. (The Major refused.)

"I have never done Government any harm," he wrote, "and I am too old to begin now. All the ambitions have been knocked out of me from continual pinpricks and kicks and snubs and the misreading of my motives, actions, and conduct. If I am allowed to pass my life in peace and allowed to



Photo Vandyk, London

1912. "He cherished the idea of making his jewels second to none in India. . . ."

do my duty without souring my life any more, I shall feel grateful. . . . At times I seriously wish that I could get out of my State and lead my own life in peace and quiet, and look to my own life and comforts, and lead the life I had mapped out for myself. My natural ambitions were in quite a different line . . . least suspected by anyone, in fact. However, being an Eastern, I must try and submit to fate until my Western education rebels in me and loses all patience. . . .”

He wrote further on English officials in India. Already, in those far-off and comparatively placid days in India, he feared for the future of British rule, and was outspoken in his opinion of the type of Englishman who now held the reigns of Government. For years he held his peace and choked down the expressions of disgust that rose to his lips whenever he encountered conduct that was not on a level with his peerless code of honour. He railed against the system of the Indian Civil Service, admiring its cold efficiency, but protesting that in its mechanical perfection it had lost all touch with the human side of governing. He, who was so human, later predicted to the highest authority in the land his fear that the Indian Civil Service, by its very lack of humanity, would ruin India.

Now he wrote to Major Berthon: “To tell you the truth, I have trust in few Englishmen, for most of them succumb to temptation and knuckle down to higher authorities for reasons of their own. This is how I do feel, and I dislike even mentioning it, for it is a *horrid* thing to say, but that has been my most unfortunate experience, in spite of the fact that no Indian can love the English as much as I do.”

A week's leave in England enabled him to pay a formal visit to Buckingham Palace. He had a long private talk with Their Majesties, and was profoundly stirred by the emotion that invariably overwhelmed him when in contact with his

Emperor. One result of the visit was a letter from the Queen to the Jam Saheb, in which she asked him to do something for the Indian syces, who were suffering intolerably in the mud and cold of Flanders. The Jam Saheb framed the letter, dispatched it to Jamnagar, and told Major Berthon to keep it carefully. "It is my first Royal command," he wrote.

He talked to Lord Kitchener and Lord Crewe on the same trip. They added to his work by announcing that more ambulances would be required for the spring of 1916, when the new army would be going to France. He framed a scheme and wrote to the Agent to the Governor to move the States to support it. He himself had already contributed £2,000 for the fleet of ambulances ultimately provided by the Kathiawar States, and in addition had already given fourteen fully equipped motor-cars, with eight Indian and two European chauffeurs.

A great part of his income was now going towards various war funds and charities. On accession, his income had been £2,000 a month, this being the sum suggested by Mr. Fitzgerald. In 1909 it was reduced to £1,500 a month, in 1910 to £1,200, and after the famine in 1911, to £800 a month. He was expected to give presents to his relatives on many occasions, and had had to be economical in this—a gesture that had been generally misunderstood. "The wants and the tastes of my predecessors are not mine," he wrote in reference to this matter. "The limited circle of their friends and acquaintances is not mine. . . ."

But in spite of his resolutions to curb expenditure, he bought several carriages at Tattersalls, where he had gone to buy a new charger. He wrote to Major Berthon with the suspicion of an apology: "They were dirt cheap, and were for a six in hand. I also bought three victorias, a big State carriage for £5, and a State landau. . . ."

Yet another scheme, far more ambitious, now occupied his mind. For some time he had hinted of "new war material" that he was collecting for the use of Indian troops. Sir Pertab was helping him, and he had official notification that its success would be "greatly to the prestige of the Indians." It was all a great secret, and as a fact never came to anything, though it was learnt that he was endeavouring to collect £35,000 to provide the Indian infantry with machine-guns. He wrote: "I am really proud that all my schemes have come off, and I have secured the best part of £40,000 to help towards our great cause. I am now thinking of flying machines, machine-guns, and such-like. I know the monsoon has been a good one. . . ."

Back in France, the cold and discomfort once more undermined his health. "I do hate the night travelling," he wrote. "I could stand hunger and cold and all kinds of discomfort, but I do need my sleep. Lately we have not had enough of that, but it was all so interesting. I am bound to stick to it, not only for my own sake, but for the sake of my Order. I was afraid that I should have to give it up, for asthma came on violently, and although I am better now, I get it occasionally, badly at night, and it plays the deuce with me, but I have made no complaint. . . . At first they thought me an infernal nuisance; now they're thinking I'm not half bad and might be useful. It has been a real uphill work to fight against red-tape and precedence, etc. I can tolerate a muddler and a bad organiser, but to cheat when you are trusted is "orrible" beyond words. . . . I make work by judicious push—as a rule so contrary to my nature—and am doing a machine-gun course, after which a flying course. We had an inspection by the C-in-C. the other day, and it was very cold. I felt and looked like a cotton bale with all my warm kit, clothing, and overcoats on. However, on the whole I did well to stand

it, for I have very bad chilblains. I am pleased to say that the Indians have done very well, and that was very timely, for there have been one or two incidents which have made people on the look-out to criticise and abuse them."

A long letter dated February 9th shows that he had already succeeded in his attempt to be in the centre of things. "Things have been very slow," he writes, "owing to beastly weather, and we have only had two fine days in two months, and it has been cold. Of course, with quarters being so damp, and comforts being scarce and sanitation abominable, one naturally expects cold, but the worst of it is the rain, sleet, and snow. This has made exercising horses a considerable hardship. It is all right when anything happens, for you forget your own discomfort then. But such moments come few and far between except to the men in the trenches. We had one exciting moment one night, and were armed to the teeth, but it fizzled out. After the excitement was over I slept like a log for about 14 hours, for I had not taken anything off for two nights and was practically awake the whole blessed time. We are much further up than you think, and regularly hear the guns.

"Now I will take your various matters; I don't mind the abuse or jaw you give me, for it is so kindly meant, and all for my sake. But while realising your criticism, I cannot tell you in what difficulties a chief often finds himself to do the right thing, and no British official is ever placed in quite the same position. You can do a lot of overhauling and clearing which I would like to do and can't. . . . This trench warfare is very trying and dull work. Don't be surprised if the war comes to an end suddenly. In fact, don't be surprised at anything barring our climbing down. That will never happen. Various surmises are given for it to end. Some say July, some October, and very few beyond that. . . .

"The ruler of — came here with half a ton of baggage the other day, but not being allowed to keep it he bolted to England to get permission from the India Office. But of course the War Office cannot sanction it. I wish I had seen him, for I should have stopped him from making a fool of himself. He has only one month of winter weather left now, and you can get along with very little nowadays. I have, along with the other three of the party, barely 300 lb. of luggage, inclusive of saddles, etc., so that is a change for me! I don't think he will be able to stick it. Other Princes have made excuses and returned to India. I think Maharaja Pertab Singh and I will be the only ones to go right through, if illness, bomb, or bullet does not lay us low.

"This winter campaign is hard work even while we are doing nothing. I haven't had a bath now for some time, but I get a jugful of water to sponge myself. There is a regular race every morning to get hot water. Rupsingh wins as a rule for me. In any case we have arranged at a neighbouring cottage to supply us if wanted. I shall enjoy my tub in town and pyjama suit to sleep in and slippers to sit in comfort afterwards. My chilblains have at last more or less disappeared. I like our general more and more every day, and the other fellows of the Mess are very nice also. We are a very friendly party, and by Jove, talk about being cheery, we are fairly boisterous at times. The language is very honest and sober as a rule, but occasionally when anything goes wrong sparks fly about, but are forgotten and forgiven immediately afterwards. Military life is indeed a great brotherhood, a real freemasonry. . . ."

But in May he was back in London, this time after being down with bronchitis. "My only consolation is that the whole staff was ill with it," he writes from the Grosvenor Hotel. "I saw the bombardment of Neuve Chapelle, and I am

proud to think I was the only chief to take an active part. The general let me go within range of the guns, about a mile and a quarter from our trenches. But I was weak on my pins from asthma and bronchitis, and after four days in Boulogne, when I was too weak to be moved, we had such a bad crossing that I almost hoped a German submarine would finish me off! . . . The British public have always been so kind and generous to me; I made a recruiting speech the other day, and had a warm reception. I felt so embarrassed, knowing that I had done nothing to justify it. But I am pleased that I got work to do. It is useful though monotonous. I triumphed through perseverance and worrying the authorities, and my general knew I was unhappy at being left to do nothing, and only kept as an ornament in trotting about with him. The general has been a brick to me. I have got on fairly well with the officers, though some of them lack manners and finish. . . . It is not all beer and skittles, and we can't have it our own way, but must obey orders instead of giving them. Patience and fortitude are essential. That's where fishing is useful. . . . My uncle Sir Pertab and I are determined to see it through, God willing and health permitting. My family are anxious for me to return, and I have often had to send them smooth words to console them. They little know how one or two of us have to keep the 'abru' of the chiefs of India. . . . Don't let anybody be despondent about the war. Things are all right, and must be and will be in spite of the scare created by our newspapers and pessimists."

His optimism was shown in a speech he delivered at a recruiting meeting in Eastbourne, which he attended amid tremendous enthusiasm. He was said to have grown stouter, but he indignantly denied this impeachment, saying that he had to wear several vests for the cold weather in France. In Sussex, he was still "Ranji," the splendid figure of a cricketer.

The newspapers hailed him jocularly: "What would Ranji like to do with the Germans?" asked a writer in the current fashion of humour. "He would like to drive them to the boundary!"

In his speech, he said he came as a sick man to their meeting. He asked them to do no more than he had done himself for the Empire, and emphasised the fact that the whole of the Empire had been welded together in spirit by the common cause. "To join the Army and to fight, and to die if need be, is to live in history for ever, to the lasting honour not only of yourself but of the Empire," he concluded.

On June 3rd he formally presented the Kathiawar States fleet of motor ambulances to the King. It was a notable moment; he felt at last that his sacrifices had not been in vain, and that the reputation of his Order and the "abru" of the chiefs had been adequately preserved. "It was splendid," he wrote.

The Prince of Wales Hospital for Wounded Officers was opened on June 15th by General Sir O'Moore Creagh, late Commander-in-Chief in India, and the Jam Saheb, in his brief and modest speech, said that he had never been so proud of being an Indian as when the King allowed Indian troops to fight side by side with the English.

The Hospital was, indeed, a luxurious institution. The Jam Saheb had been unable to see the progress made in its fitting, but the finished result gave him great satisfaction. A letter from the King, and another from the Prince of Wales, were almost his only rewards, but he also provided a visitors' book, in which the officers accommodated there were asked to write their impressions. The comments were very school-boyish, in the slang of the day. But there was obvious sincerity in them, and the Jam Saheb was satisfied. An Irishman wrote: "Faith, but this is a fine place! I'm coming back."

Another effort, very evident of hours of thought, ran as follows:

*"I came with a face that was but
A carefully wrapped-up doughnut;
When I left I was fair,
So the nurses declare,
As Gilbert the Filbert, Tut! Tut!"*

Another:

*"A generous Raja from Staines
Gave his house to ease officers' pains.
There were rules by the hundred,
And everyone wondered
At the management's inventive brains."*

The metre might have been faulty, but this was the war-time language of real emotion and gratitude.

Immediately after the ceremony, the Jam Saheb returned to France, this time to join Lord French's staff as an A.D.C. He was determined to stay in France as long as he was allowed, and one of his greatest fears was that his relatives would press for his return. "Don't please let them know that I shall not be back for some time," he wrote, "or I shall get worried to death."

Throughout the summer, his health was better, and there is no doubt that he revelled in the life of companionship and work. He had earned a place for himself which was enjoyed by no other Prince. For he had shown himself adaptable to the new conditions, and eager for work of any kind, anxious to let his position be forgotten in the general levelling process of war.

Once he had a narrow escape. He had volunteered to drive

out in his car for vegetables for the Mess, and the sentries had been warned that he would be back late. The Jam Saheb returned by another route, and a Sikh, not hearing an answer to his challenge, fired at the car, the bullet passing through the hood just above the Jam Saheb's head.

"The next time we run out of vegetables," said the Jam Saheb, "we go without. . . ."

With the coming of a wet autumn, the sufferings of the Indian troops were terrible. The syces were dying like flies from cold and epidemics, and the infantry floundered in unfamiliar mud, lost and bewildered in a strange world. The Jam Saheb strove to relieve their sufferings with munificent gifts of clothing and bedding and extra food, and sent agitated telegrams to Jamnagar pleading for the dispatch of every commodity out of the stores that would be appreciated by the wretched troops. He wrote begging letters to English friends, and was rewarded by the delivery of tons of food-stuffs, lorries full of warm clothing, sweetmeats, and delicacies.

Then he himself fell a victim to illness. Asthma once more racked him, and he was unable to sleep, unable also to conceal the state of his health from superior officers. Once more he was ordered home, and when he had recuperated from inoculation, he seized the chance of a few days' shooting in Yorkshire.

In the peaceful environment of the Yorkshire moors, the joshi's prophecy was fulfilled.

CHAPTER XII

1915-1916. "I HAVE BEEN UNLUCKY"

THE Jam Saheb throughout his life had no hesitation in attributing to the decree of destiny the terrible accident that befell him in September of 1915. And for proof of this belief, he detailed the events that preceded the catastrophe.

After some time spent in London on sick leave, in the course of which he was in constant touch with Sir Pertab Singh, it was suggested that he should take the Maharaja of Rutlam as his guest to Yorkshire, to see some English shooting. Everything was arranged, but the Maharaja's visit was prevented at the last moment by a bad attack of toothache. "If the latter had been able to come," wrote the Jam Saheb later, "he would have been in my place, and as principal guest would have been shot instead of me. So you can see how Destiny followed me right up to the end in this matter. . . ."

The Jam Saheb was host of a small party at Crosscliff House, Crosscliff Moor, Filey, and he journeyed to the first day's sport full of elation. In the butt with him was Miss Borissow, and among other members of the house-party were Dr. Heasman, his old Sussex friend, and another man whose name, as the cause of the accident, was never mentioned by the Jam Saheb in connection with the affair.

During the first five minutes of the shoot, the Jam Saheb noticed that his neighbour was taking great risks. More than

once he brought his gun round outside the boundary sticks. Once the Jam Saheb bent down hurriedly, and thrust Miss Borissow on his other side, out of danger. The pellets were coming very near, and it was noticed that his neighbour had become very excited. The Jam Saheb waved an arm at him. But the warning, if it were observed, went unheeded. Within five minutes of the beginning of the shoot, the worst had happened.

Nobody knew. He turned again to the loader, and took the gun from his hands six times. Nobody noticed that he was now bringing the gun to his *left* shoulder. He was still shooting at the end of the drive.

"It may interest you to know," he wrote, "that after the accident I continued shooting from the left shoulder, and shot ten birds out of twelve shots. . . ."

Then he put down his gun and clapped a hand to his face. Blood was streaming down the right side. Miss Borissow shouted to Dr. Heasman. The Jam Saheb walked over. "I've been shot, Doctor," he told him. And the first examination made by his friend proved that the injury was of the most serious nature.

The car that had brought them was three miles away. The Doctor told him to wait. But he would not wait. He walked to the car, sat patiently while it jolted over the rough moor road to the station. And all the time he was overwhelmed by the thought that one of his peerless eyes had been damaged beyond hope of repair. The train travelled slowly through Scarborough to Leeds. At the Infirmary, the eye specialist was found to be in York, but hurried back that evening. A cursory examination showed that the eye would have to be extracted. When informed, the Jam Saheb inquired anxiously if the sight of his other eye would be saved. When told that it was most probable, he resigned himself to

the inevitable. On the third day after the accident, the right eye was removed.

These are the bare facts of an accident which Lord Hewart, who did not then know the Jam Saheb, described as the greatest story of self-control that he had ever heard. And lying in bed waiting for the operation, the Jam Saheb had only one thought, and that for the man who had shot him. He gave explicit instructions to every member of the party and to all servants that his name should never be repeated. He himself never mentioned his name, nor wrote on paper a list of members of the party. He seemed to be more anxious for the mental worry that his friend was suffering than for his own plight. While in hospital he received a letter. "What can I possibly do to atone?" asked the culprit.

"Come and shoot with me as my guest again," replied the Jam Saheb.

And this promise was redeemed, for the Jam Saheb thought that only by this gesture could he remove suspicion. He was told that the man was a notoriously dangerous shot. "Then it is a million to one against him shooting me in the other eye," replied the Jam Saheb.

Meanwhile every effort was being made to keep the story of the accident from the newspapers. The Jam Saheb had one paramount wish—that no whisper of the full gravity of the disaster should reach the ears of his mother. In actual fact, the public did not know at the time that his eye had been lost. It was common property that there had been an accident. But when it was announced, a few weeks afterwards, that he was again shooting, the suggestion that he had lost an eye was dismissed as fantastic. To the day of his death there were many who never knew that he had suffered the terrible loss.

He wrote, however, to the King at His Majesty's request. The reply from Lord Stamfordham was as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND,

"His Majesty is grieved to think that you, who have made such wonderful use of your eyes, should now be deprived of the sight of one of them. The King Emperor, however, is thankful that the other is spared to you, and congratulates you on the remarkable success which attended your efforts in shooting from the left shoulder, after having received a serious wound to the right eye. It was indeed courageous of you to continue shooting and then to walk three miles home. His Majesty fervently trusts that you may not suffer any further from this most regrettable accident. . . ."

From Leeds Infirmary he travelled to North Cliff, Filey, to recuperate. One of his first acts was to send for Vandyk, the photographer, and he commissioned possibly some of the most curious photographs that have ever been taken. They were for his mother, and he gave orders that he should be taken side-face, so that it might appear that he had suffered no serious injury to his face. These were dispatched post-haste to India, and his thoughtfulness had its due reward. Never did his mother know the full extent of the damage.

On September 28th he was allowed to write his first letter from Filey, and the courage with which he was facing life, handicapped as he was, cannot be better shown than by quotation. "My dear Major Sab," he wrote to Major Berthon, "Since I wrote to you last I have been unlucky, and have been shot right through the right eye. It is no use worrying about it. It was destiny. Of course I should have loved to have lost it or any part of my body in France, but such opportunities are denied us serving Princes who are not allowed to take risks, although I took the opportunity to get right there. One consolation of this unfortunate episode is that I kept absolute control of myself and behaved in a manner you would like a

friend of yours to behave, and worthy, I hope, of a Rajput, and in a manner my mother would wish me to act in like circumstances. . . .

"I hope you won't mention it to anyone in Jamnagar, for the Press and public know very little of the incident. In a short time I shall not be handicapped much, although it is a heavy tax on the other eye, and I hope to endeavour not to let the defect be detected. . . . I stood the operation very well and got over it in a week. I have had an opportunity of testing the left eye and find it excellent. However, I am forbidden to try it too much at present for fear of straining it. They say that in time it will accommodate itself to altered circumstances.

"I am perfectly cheerful and resigned, and according to my religious beliefs (which have given me great consolation) my sins (whatever they may have been) have been duly atoned for in *this* life by this punishment, which otherwise would have fallen to my lot in the next life or hereafter. I hope therefore that you will not grieve for me, but rejoice that the great and good Almighty has thought fit to forgive me with so little a loss. . . ."

Thus briefly did the Jam Saheb relate the details of the accident, without self-pity and with justifiable pride in his fortitude. He continues the letter with references to affairs of the State: "I am afraid you will have to borrow for the State if the drought continues. It is bad luck for us, but then I am not lucky. I feel destined to struggle. I thank Heaven for giving me a cheery disposition in spite of trials and disappointments. I am glad I am an optimist.

"After my accident, you know the pressure that will be put on me to remain at home, and I shall be ranked as a coward by the world at large. I am determined to return here if I can and see the show to the finish. I must close this. I find writing rather difficult as it is rather difficult to see things

close by, and I am not allowed to write so much. Don't fret please if I am unable to write every week; I am very badly handicapped, and will have to employ a secretary if I don't improve. . . ."

It was from Filey, during his period of recuperation, that the Jam Saheb changed his mind in regard to his successor. It was with decision and confidence that on the eve of leaving India he had nominated Pratapsinhji, the eldest nephew, to succeed him, but now, less than a year later, he nominated the second nephew, Digvijaysinhji, the present ruler.

"The boy who shows the strongest character, the best brains, and the soundest common sense is Digvi, who has left school now and will work for the I.C.S. next month," he writes. "I have seen a good deal of him during the month and in April and May last. He is a boy of the strongest character and I feel it my duty to nominate him for succession for the benefit of the State in case anything should happen to me or I should die without an heir. In doing so I am actuated by no other motive but the good of the State, for I am fond of all the boys equally, and they have never done anything to offend me. . . ."

From that decision he never wavered, and the wisdom of his judgment is shown to-day in the courage with which the present ruler is facing a gigantic task—that of continuing the work of a man who was a genius.

Meanwhile he was being inundated with cables from all over India. All the Princes of Kathiawar sent him cables of condolence, and the Rulers of Travancore, Mysore, and all Rajputana expressed their regret at the accident to a famed shikari. From Australia and America letters and cables poured in. "There were so many that it would have cost too much to reply to all," he wrote, "and I had to put a notice in the papers that I would reply later."

But his principal worry was an imminent marriage which had been arranged to take place between his younger sister and the young Maharaja of Jodhpur. It was an important match, between two great houses, but the Jam Saheb was particularly anxious that it should be postponed until after the war. He mentioned the cost as his reason, but it is probable that he was paying more attention to the fact that the marriage would entail a journey to India. His letters have already shown his fear that domestic influences would then interfere with his return to France and the field of battle.

So he consulted Sir Pertab Singh, the Regent of Jodhpur, and he also was convinced of the folly of celebrating the marriage "when the whole Empire is in mourning." "It is improper for us to return," wrote the Jam Saheb, "for such an event might well be put off, for the Maharaja is only eighteen. We must stick to our post to the end, for the good name of the Princes. Like the true warrior that he is, Sir Pertab has wired to the Resident about this, but he has had to obey the order of the King to go back to fix the wedding after an order from the Viceroy. I am sorry that this additional heavy burden should fall on us now. It is a splendid match, and the Maharaja is a nice young fellow, but I dread this marriage, and I would give worlds to postpone it for a year. Kathiawar is too badly off, and there are too many famines around for such a big expense. This accident has enabled me to keep out here, but if you want me to come for the marriage for a short time and are hard put to it, I will come for six weeks only. But if you can do without me, all the better, for you know the pressure that will be put on me to remain at home, and I shall be ranked as a coward by the world at large."

But it was inevitable that he must return. Sadly, he arranged to sail in November. He gazed longingly at other

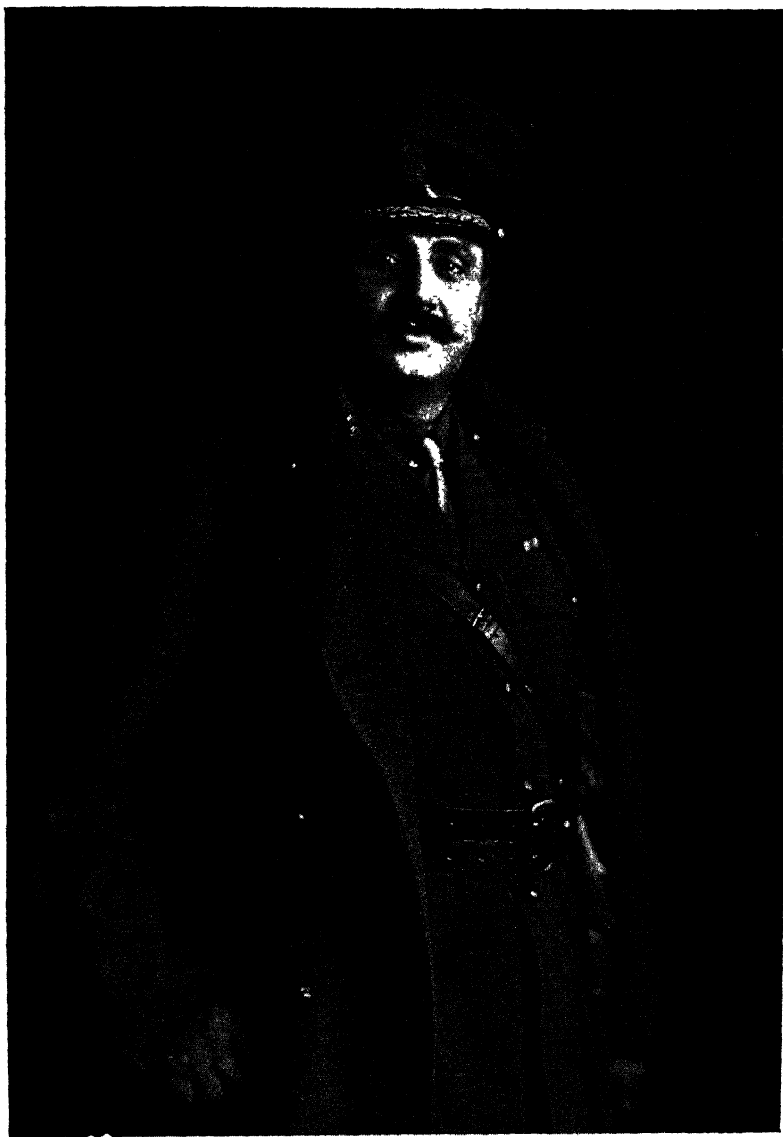


Photo Vandyk, London.

1915. "At first they thought me an infernal nuisance. Now they're thinking I'm not half bad. . . ."

officers on their way to the Front. He knew that he could never hope to play an active part again in the war.

Before he left, a prolonged search of London and the Continent had resulted in the discovery of a false eye of exactly the same colouring, and the black shade over the socket was dispensed with. The Jam Saheb was determined that every step should be taken to minimise the possibility of his loss being discovered by his Indian staff. Even his personal servants in England were not aware of the gravity of the accident, and fondly believed that a damaged eye was behind the shade. Then one day he revealed the false eye, explaining that it had naturally been affected by the shock. The deception was successful, for although it could not be hoped that an eye-maker could imitate the soft lustre of those eyes which were reputed to see a moving object several seconds before any others in the world, the craftsman had excelled himself in recapturing the Oriental colour of the iris.

His gratitude to his medical saviours he showed by an annual grant of a hundred guineas to Leeds Infirmary. He was able to keep his secret safe from the newspapers for a time, and when eventually asked point-blank whether he had in fact lost his eye, he appealed to the Press not to divulge the fact to the public. Purdey made him a special stock with cast-off so that he could still bring the gun to his right shoulder and use the left eye. And equipped with these small consolations, he faced the future with courage. The subject of his eye was never referred to again, the Jam Saheb showing extraordinary ingenuity whenever he had trouble in public with the false eye. Servants and staff expressed wonder at its rapid recovery, and were invited to watch its progress towards complete healing. But in snapshots and before the cameras of the Press, he always presented the left side of his face.

He arrived in Jamnagar in November, despondent still

at his inability to continue at the Front, but resigned to the absolute necessity of attending the wedding. Sir Pertab was with him, and throughout his short stay in India never changed from khaki into any more splendid costume. He was eager to be off again. Smoking a veteran pipe, he talked only of the war, and conserved his energies for more campaigning. Always in the fittest condition, he was invited once by a corpulent friend to use the lift at a ceremonial function. His reply was more concise than polite. Looking at his friend's ample girth, he remarked in his halting manner: "Your figure; my figure; *I walk . . .*" And pranced up the stairs.

The Jam Saheb had returned to find Major Berthon battling with adverse circumstances. The one thing that might have given a healthier complexion to the State finances was a good monsoon. But except for the cruel year of 1911, the last ten years had never been so niggardly as now. The fears that he had entertained for famine were realised; only ten inches of rain fell, and once more the cattle and the crops produced a depressing total for the depleted Treasury. It seemed as if he had been tragically correct when he had described himself as perpetually unlucky.

Expenditure had to be kept at the same level as the previous year, and he was still pledged to an annual payment of a considerable amount for the Staines Hospital, now recognised as one of the finest in the country.

And now came the wedding. It was conducted comparatively modestly, as the Jam Saheb had wished, as he held that this was not the time for a display of wealth. Nevertheless, it is impossible to dispense with the established customs of the Princes. The silk merchants from all over India were already camped in Jamnagar, awaiting the ruler's pleasure. He had brought back from Europe a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, of value and ancient design, but his formal

presents must be on a scale excelling even the gifts culled from the treasure houses of the Continent. It was his favourite sister who was being married, and his greatest confidante, and it must have hurt him to let the occasion pass without the greatest display of which he was capable. Pearls were among the personal presents, and the ceremonial dowry, the finest that had ever been taken into Jodhpur, comprised all the traditional trousseau of a Rajput bride.

Honour demanded the appearance and the fact of lavish generosity, and in the fitting of the bridal dowry the ruler must represent the power and the compliments of a Rajput State of high degree. "The occasion is quite different from any other," said the Jam Saheb, and when he applied for a loan of £15,000 for the wedding expenses he expected the Government to take that fact into consideration.

The sum was not large for such an important alliance between two great States, and the Government was aware of the Rajput custom of sealing such a marriage in the approved style. The Government, too, knew the Jam Saheb's ill-fortune, and could no doubt have learnt of his desire to postpone the wedding, if such a thing were at all possible, until the State was in a better position to pay the bill.

There was another aspect. The State had been crippled primarily by contributions to the war. If the Jam Saheb had liked to ignore the war, he could have paid off all his debts to the Government, continued with all his reconstruction schemes, and have still found himself with a full Treasury. There was no conscription for Indian Princes. Yet, while with one hand he was giving the life-blood of his State to the European struggle, with the other he was warding off attacks by the very authority which had put down on paper its gratitude for and appreciation of his self-sacrifice.

He was to regret that loan of £15,000 very bitterly, and to

write in a new spirit of sorrow his disappointment at the manner in which his actions had been construed.

For Christmas he went to Bikaner, and was there delighted with his success at shooting from the left eye. In preparation for the visit, blocks of seasoned walnut wood had been hurriedly sent for from Kashmir, and under the supervision of the State motor engineer, the Jamnagar carpenters faithfully fashioned new twisted stocks for his other guns and rifles from the Purdey model. Thus equipped, he went on tour, and surprised even himself by getting top bag in a typical Bikaner house-party of crack shots. It was no wonder that he was able easily to convince the credulous that his eye was rapidly on the mend.

This was followed by a visit to Jodhpur, where he heard that his sister was most popular in her new home. There too he heard the echo of a rumour to the effect that he was no longer allowed in Jamnagar, and that the State had been taken over by a British officer!

The slander had arisen from his repeated travels, and from the knowledge that the Government had consented unwillingly to the wedding loan. But there was a storm brewing, and he sensed it in the air. Major Berthon was due to leave Jamnagar in August 1916, and it was intelligent anticipation (which usually exaggerates) that had brought the rumour into being. The Jam Saheb's nerves were affected, however, and he felt the strain of continual worry, not only over the problem of finding money to finance his ever-recurring schemes for the war funds, but for immediate needs in his State.

In January, he was host to Lord Willingdon, the Governor of Bombay. Always, after this first visit, Lord Willingdon referred to the Jam Saheb as "my oldest Indian friend." On personal grounds they saw eye to eye, and when, in the even-

ing of the Jam Saheb's life, Lord Willingdon was forced by circumstances to be the cause of great disappointment and pain to him, it was the identity of the critic rather than the seriousness of the incident that most hurt the Jam Saheb.

On this 1916 visit the Governor paid a tribute to his host's courage in face of difficulties. "In spite of the fact that the State has been handicapped," he said, "the handsome contributions made to the War cannot find adequate appreciation in words. . . ."

Jamnagar was transformed for the convenience and pleasure of the Governor. He opened what was perhaps the greatest feat of the Jam Saheb's rebuilding programme in the city, the wide and beautiful crescent, set in the centre of what used to be a slum, and named after himself. Willingdon Crescent is unique in an Indian State. It provides modern shops and encloses a vast open space, hitherto unknown in Jamnagar. It represented not only the destruction of old and insanitary houses and shops, but the overwhelming of all the old prejudices which the Jam Saheb had encountered when he first sat on the Gadi.

Another ceremony during this visit was the presentation of purses of money to Lady Willingdon for her War Fund. Over £2,000 had been collected in small amounts from the public and from officers of the State. But there was one small cloud to mar the visit. Immediately following the presentation of the purses, the Jam Saheb asked Lady Willingdon to present medals, which he himself had devised, to officers of his State in recognition of meritorious work. This service Lady Willingdon gladly performed, thereby making the medals of double value to the recipients. It was an unimportant incident, and could not have been expected to offend anybody. But the Jam Saheb was informed, soon after

the event, that such decorations were unofficial, and that he had obviously tried to obtain official recognition for them by asking Lady Willingdon to present them! Such was the lack of tact displayed towards a man who was straining every nerve to increase his help for the War Fund.

In May, soon after this incident, he obtained relief from his worries while shooting in the Gir Forest. "The quiet air of the place is doing me good," he wrote, "I am far away from my worries. I have been panther shooting, and at one place here there are sixty lions. I now put the total number at 150. They give the panther no chance. . . ."

Soon, he was to suffer a great sorrow. His mother died, and for a time he was inconsolable. Unfortunately he was staying with the Viceroy at Simla on receipt of the news. He hurried back to Jamnagar, there to receive the condolences of the great Princes, many of whom came in person, while all were represented. The Maharaja of Gwalior performed his first inter-~~Statal~~Statal courtesy on this occasion.

The Jam Saheb's devotion to the Masaheb was known by everyone with whom he came in contact, and his reverence for her memory was shown to the day of his death. After her death he carried a photograph of her in his pocket-book. Many years later he was robbed in London, and found to his dismay that the picture had disappeared, together with a considerable sum in notes. The Jam Saheb advertised for the return of the photograph, promising a reward, stating that he had found himself for the first time in his life without the Masaheb's picture. Three years later the photograph was returned.

Before the summer, it was obvious that the evil day had come when he must ask Government for a new loan. The request must be made in advance, though the Jam Saheb always contended that he would have needed the powers of

a prophet if he were required to estimate in advance the prosperity of a State that depended entirely on the mood of the seasons.

The financial position was as follows: The sum of over £80,000 had been borrowed after the 1911 famine, and another £14,000 in 1915. Interest was high, but beginning in 1913, payments were made so that in 1916 over £50,000 had been repaid plus the interest due—and this in spite of the huge contributions to the War Funds. In all, most of the original £80,000 had by now been recovered.

The loan asked for was now sanctioned, but soon afterwards the Jam Saheb received a communication from the Government of India that capped every other indignity to which he had been subjected, and that struck him down by its very unexpectedness.

The letter was to the effect that sanction was only granted on condition that he agreed to the imposition of Major Berthon on the State after August (when he was due to retire from the post) as financial adviser and administrator.

Major Berthon's position, it will be remembered, was as administrator at the request of the Jam Saheb during the latter's absence in France, and in the official capacity of alienation settlement officer. It was the Jam Saheb who had given that officer entire charge of the State during his absence. Complete confidence was enjoyed by each in the other. The arrangement worked smoothly and efficiently, Major Berthon having the gift of being able to lead the Jam Saheb along paths in which no man living could drive him. It was said that he was too strong a character to be driven, but if one had the privilege of his confidence he would surrender willingly when faced with a sympathetic and proved friend.

There was drama and climax in the summer. Putting in

his application for the loan at the beginning of the rains, the Jam Saheb could not but expect the worst from the weather symptoms. He was inured to ill-luck, prepared for the conspiracy of the elements against him.

In Jodhpur, in June of 1916, he received the reply of the Government together with the daily report of rainfall in Nawanager. Incensed and embittered as he sat down to write to Major Berthon (always his confidant, though the official bone of contention), he read the latest weather report. He saw a ray of hope. Nature might yet come to his aid and save him from the ultimate humiliation.

"If I am to have the loan on the conditions mentioned," he wrote, "I must frankly say I don't want it. From what I know of the present situation, the deficit will be very little, if any, and I am now determined to pinch ourselves rather than borrow. I am more than hurt at the tone of the Government's letter, and the treatment meted out to me, but like a good many things I have already swallowed, I must digest this unique reflection on me and my administration. I readily take all the blame for all the sins, whatever they are, but I ought not to be bullied into accepting a situation that I honestly think not of my creating. To make me responsible for a famine is too absurd for words. The Government of India are paramount, and of course may do as they like, but I am not going to sell my honour and prestige for anybody or anything, for it is one thing for me to ask for the loan of a British officer for a particular purpose in my State and quite another to thrust one on me, taking advantage of famine years.

"There is a general belief that a Government official is forcibly kept in Jamnagar, and that is certainly doing a great deal of harm. I thought I would get fair play from Government and no favours. I am disappointed. I wish I knew why

I was subjected to this humiliating and crushing treatment by Government. I think I have just about had enough of it to last for a long time. At any rate I shalln't forget it for a long time. We got a loan of twelve lakhs from Government in 1911 after the famine. Are our resources worse now? What a pity we borrowed two lakhs for the marriage! I would rather have sold everything I had than receive such a letter as I have recently got. It is marked confidential, but the whole of Kathiawar knows it. . . ."

This was in his heart, and these thoughts drove away sleep at night and aggravated his asthma. Yet still from Nawanagar there poured forth the tributes of a loyal and wealthy State, money to the charities, contributions to the Central Fund, full purses to Lady Willingdon's Fund, clothes to the syces in France, a monthly quota to Staines for the hospital maintenance. The Palace itself was ransacked, and the cellars denuded of wines for the troops invalided from Mesopotamia. The Imperial Service Lancers were at Karachi—another considerable drain on the Exchequer.

But the rain still fell. The Jam Saheb watched, with a wild hope in his heart. The rainfall passed the 20 inches mark, and the 25 inches mark that means a normal year. In July, he had assessed his position. At last, the teeming rain had come to his aid. He went to Bombay, presented himself at Government House, and delivered his ultimatum.

He would consider no terms. His proposition was that either the Government abandon the idea of the administrator, or he himself would go.

It was a threat. It succeeded.

He snapped his fingers at the very suggestion of a loan. His revenue at the end of the year was nearly doubled. But the Government representatives still considered that he was "going to the devil. . . ."

But if this were true, he was taking a strange route for such a destination. For his first new plans were in search of new methods of increasing his sacrifices for the war. This was the man who had had to "digest a unique reflection" on his administration.

CHAPTER XIII

1916-1918. "SHALL WE HAGGLE AT THE DOOR?"

THROUGHOUT the whole of his negotiations with the Government during and immediately after the war, the Jam Saheb forebore to mention the sacrifices he had made for the various war funds, which formed the contributory cause of his financial embarrassment. He scorned to use the most powerful argument in his favour. Not unnaturally, he expected the Government to take these into account. He would not himself plead that he had undertaken too much.

He wanted no public recognition of his services. Many of them were performed so modestly that they were unnoticed. There was no record, for instance, of the four wounded officers who were entertained for two months at Balachedi; there was no official record of the £1,000 paid for the equipment of eighty recruits sent to the Kathiawar Company; few had heard that the maintenance of the Imperial Service Lancers in Egypt had cost the State several thousand pounds in excess of usual charges.¹

He was disdainful of personal honours.² When he recorded from France that a fellow-Prince had been Mentioned in

¹ The Government of India offered to bear these expenses, but the Jam Saheb indicated that the amount due to Nawanagar could be paid into Lady Chelmsford's "Silver Wedding Fund" and to the Imperial Indian Relief Fund. The sum of £7,000 was therefore distributed between these two causes.

² There was one honour he would have appreciated, however, and it was a matter of surprise to his friends that his old University never thought fit to recognise the services rendered to the Empire by one of her sons.

Dispatches, he commented: "If this is to be an automatic honour, I don't want it." He paid silently from his own private civil list for the upkeep of the Staines hospital, and for the multifarious appeals that were made to his generosity.

One instance is sufficient to quote. He wrote that he had been asked to contribute to Lady Willingdon's Red Cross Bazaar in Bombay. The articles he sent cost him £350. Then he obeyed an invitation to attend the bazaar in person. "The ladies at the stalls took Rs.15,000 out of me (£1,160) by selling me the most outrageous things," he wrote. "As I knew I had gone to be fleeced, it was a pleasure."

In return, he was virtually asked by the Government to render an account of how he had spent his money. He refused, point blank. A few months later, in December of 1916, he wrote: "Will someone else suggest a new effort, as I am not anxious for personal kudos, but for a successful and worthy effort from the united States of Kathiawar."

He had good reason to be proud of the year's revenue in Nawanagar. It was the beginning of a new era, for it was the first time that the figure of Rs.50 lakhs had been passed, and only once, in the next famine year, did the annual revenue fall below that sum. Major Berthon's settlement work was given chief credit by the Jam Saheb. It was concluded in 1917, and already the results were to be seen. "Berthon's work furnished the turning point in our prosperity," he wrote to the Secretary of State for India. And in 1916 he again devoted his attention to the welfare of his State, increasing his expenditure, and marking the new era by many important schemes of relief, chief of which was the Agriculturists' Relief Act, which aimed at emancipating the farmers and granting wholesale remissions of debts.

He himself took charge of many of the details of reform in

his capital and his State. He worked under considerable difficulties, for in the first flush of his enthusiasm for contributing to the war, he had sent away from the State every suitable motor-car in the Palace garages. One only remained, long past its prime. This he commandeered for his own private use. It was a two-seater, and the turmoil of its coming and going, driven furiously by the Jam Saheb himself, could be heard unto the outer confines of the great City wall. But it served its purpose, and weary members of his staff who had retired to bed grew to fear the sudden raids he made on their privacy. It was christened "Emden," the Jam Saheb's audacious piloting and inconvenient surprise visits being not unjustly compared to the harrying of that famed German sea-pirate.

His elaborate rebuilding schemes had perforce been partially abandoned, but he showed a handyman's ingenuity in making shift with substitute materials. Not even during the war was the city allowed to remain in its traditional state of stationary dirt. He was still clearing, because this was the easiest, least expensive, and most practical method of making an immediate improvement.

Once more he went to Bikaner for Christmas. In the sport always provided in the great Rajputana State he revelled, and recorded an afternoon bag of 350 ducks, and 17,000 grouse in one day between 25 guns—"most of them very indifferent shots." Political talks occupied the evenings, and he wrote to the Viceroy suggesting that the Maharaja of Bikaner should be a member of the Imperial War Council. "Three Indians are going on it," he wrote, "and the Princes represent one-third of India. Bikaner will be there on his merits. . . ."

The State finances emboldened him to offer the repayment of the whole of the balance of the Government loan, then amounting to about £35,000, during the coming spring.

"I have offered this as an Imperial measure, and not out of pique for treatment received by me in the past," he wrote.

But there may have been a change of heart. It may be that he could not resist making a gesture of pride, after having had to swallow the many reflections on his financial prophecies. At any rate, when the time came for the repayment of the loan, it was done with a grandiloquent wave of the hand. . . .

For the sum of Rs.5,00,000, or nearly £36,000, was not transferred by any prosaic dealings through a bank, by the signing away of a draft or the earmarking of stationary metal. A long line of bullock carts, heavily guarded, set out from Jamnagar. The sound of their wheels creaking over the rough road was a note of triumph in his ears. For two days they wound towards Rajkot, the headquarters of local Government. The dust of their passing was in the air for several hours. They camped by the roadside for the night, and reached the Treasury of the British Government as the evening fell. They carried the full amount of the loan, plus interest, in solid silver rupees.

This was January 1917. In March, the State took £77,000 worth of Government $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan. In instalments, the State subjects contributed another £105,000. By the end of the war, the State and the citizens combined had invested £725,000 in War Loan.

Up to that date, the State had contributed £119,000 in men, money, and materials—equal to half a year's revenue of the bad old days. Some States did not take even £70,000 of War Loan over the four years of hostilities.

There were some diversions in the hard programme he set himself, that aimed at the donation of everything useful from the State to the war charities. Years before, some port had been ordered for Shillinglee, and had been sent in error to Jamnagar in casks. For seven years these had lain in the State

cellars, and the hot seasons had done their work only too well. There came an urgent demand for alcohol of all kinds to be sent to Bombay for the benefit of wounded troops who had been sent back from Mesopotamia, and the port duly found its way to a hospital with all the richness of seven years in that climate.

The casks were broached. The thick and diminished contents were carefully filtered. It was the condensed essence of a good port, potable but potent, and after bottling it was sent to the Base Hospital, where it served its purpose well—as a powerful tonic.

In March of 1917 he visited Delhi for the investiture of the K.C.S.I. "Inasmuch as it was a gift from my Sovereign I esteem and reverence it, but as an appreciation of my State's work from Government I am more than inclined to agree with my people, their ideas and views. There is no sense of proportion. My war contributions in men, money, and materials come to nearly 17 lakhs. What other States have done this in proportion to their size and powers of finance?"

But the visit had greater importance than a formal investiture. He had a "quiet, friendly chat" with the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford. The subject was one which will be given due prominence later. Briefly, he refers to it in a letter from Alwar, where he journeyed next. "I have great hopes from Viramgam," he writes. "I went to a panther shoot, and shot a panther from an elephant at 300 yards. It was a great fluke. This saved my reputation here and made it. I also shot a tiger who was nearly on the trunk. One panther kills in the palace compound, barely twenty yards from the main buildings under the glare of electric lights, and in full sight of the moving sentry. It is wonderful to see him eat the goat there. . . ."

The letter ends on a serious note, for there is evidently some

new scheme revolving in his brain; "There is nothing I won't do to serve my King and Country and my Empire, and especially in the cause of English people who loved me so well for many years in England, which I love as deeply as my own country. These are no idle words, but the honest convictions of a grateful heart which has seen more downs than ups—and in spite of the downs."

The brief mention of Viramgam made in the Jam Saheb's letter from Delhi after a talk with Lord Chelmsford referred to an old subject revived, on the initiative of the Government, with far-reaching benefits to the State of Nawanagar. In the later years the subject was to cause acrimony and bitterness between the Jam Saheb and the Government, but in the next ten years of his rule he found himself in a position to put into operation many of the costly reforms and improvements which only lack of money had prevented in the past.

The action that led to this improved state of affairs was the removal, on conditions, of the Viramgam Customs Line, which stretches across the neck of the Kathiawar Peninsula and at which the Imperial Government collected dues. The Viramgam Line was imposed in 1904 under the viceroyalty of Lord Curzon, the Government view being that the customs duties levied at various State ports were not uniform, and differed from the rate in force at British Indian ports—to the vast discomfort of the latter.

The Maritime States of Kathiawar had never parted with their commercial rights such as the determining and levying of customs and port dues. They had always strongly resented any suggestion of control in such matters.

Consequently when a State in the exercise of such rights allowed goods to be imported into its own ports at a lower customs rate than that levied by the Imperial Government at Bombay or Karachi, the traders speedily discovered the line of



“In 1914, the Jam Saheb made a carte blanche offer of every horse in his State. . . .”

least resistance. All the States ports were served by metre-gauge railways and presented the direct, most natural, and shortest route for sea-borne trade to Delhi and the great areas of Rajputana.

This customs barrier was a source of great inconvenience to the travelling public in British India and in the Indian States, and hampered the development of trade to such an extent that both parties were agreed on its undesirability.

An attempt was made in 1905 to come to an agreement for the abolition of the Line, but the Kathiawar States were unable to agree to one of the conditions. Now, in 1917, the Government's new proposal omitted this condition, the States adopted the Government's Customs Tariff, and the Treaty was signed. The details of the remaining conditions need not be related here, though ten years later their meaning was to be debated with close and vital interest.

The Jam Saheb now looked on his ports with a new realisation of their worth. He saw taking shape many of the plans which had been so far no more than visionary owing to want of money. And the ports of Kathiawar certainly deserved appreciation. For long more or less neglected, and never developed to their full extent, they nevertheless offered to the eye of an engineer superb natural advantages. In particular the Port of Bedi, situated near Jamnagar on the south bank of the Gulf of Cutch, sheltered from the monsoon, was obviously intended by nature to be a safe harbour for deep-water craft.

The natural roadstead of Rozi, with its deep-water anchorage, safe in the monsoon (unlike other Kathiawar harbours), is connected by a shallow channel eight miles long with Bedi, a natural rail-head which is closer to important trade centres than other Kathiawar ports. These two features, the natural harbour and the natural rail-head, have always existed. A

wonderful opportunity was being wasted. The Jam Saheb set himself to reap the advantage, and linked up the two by an efficient tug-lighter service, at the same time improving the railway and wharfing facilities at Bedi.

He had always been sensible of the great benefit that would accrue to his State. Indeed, the policy of the Government of India was in favour of the Princes developing their ports, and a reminder to this effect had been contained in the speech of the Government representative at the Jam Saheb's installation. He was further mindful of an occasion in 1905 during the reign of his predecessor which had deservedly gone down to history, when the Governor of Bombay, Lord Lamington, had been brought ashore at Rozi only with great difficulty and some loss of dignity. The story is worth recalling here, for it is pathetic in its frustration of human endeavour.

Immense preparation had gone to the building of a special wooden pier for the convenience of the Governor. In the grand manner of Rajput hospitality it was resolved that whatever the cost, and whatever the state of the tide, His Excellency should step from the deck on to a ceremonial platform. The mathematicians, therefore, were bidden to calculate the exact height of the tide at the proposed arrival time of the steamer. The wooden pier was erected, and decked with the scarlet appurtenances proper to a formal visit. And Jam Jassaji stood expectantly and proudly in waiting on the pier.

And waited, while the waters approached ever higher to the ceremonial carpet. And waited, while the tide overtopped the pier, engulfed the scarlet. And waited two more hours for the tardy steamer until there was no longer the smallest evidence of the work of carpenters and the forethought of the State.

Never was a Canute more necessary, or some miracle worker who could hasten a dilatory paddle boat. His Excel-

lency was bundled ashore, A.D.C.'s and all, in undignified haste, and never knew that under the swirling waters there rested a ceremonial pier. Traditional Rajput hospitality was shaken, and it was not till 1910 that a Governor stepped ashore on to terra firma at the same spot.

The Jam Saheb had frequently received official encouragement for his ambitious plans for the development of the Port of Bedi. Sir George Clerk stressed the benefits that would accrue to the State, together with a warning of the immense cost of such undertakings. But the Jam Saheb went thoroughly into the question, took expert advice, and in a few years saw a magnificent return.

After the abolition of the Customs Line, he undertook a heavy programme for the development of the coastal trade. The beginning was the purchase of a small steamer from his own purse. From year to year he increased his commitments, with the knowledge that the secret of his future success in combating famine in Nawanagar would depend on the prosperity of the ports.

Plans already made were put into operation, and the sum of £35,000 was only the first part of the expenditure. Among the indirect proposals was the Dwarka Railway extension, built primarily to link up Dwarka, an important place of pilgrimage where the great Hindu Deity, Shri Krishna, was born. Most Hindus will find their way there if they can, though before the railway was extended it was a difficult pilgrimage for purdah ladies. Secondly, it was built as a very necessary extension of the Rajkot-Jamnagar line, to increase its receipts.

By the time the ports question was settled in 1917, the improved financial situation enabled the Jam Saheb to make further developments in connection with the port. Expenditure, of course, increased in almost similar proportion as the

years went by, but the Jam Saheb was relying on the customs duties, flowing into his coffers, to pay off all expenses in due course. He was not, he considered, taking any undue risk. And in 1924 a further and far more extensive scheme of planning was begun in the ports, no less than £500,000 being earmarked for Bedi alone. Railway sidings, goods yards, and sheds were constructed and Bedi made a port unrivalled in Kathiawar.

All this, it must be remembered, with the apparent approval of the Government. For many years the Princes had been told that the Government desired above all things that they develop the ports. Time after time, visiting representatives of the Government had gazed at Bedi and visualised there the ideal port. But even while the Jam Saheb was putting his signature to more and more orders for work to be done in the future, the Bombay newspapers were being primed with propaganda on behalf of the local interests, which saw in the enterprising merchants of Bedi a powerful competitive element in certain branches of trade.

They had need to be anxious about the future. When in 1925 the Jam Saheb engaged the services of a marine engineer from England, he was able to show to many famous steamship lines the advantages of Bedi over other ports, and induced the owners of the Anchor Line, Clan Line, and Hansa Line to maintain monthly sailings from Bedi to England. Bedi was provided with the most up-to-date equipment. The solicitude for traders went to extreme lengths in some cases, one particular item being the provision of special barges for the transport of rails.

But natural advantages were more sturdy allies than those provided by the State. It is only necessary to look at the Survey map of the railways system of India to realise how favoured were the Nawanagar ports. The State was on the

metre-gauge system, while goods from Bombay and Karachi required to be transhipped from broad gauge before being put on the metre-gauge trains for some of the great cities of Central and Northern India. Upkeep costs were less in Bedi, living was cheaper, labour was cheaper, and clerks were paid at a lower rate. But above all Bedi was several hundred miles nearer to many towns and cities in the hinterland.

In a very few years the ceaseless voice of propaganda in Bombay was becoming more insistent.

But this was thought to be no concern of the State of Nawanagar. "Full steam ahead" was the order from the Jam Saheb. . . .

This, however, is anticipation. The Government's decision of 1917 was obviously to be of enormous advantage to Nawanagar, but many years were to pass before the Jam Saheb was able to plunge into his campaign for the conversion of Bedi into a maritime port. He was still anxious to return to France, and was in fact offered a post on Sir Douglas Haig's staff. But the influences that he feared were too much for him, and the exigencies of his State work prevented his following his greatest personal ambition. He rejoiced, however, in the fact that three of his nephews were serving, Lieut. K. S. Savaisinhji in the African campaign, where he was wounded, Lieut. K. S. Dajiraj in France, and Lieut. K. S. Himatsinhji in Mesopotamia. In September of 1917 Dajiraj was killed. "Poor Dajiraj!" he wrote. "His loss is very acute. However, he has left an imperishable name and memory and made us feel proud of him, of our line, our house, and race. He lived and died a true Rajput. When he asked if he could go, he said: 'I will prove worthy of all you have done for me.' I envy them both, Dajiraj and Savaisinhji, one killed, the other wounded."

The tide of contributions to the war never stopped. In cash

and in goods, the Jam Saheb was swelling every consignment that went from Kathiawar. The variety of his charitable interests can be shown by the multifarious gifts that left the State. Clothes of all kinds, blankets, rugs, sheets, cigarettes and gloves and betel nut, books and flannel covers, were packed up in mixed consignments, with the wine from the Palace cellars, for the Women's Relief Fund. He roused his people to such an extent that even those in remote parts of the State, whose humble circumstances debarred them from making cash contributions, brought gifts in kind. Among the latter was a camel-load of blankets and country shoes, offered by the cowherds of the wild Barda Hills. They were accepted with the same gratitude as greeted the cheques of the wealthy.

Nearly £10,000 was spent on these incidentals to war. The Jam Saheb gave £7,000 for aeroplanes, over £14,000 to various Red Cross Funds. By the end of the war the Staines Hospital had cost him £60,000. There were numerous other contributions which never received publicity.

The year 1917 was memorable for a monsoon that achieved the distinction, unknown in the century, of being labelled "Very Good" in the statistical chart. Nearly forty inches of rain fell, and the revenue jumped up to a new high record. At the same time the Jam Saheb curtailed expenditure, so that while all the world was praying for the victorious end of the war, the Jam Saheb could give practical point to his desires by further donations. He was mindful, however, of the need for pointing out the part that India as a whole had played in the war, and when, at the annual session of the Chamber of Princes in Delhi, it was decided to welcome the return of the Indian representatives from the Imperial War Cabinet, the Jam Saheb was appointed organiser of a banquet.

It was an historic occasion. India had been given a place in the Council of the Empire, and one of the three representatives was a ruling Prince. The representatives were Sir James (now Lord) Meston, the Maharaja of Bikaner, and Mr. (afterwards Lord) Sinha. The whole of the Government was assembled in Delhi. There was no building large enough for such a banquet at the time, for 300 guests were to be asked. The preparations had to be completed in ten days. But the Jam Saheb, the supreme host, was in his element.

Huge shamianas were erected, and the table appointments, the catering, the lighting, the decorations, the music, and the issue of invitations had to be on a new level of excellence. The most difficult task with so large an assembly of Princes and high officials was the seating arrangements. The Jam Saheb was a wise tactician in matters of etiquette, but it can be imagined that even his strategies would be defeated by the task of placing the illustrious with due regard to precedence.

It was impossible to place all the Princes strictly in their order of superiority. The number of honoured places at any table is limited. But the Jam Saheb found a solution. He devised a comb-like plan of tables. There was no centre of honour, but the tip of each tooth was the seat of a powerful ruling Prince. He took immense delight in this settlement of the problem, and when protest was made that the guests would take half an hour to find their places, he produced yet another scheme. The organisation was perfect. A few minutes after the arrival of the Viceroy, every guest was duly seated.

This was perhaps his greatest feat of hospitality. The menu cards were wonderful productions, bearing the Royal Arms and the Star of India embossed on the cover, and the photographs of the Viceroy, Lady Chelmsford, and the three delegates were hand-painted, the crests embossed in gold. Scores of them were covered with autographs and given to Lady

Chelmsford for the Red Cross. It is not known what they realised for charity, but one well-autographed copy found its way to Rajkot and when presented for auction a month later fetched the sum of £133.

The Jam Saheb appeared in the New Year's Honours, 1918, with the following awards for his war services: The rank of Lieut.-Colonel, a permanent salute of thirteen guns for the State and its rulers, and fifteen to him personally. He found humour in the last to be mentioned, for he was informed that he had been "created" a Maharaja. "That has been my hereditary title all my life," he wrote. "I have a clear right to the title, dating many years back. I feel it is an unpleasant thing to quibble about these matters, specially as I am one who is so casual about such things."

In the first month of the year he was discussing the future constitution of India with various of the Princes. "It is a very big task and requires careful consideration and a great deal of time," he wrote. "The Princes' Committee have made me permanent President of their sittings and our scheme is very nearly finished. . . ." Those words might have recurred to him fifteen years later with a mocking note.

The energy with which he prosecuted every new appeal for money; the tirelessness with which he drove a weary brain to devise fresh schemes; and the vigour which informed all his movements, were bound to have their effect. Often he was ill, and asthma once more made an onslaught on the sleep that should have refreshed him for each day's battle. Doctor Kalianwalla describes him as a good patient, but even his persuasion was not enough to separate the Jam Saheb from his papers and his plans, his consultations and the myriad details which he alone kept in his brain.

But there was one ally of the doctor's in whom reliance could be placed. The panthers in the Barda Hills saved the

Jam Saheb's health. He would work throughout the day-light, and neglect to take even the hour's exercise or fresh air that might save his health. But, if there were a rumour of panther, no persuasion was necessary. His motor-car, the "Emden," was not fitted to travel over the rough tracks that led to the panther country, but that did not deter him. He would order horses, ride furiously the twenty odd miles to the reported lair, and for an hour or so would gain the relief that might save his physique. He was never late for a panther. The doctor has never yet ceased to bless the cat tribe for its help in curing the Jam Saheb, where he himself had failed.

But in the spring fresh efforts were needed. The inspiring message sent by the Prime Minister to the Viceroy, in which he pleaded for redoubled efforts by the people of India, found him among the first to respond.

"What can we do?" he wrote. "I have wired and written the Viceroy again pledging my services, and requested him to give us a lead, and am meanwhile finally arranging a new scheme to raise at least a crore of rupees (£700,000) from an untapped source. . . ."

In June 1918 he was present at a War Conference in Delhi, at which he promised the sum of £20,000. Again, in Bombay, he was principal speaker at another conference. His speech was memorable. It had the ring of old Rajputana. It was from the heart.

"I assure you," he said, "that if India stints at the present moment and does not give of her best, we will not deserve to be a nation, and the judgment of history will go against us for ever. A land ringing with heroic memories of the living past can never be deaf to the great call that the Empire sends forth in her hour of dire necessity. Shall we stand at the door haggling over the price of our assistance, some sort of exchange for what we give? Shall we be asking for a barter

and naming a return for our services? This is not the right moment for pressing forward any political claims that would embarrass the action of any single one of us. Let us not forget that loyalty is our tradition and freedom is our birthright, and that neither can be bought and sold. . . .”

He returned to Jamnagar. The skies were copper-clear. Disaster loomed ahead.

CHAPTER XIV

1918-1919. "I BELIEVE IN KINGSHIP"

THE famine of 1918 equalled, if it did not surpass, the horror of 1911. It may be asked why the extensive schemes for irrigation, the damming of rivers and the digging of new wells, had not already removed from the people of Nawanagar the fear of famine. But these were exceptional days. It is undoubted that but for the war the policy of the Jam Saheb would have been put into effect, and the often thriftless farmers would have been forced to guard against the future. The Jam Saheb knew that only by constant pressing would they be persuaded to abandon their fatalistic view of Nature's whims. They would not help themselves on their own account, and he had drawn up a complete scheme whereby they would be encouraged to take steps, for the first time in their lives, to grapple with adversity.

But the war cried a halt to all these plans, often expensive and certainly laborious in operation. There had been some improvement, it is true, and conditions were certainly better than in bygone days. The complete failure of the monsoon, however, revealed that the preparations so far made were pathetically inadequate. And, added to the natural causes, there were artificial reasons that made this a year of tragedy and despair. Prices were already abnormal in the spring. Transport organisation, which might be used in the early stages of famine to prevent panic and restore equilibrium, was being devoted exclusively to the needs of the war. At the first sign of a scarcity of rain, profiteers stepped in and endeavoured

to corner the grain market. What was almost as important as the scarcity of food was the scarcity of fodder, and in a few weeks it was evident that every adverse circumstance was uniting to make the year memorable in the sombre annals of misery.

As early as February, the poorer classes were doomed to a foretaste of the privations to come, owing to economic disturbances. Even currency was scarce, and the merchants of the cities could not resist the temptation of selling their grain to outside dealers, who promptly resold in the State at twice or three times the ordinary rate. Cost of living was up all through the State, and before there was even an established fear that the monsoon would be a failure, regulations were deemed necessary to relieve the immediate suffering of the people.

The Jam Saheb acted with decision and promptness. He put under control the export of all foodstuffs; he encouraged imports by lowering the duties; he stopped all transactions in currency; and he gave compensation immediately to all the lower ranks in his service. This while there still existed a reasonable hope that good rains would restore prosperity.

But the days grew hotter, the sky was still like a copper bowl, and the air seemed to be crackling. The normal season for the life-giving rain came and passed. Three inches of rain fell. Then the heavens dried up. It was now realised that Nawanagar was condemned to pass through one of the most terrible ordeals in its history.

The influenza epidemic, the most tragic of all time, now swept over India. It was scientifically estimated that out of the 350 million souls in the continent, sixty millions perished. In Nawanagar, families were decimated; whole districts were left leaderless, without a single official of the State alive to save them from blind panic. The influenza was of a bron-

chial nature, and the one necessity of the exhausted people was hot drink. But broth or soup is not understood by the Indian peasant, and there was nobody to give instructions or advice. Reports came in of terror-stricken villages, of dead bodies found in wells, of mangled remains found in the desert where the jackals had attacked weak and dying groups of peasants.

The death-roll for the year doubled, and then increased again. For seven years it had never been higher than 9,000. Twenty-two thousand deaths were reported during 1918-19. The administration report contained the following: "Probably the figures of the numbers of deaths are not correct. In the year of influenza more than 18,000 deaths were reported from influenza, and in the year of the famine 7,000 were reported dead from plague."

The Jam Saheb issued an edict. It was broad and sweeping, and would have astonished the old Jams of past history who had sat back and contemplated such calamities with a sense of defeat. His order was that no human life was to be lost through starvation. He then swiftly drew up a plan of campaign. The first need was grain. He opened a State shop in Jamnagar, selling the means of livelihood at less than cost price. Sixty thousand people took advantage of it, at a cost of £35,000. Rice and grain were purchased from Bombay and distributed throughout the State. The leading merchants played their part, many of them sustaining whole districts for many months.

A party of merchants toured the whole State, and without distinction of caste or creed, singled out those who would inevitably starve but for charity. These were provided with rations of grain. A Famine Fund was begun, and Nawanagar merchants from all over India followed the Jam Saheb's lead of £7,000 by contributing a total of £17,000. Next, orphans

and the destitute were taken from their villages and maintained free of charge—often secretly, such was their pride—until the next year. Grass for the cattle, which was non-existent, was provided by throwing open the State jungles and preserves, and 5,000 head of cattle were taken care of by the State at a cost of nearly £30,000.

Relief works were put in hand immediately, and many thousands were fed in return for work. The road to Kileshwar, over which the shikari now drives in perfect comfort to the pleasant shooting box in the Barda Hills, was constructed by men and women whose labours only barely saved them from starvation. The Jam Saheb's policy was not merely to keep his people reasonably secure from privation, but to progress with remedial measures. Thus, he offered liberal grants for the digging of new wells, and the repair of those which had become inoperative. Over a thousand new wells were dug during the year under the spur of such a bribe.

Caste dinners were forbidden, and litigation brought to a standstill. The Jam Saheb remitted one-quarter of all debts due to him. Loans were given with an open hand. There could be no question of the cost. The immediate necessity was to save life.

While the world rejoiced at the conclusion of hostilities, the Jam Saheb looked over a stricken people, who must be supported somehow through the winter and spring. He spent in all the sum of £200,000 in charity, remission of debts, relief work, and reduction of taxes and duties. Such is the power of the rain clouds.

If it be possible to find a redeeming feature in the tragedies that can overwhelm mankind, then in the greatest disaster that had overcome the State of Nawanagar there can be mentioned this fact: that the famine of 1918 placed one reform paramount before all others in the mind of the Jam Saheb

and his people. The State could survive without education, without roads, and without cleanliness. It could, if need be, continue in the old groove of slovenliness and disease and backwardness. But it would perish without water. Another such famine, and the population could not help but be decimated. Water, the first necessity of mankind, was, here in this arid desert, dependent upon the whim of the gods. But from that year, beginning as soon as the crippled finances permitted, the Jam Saheb began a vast programme which has resulted to-day in the almost total abolition of suffering from famine.

The programme was inaugurated with due ceremony. The Maharaja of Bikaner, newly arrived from the Versailles Peace Conference in February 1919, was invited to open waterworks named after him, the Ganga Sagar Tank. Hitherto the city of Jamnagar had been dependent upon wells dug thirty-five years ago, but now 13,000 acres of land were to be irrigated annually from a vast natural catchment dammed by the starving ryots under the famine relief scheme. Other similar schemes were put in hand immediately, and were brought to completion within a few years, although the claim that the Ganga Sagar Tank would be the biggest in Kathiawar was not to be made good for a number of years owing to an enforced cessation of expenditure.

To anticipate, however, and to show the continuance of that policy of rendering the land safe from famine, the figures of new wells and new irrigation works opened during twenty years can be given. There were only 6,000 wells in the whole State in 1907; there are over 30,000 to-day, encouraged by a sum of £28,000 paid by the State. The sum of £179,000 has been spent on irrigation works, with the object in view of rendering nearly 100,000 acres safe from the vagaries of the climate.

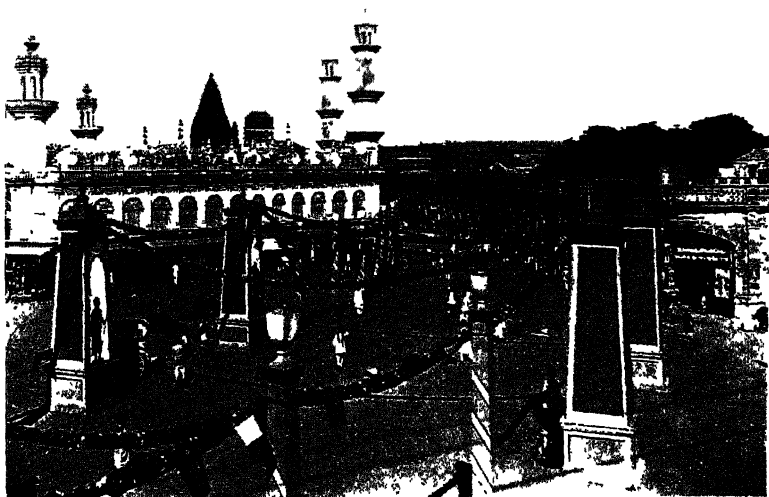
One more statistical record is necessary to demonstrate the tremendous power for good or evil contained in the rain clouds. In 1923, which with a rainfall of 5·5 inches (classified as "Very Lean") is the only year comparable to the famine years since 1918, the revenue suffered only a slight drop, and this before the benefits of the new maritime trade were discernible. The sum paid by the citizens in taxes was still nearly double the average produced before 1907. There was little need to extend the hand of charity to the peasantry. Already, the Jam Saheb had come within reasonable distance of his ambition, complete independence, for at least a temporary period, of the moods of the monsoon. His reforms had borne full fruit.

It is also illuminating to compare the revenue in 1918-19 with the highest revenue in a single year before the Jam Saheb's time. The record had been £262,000. Even under such adverse circumstances, 1918 produced £329,000.

In 1918, a signal honour was conferred upon the Jam Saheb by his fellow-Princes. He was selected as one of the four Princes to formulate a scheme of reforms to be incorporated in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. It was the beginning of a long period of work for the Princes. He could see the risks to which his Order might be exposed in the coming years with the advance of democracy. He had expounded theories about future political relations with his intimate friends as long ago as 1914, and subsequent events substantiated them with amazing accuracy. The States of India are entirely separate entities admitting only one overlord—the British Crown. Big or small, they are quite independent of each other. Their rulers are of many races and creeds, some allied by marriage, though many were utter strangers half a century ago. Not much more than a century ago some had clashed in battle, and it was a great task to



"Main Street," Jamnagar, in 1907.



The same in 1927.

contemplate the uniting of them all together for their mutual protection.

The Jam Saheb became an ambassador of goodwill and friendship between the various States. His modesty, unfailing tact, and courtesy did much to dissipate old rivalries, and though he was affectionately spoken of as "grandmother" by his brother Princes because he fussed over them and maintained order in their household, probably none would have been brave enough to employ this nickname to his face.

He believed that the unity of the Empire depended to a great extent upon the appreciation of the Princes' importance by the paramount power, and there was no man so ready to prove that the strength of the British connection was bound up with the continuance of the dignity and integrity of the Princes.

He was later to be a strong champion of the Princes' Protection Bill, which claimed for the rulers some redress against agitators in the British India Press and on the platform. He contested every act which might make for the abandonment of courtesies and customs to which, he held, the Princes were entitled. His Note on Precedence reveals his anxiety lest the formalities due to the great houses of Kathiawar might pass into oblivion.

"The peculiar fascination which decorative forms and visible emblems of greatness exercise over Oriental minds is well recognised," he wrote in the Note, and emphasised that the old forms of tribute and courtesy should be jealously guarded. "It is the conferment and preservation of such rights, so dearly cherished by a Rajput or Indian mind, that render possible sacrifices readily and cheerfully made in the service of the Sovereign in times of need. They are small things to look at, but they possess a value that is never correctly represented by such figures as rupees, annas, or pies.

They are the very essence of internal sovereignty and, as such, are entitled to the watchful protection of the paramount power."

The Jam Saheb repeatedly warned his fellow-Princes that they were in danger of losing the positions which their ancestors had carved out for them with the sword. To the Jam Saheb himself, the history of his line was a precious and revered possession. He took a pride in his own knowledge, his own vast erudition in the facts and legends of Rajput chivalry. By some, he was considered "touchy" and sensitive, but his concern was not for himself. It was for the honour of his Order.

Thus, it was an open secret that he considered the only adequate reward for the war services of the Indian Princes was the grant of more territory. He viewed with sorrow the satisfaction with which other rulers received their knighthoods, their increased salutes of ceremonial guns, their ribbons, and their compliments. He remembered Jam Rawal, his ancestor. When that famed warrior had journeyed across the Ran of Cutch with his army, his servants, his women, and his camp followers, he had applied confidently for hospitality, and he had received in reply a scornful gift of a handful of earth: "That is what I wanted," he replied. "I will take land. . . ."

The Jam Saheb did not put forward his views amid the orgy of compliments and thanksgiving that followed the signing of the Armistice. It was not his place to suggest an appropriate reward. But many years later he gave free expression to such views in the highest quarters, and it is not too much to say that he was actively disappointed that there had not even been a suggestion that the Princes should be given a mark of esteem and honour by the aggrandisement of their frontiers into British India. He blamed the permanent officials

and the vested interests of the Indian Civil Service for an omission that he took greatly to heart.

"It may be mentioned here that Mints are visible signs of Sovereignty," he wrote further. "These owed their existence, in some cases, to a bestowal under Imperial Firmans in the old days, and were, generally, the privileges enjoyed by those who had carved out kingdoms for themselves. Nawanagar had a Mint to which it had a double title. Besides being in the rightful exercise of that privilege of conquest which originated from Jam Rawal incontestably, it had the further support and sanction of the Sultans of Gujerat. So deeply was the right cherished and so grateful was the sense of obligation and loyalty that it stirred up in the Rulers of Nawanagar, that twice did the armies of Nawanagar fight on the side of the Sultan against Mogul forces. . . ."

These were details, and at first the Jam Saheb was more concerned with the broad principles of Indian kingship. He wanted to establish a new and more satisfactory footing between the Government and the chiefs, for he held that there had always been piecemeal arrangements between the two parties; old agents had contracted haphazard treaties with ignorant chiefs, according to the possibilities of the moment, and the results were full of anachronisms. He was insistent on the need for unity among the Princes to re/create that relationship with the people that they had once held, and which he feared was in danger of being lost for ever. "The Princes are the representatives of God on earth," he had read in the Vedas that he knew so well, and he desired to cement that proud position. Here was no compromising democrat, but a full-blooded autocrat, believing in the ancient exercise of kingship, in its fullest meaning, for an Eastern people. It was part of his religion to reverence his Emperor, and loyalty was deep in his heart. It was an event of

major importance in his life even when he saw His Majesty; and when in later years he was on terms of affectionate friendship with the crowned heads of England, these meetings lost none of their impressiveness for him.

Was he perhaps looking down the years, and seeing the time when the issue would lie between home-ruling British India and the States? Did he envisage the time when the armies of Rajputana and Gujerat and the Southern lands would appear once more in all their ancient panoply of warfare, banners flying, to defend their privileges against heterogeneous peoples whose heads had been turned by politics?

In later years he bowed to the steam-roller progress of democracy in British India under Mr. MacDonald and Lord Irwin, but soon after the war he was hopeful that the Princes would appeal with a united voice for the safeguarding of their rights. He saw other rulers terrified by the speed of progress towards the abandonment of all distinctions. But not even with his tact and his ability to smooth over difficulties, not even with the aid of his famed diplomacy, could he bring the voices of the Princes into unison.

This, then, was his introduction to the most urgent political question in India. The report that he helped to compose formed a chapter in the famous Montagu-Chelmsford Report. "Concerning the Reforms," wrote Professor Rushbrook Williams, "there may be diverse opinion. But it may well be doubted whether the Government of India Act of 1919 would ever have been passed if the Ministry and the back-benchers alike had not seen something of 'Ranji' in the lineaments of the Indian whom they pictured in their minds as the subject of their legislation."¹

The Jam Saheb found, as well as a great political brain, a sincere friend and ally in Edwin Montagu. So great was his

¹ Introduction to Dumas's *Jamnagar and its Ruler*, 1927.

appreciation of the man that he had a fine statue of him made for erection in Jamnagar during his lifetime. But fate decreed otherwise—it was unveiled by the Viceroy, Lord Reading, a few days after Montagu's death. On that occasion the Jam Sahab spoke of him as "a great architect who had outlined the future of an ancient nation in the face of difficulties that would have daunted a lesser man; a great Englishman for whom there will be an imperishable place in the hearts of the people of India when the present strife and struggle, with its factions and feuds, have been fought out and forgotten. . . ."

The Jam Sahab now scanned a wider horizon than the plains of Kathiawar. The movement towards reforms in India, initiated by former Secretaries of State, had gained an almost uncontrollable momentum in the general unrest and upheaval caused by the war, and it was impossible to check that progress. The great problem now was to preserve the Order of Princes intact during the landslide. Few men in those days were as alive to the dangers. But his sympathies and admiration were readily given to the man who was facing the task so bravely.

One of the most direct benefits that he derived from the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms was the transference of the control of political relationships from the Government of Bombay to the Government of India. Time was when the Bombay Government had been no small power in the direction of Eastern affairs, controlling the Persian Gulf, Aden, Somaliland, and Zanzibar, in addition to the two or three hundred Princes, great and small, within its borders.

The demands of centralisation to meet the changing needs of the times had shorn it of much of its glory, until in recent years the Princes of the Bombay Presidency and Aden alone were left to engage its external interests. That arrangement of political affairs had lasted for a century. Bombay still had its

own political department, under the control of the Governor, but its powers were not absolute, it could not sanction a loan to a State, and it was not a final Court of Appeal.

Thus, the Bombay Government was merely a provincial authority with restricted powers. It was doubtful if the Indian Foreign Office gave the same consideration to the affairs of the Bombay Princes as it did to other Princes directly under its wing, and certainly the higher authorities were not so conversant with the intimate affairs of their States. These differences were felt by the Bombay Princes. They noticed that the military officers of the Bombay Political Department, among whom they had found willing helpers and friends, were treated with slight consideration. (A Governor of Bombay had actually pronounced them as inferior to the political officers of the Government of India, though the Secretary of State at the time had failed to concur, seeing that all the officers were recruited from precisely the same source!)

Another instance: when the uniform was altered and made similar to that of the Government of India officers, a stipulation was enforced by the Foreign Office at Delhi that the Bombay officers were not to wear the Royal Arms *with Supporters* on the buttons of their full-dress uniform! It did no harm to the officers, but it made the Bombay Princes wonder if they too were considered inferior because their political affairs were entrusted to men so dubbed and treated.

The Jam Saheb pressed this point very strongly in his conversations with Mr. Montagu, and it was specifically embodied in the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms.

This, however, important though it was, was only one of the problems he now tackled. The great national and Imperial questions of East and West occupied his brain. He was to taste triumph in the ensuing engagements, but he was also to know keen sorrow, to suffer the sadness of a man who

knows he has been betrayed. And at the last, he mourned for the frailty of human nature.

Such was the future ahead of him when he first embarked into the wide and adventurous field of higher Indian politics.

It was a strange coincidence that soon after he had taken up this work, one of his first acts in the more domestic field of his State should be of a democratic nature. For in March 1919 he instituted "The Advisory Council of the Nawanagar State," composed of a majority representing the agricultural class, mercantile members, professional men, and heads of departments, and drawn not only from Jamnagar but from the whole of the State. The object of the Council was "for the purposes of consultation and advice and as a regulated means of consulting and getting into touch with public opinion." Nominations were valid for a period of three years, and it was permitted by the terms of establishment to move petitions of redress (at which official members would not be present) and to make recommendations for the consideration of the Jam Saheb.

Here was something unique in Indian States. In his introductory speech, the Jam Saheb laid due emphasis on the reasons which had led him to take such a forward step in the history of relations between ruler and people. "Swaraj is nothing new to us," he said. "It exists in our midst. In old times, our Emperors were conversant with popular assemblies and our ancient Kings remained in touch with public opinion by convening assemblies of selected councillors. . . . I am making a humble effort in the same direction. . . . We all know that the principle of the popular voice having dominance in the governance of a country has waxed strong in the West; circumstances are favourable there for the practical realisation of such a theory. A higher level of education, and political training extending over centuries, have contributed

to the success of republican institutions in Europe. And on the other hand, we have also seen the reverse side of the shield. . . . In the Orient, hereditary leadership of the Crown has been handed down to the present times from a hoary past. Rulers devoted to the welfare of their subjects and their country are still held in great reverence and are even worshipped amongst us. But it is to be remembered that we carry heavy responsibilities. We live in the British Empire, and that Empire recognises and acknowledges hereditary kingship. In these circumstances it is beyond my powers to transform Jamnagar into a republic. I will go further, I conscientiously believe in hereditary kingship from the beginning; that principle has been running in our blood for untold generations, and I have firm faith in the creed. . . . But what is really essential is this: we must know the needs of the people, and in all measures that we adopt for their protection and betterment, we should secure their concurrence and goodwill. . . .”

Two months later, in asking his guest, the Maharaja of Alwar, to perform a ceremony at the new Council Hall, the Jam Saheb further propounded his views on kingship versus democracy. “We do not belong to a school that idolises democracy for its own sake,” he said, “and leaves but a thin line between anarchy and all-men rule. But with the pattern of the past before us, it is not difficult to work out a Constitution that aims at securing the representation and advice of such interests as are subtle, sound, and trustworthy. . . .”

CHAPTER XV

1919-1920. LEISURE HOURS

MORE than once it was remarked that the Jam Saheb seemed to attain the peak of his enjoyment only when in the company of English guests. Many tasted the fine and free hospitality that he provided in the newly-constructed Jam Palace. Besides officials of the Indian Government, he invited many friends from England, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught had spent a quiet week of sport there. Lord and Lady Londesborough were among his most frequent visitors. Lord and Lady Dudley later shared with him many shikar triumphs. Lady Carisbrooke knew the perfection of detail that went to make Jamnagar hospitality famous. The Comte de Paris and Count von Königsmarck were among Continental visitors.

But the most regular guest at Jamnagar was Sir Arthur ("Skipper") Priestley, once Member of Parliament for Grantham, a former cricketer of some renown, and during the Jam Saheb's cricket tour of America, the sole bulwark against the flood of their hosts' oratory. Sir Arthur practically divided his later years between the Bath Club and Jamnagar, such was his estimate of the world's centres of good living, and the affection he had for the Jam Saheb—he was the only man who still addressed him as "Ranji"—inclined him in favour of Kathiawar for long periods at a time. A great conversationalist, he never failed to put the Jam Saheb in a good humour, and the latter rejoiced in devising the most elaborate

practical jokes, requiring the most complicated organisation of staff and even shikaris, in order to test their effect upon his guests.

Sir Arthur was an epicure. This being so, he scorned to touch any other lunch but the local oysters, first raw and then in fried batter, which graced the lunch table at the Jam Palace. He ate them as if he were performing some sacred rite, and there were occasions when he consumed several dozen before consenting to devote his intellect to conversation. Every morning he would ride at the curious hour of half-past eleven. At one o'clock precisely he would repair to the Jam Saheb's office, with thoughts of oysters already in his mind.

But one morning, when he found the Jam Saheb at work, he perceived that something was obviously very amiss. Not only was he sunk in gloom, but the entire staff were silent and depressed. It was revealed to him that the household had that morning received news of the death of a close relative, and a fast had been proclaimed. Sir Arthur was uneasy, and his worst fears were confirmed when he sat down to lunch. The servants brought in, not the plates of oysters, but black bread and water. Solemnly, they proceeded to serve this un-epicurean fare.

Sir Arthur protested.

"Surely, Ranji," he said, "it is unusual for a guest to be required to fast as well as a host?"

"I am sorry, Skipper," said the Jam Saheb. "But it was a *very close relative*. . . ."

"Then I shall go back to London," said Sir Arthur.

He rose from the table, stalked from the room, and ordered his servant to pack. He heard, however, the sounds of most unfunereal laughter from the dining-room. Returning, he found the oysters piled generously on the table, the wine ready, and in the background the fried oysters. The Jam

Saheb was pleased as a schoolboy. The whole staff had been in the conspiracy: aides-de-camp, servants, and cooks. Sir Arthur was never allowed to forget the time when he had nearly cut short a long-anticipated visit through the threat of bread and water.

"I appreciate your practical jokes only in theory, Ranji . . ." he said.

On shooting trips, the Jam Saheb was often unmerciful in exploiting the ignorance of guests. A famous cricketer once had good cause to remember the superb organisation with which he perpetrated his jests. The victim was attending his first panther drive. He and a friend were sent forward with rifles into a nullah, with instructions that they should fire at the first appearance of the panther, throw their rifles away, and bolt for their lives to the security of the covering guns. They crept forward stealthily, and the famous cricketer suddenly stopped in his tracks, pointed into the thickness of the bushes, and whispered: "There! I saw its ears move!"

There was a burst of firing as both triggers were pulled simultaneously by both men. Rifles were flung away and they leapt for safety, never heeding the result of their shots. It was as well that they did not, for they would have seen the air filled with chips of clay, blown from the immobile flanks of the model panther that for many years had rested in the hall of the Jam Palace. All the personal staff, the servants, and a hundred beaters had been conscripted to bring the practical joke to a successful conclusion. Hours had been spent by the Jam Saheb in perfecting the details. Indeed, some hours later, a beater appeared with a stick smeared with blood. It had been found, he said, on the route the panther had taken after being wounded. It was proof positive. The cricketer wrote home to his wife and told her the news of his skill in shikar, giving graphic details. And the Jam Saheb

had not the heart to disillusion him. A week later he presented him with a panther skin, which he promised was the one that had fallen to his gun. That also was sent home, and most probably has been the proud exhibit in many a shikar legend of India.

The Jam Saheb took almost equal delight in these trivial triumphs as he did in a great political victory, and sometimes one would have said that he should still have been at Cambridge. Yet he could be intent and studious. The contrasting mood was seen when Rabindranath Tagore, the great philosopher-poet, visited Jamnagar as his guest. The Jam Saheb declared that here was the most interesting man he had ever met. They had travelled together in the same ship, and the invitation followed soon afterwards. The Jam Saheb listened to his mystic wisdom for as long as the poet would talk. Though both Indians, they were of exactly opposite types, but that did not prevent mutual admiration and interest.

The Jam Saheb's shikar was usually of the most serious kind, and the frivolity of the clay panther was only an incident. He took pains to perfect an organisation that would ensure for his guests some of the best sport in the world. The shooting box at Kileshwar, which he had built shortly after accession and dedicated to the Maharao of Cutch, with whom he had spent happy times there, was his chief centre for big-game shooting. It was now of easy access, though he was fond of telling how every stick and stone of the building had been carried through the Barda foothills either by camel or on the heads of coolies. It was still of unpretentious design and filled with homely furniture, and for the most part the equipment was the same that he had used at Cambridge, the pictures on the walls were the same, and even the cushions bore witness to their years of service in Sidney Street.

The house is of three storeys, reached by a spiral staircase

of iron. The massive furniture which had blockaded all available space in Mr. Barnes' apartments was hauled up the outside of the house by ropes, and dragged through the upper windows. His bedroom was rough and ready; and it seemed as if Kileshwar, place of many happy memories, provided for him a rest, mental if not physical, from his never-ending work at Jamnagar.

Kileshwar is indeed a remote and restful oasis in the hills. To drive through the jungles, seemingly thin scrub but in reality thick and rough forest, is to appreciate the wildness of Kathiawar. The inhabitants are cast in a different mould from the city-dwellers; the Jam Saheb, indeed, always held that the Rabaris, who live a nomad existence in the Barda Hills, were descendants of one of the lost tribes of Israel, and the cast of their features, the curious details of their religious ceremonies, their facial decorations, their nomad habits, and their scriptural names, certainly lend support to this belief. He became interested in them, and built for their own use a school and a hospital. But the scheme was a dismal failure. They feared that this kind of modern civilisation would tempt their sons from the shepherd's life, and they were frightened of a roof over their heads. Any permanent building formed a prison for these nomads, and the school and the hospital are abandoned to this day.

From his window he looked over a pleasant garden, with miniature ponds and arbours and a riot of bougainvillea, towards the blue hills, and up towards an ancient temple that stood upon the highest peak of the mountains. Here was a land rich in history, for it was over these hills that the Jethwa bands had been pursued and put to rout, and there still exist evidences of their stern opposition to the conquering hosts in the shape of semi-natural fortifications. Nearby is a ruined city, Ghoomli, proved to be 5,000 years old. The foundations

of the ancient temple are overgrown, and the jungle is slowly tearing down every evidence of man's handiwork. But the beauty of design remains, and the masonry is reluctant to collapse, so that the visitor walks perilously under overhanging fragments of carved stone, soon to join the debris of antiquity underfoot. The well, however, is sound as ever, and bears tribute to the pains with which the ancients ensured their supply of water.

But now things are changed, and the motor road through the hills passes frequently over iron and stone walls which hold up the life-giving waters, great catchments fringed by green banks and palms, in which the newcomer sometimes only sees the beauty, forgetting the vital purpose of these huge lakes which have rid the State of the fear of famine.

The Jam Saheb believed in an old legend that the city of Ghoomli held treasure, hidden there in the remote past when a princess had chosen safety rather than wealth, and had fled, never to return. He spoke often of draining the well, but though many put into practice his own theories, the legend has never been proved, and the jungle is rapidly providing more cover for the secret store.

Killeshwar was more than a convenient retreat. It was a reminder of days which appeared happy at least in retrospect. The Jam Saheb remembered his old camp there, next to the ancient temple. There he had camped in primitive fashion with Lord Hawke as his companion, and there he had dreamed of Jamnagar, only sixty miles away, but to him a forbidden city.

Perhaps it was with the thought of those days in his mind that he decided to preserve the temple of Mahadev, nearby, which had weathered the storms of 4,000 years. He worked with an eye to beauty, and marked the improvement by a tablet in the walls, which reads with particular aptness in

these days of communal hatred. It reads as follows: "The Temple of Kileshwar Mahadev, owing to constant and continual changes in the ruling dynasties, like all other ancient shrines in the Province, suffered from neglect and Mahomedan depredations. Owing, however, to the historical antiquity and sanctity of the place, it was restored. This denotes a strong landmark in the history of the Province under the ægis of the British Crown, which has enabled a Rajput ruler to successfully restore a Shivi temple with the aid of a Vishnavi engineer and a Mahomedan contractor."

Such a notice in British India would either create history or provoke a war, or both.

Neighbouring the temple he had built a purdah residence for his mother. Before her death in 1916, the Masaheb would make full use of this cool retreat in the hills, and he had gratified a long ambition when he had removed her from all fear of disease in Jamnagar. Thus Kileshwar embraced, in one vista from the upper rooms, the varied phases and chapters of his life; the camp where he had dreamed of triumph to come; the evidence of present victories over adversity; the memory of his mother; the thickly covered hills in which he had enjoyed the finest of sport; while near to hand were the sole remaining companions of another life—the cricket groups from Cambridge, the first pictures in his collection of birds (signed Thorburns of considerable value), and other typically undergraduate fancies such as early signed Raven Hills and Frank Paton's dogs.

It was to this square sanctuary in the hills that he would often fly when affairs in Jamnagar worried his tired nerves. He would suddenly thrust away his papers, and say with a new enthusiasm: "Let's go to Kileshwar!" Papers and affairs of State would follow him there, but he would bring a new energy to his work in the atmosphere of the jungle. In the

morning he would descend the spiral staircase with fresh resolve, stopping on the way solemnly to tap a barometer that had stood at "Rain" for the last fifteen years. The younger members of the party he would send to climb to the temple on the hills (the Jam Saheb reminding them that in his early days at Cambridge he would frequently walk fourteen miles to Royston), and for a full day he would work.

In the evening, there was an hour sacred to the villagers. Alone, he would walk to the great banyan tree that spreads huge branches over a vast area. Sitting on the ground, he would watch the sunset. And before a few minutes had gone by, one of the villagers or a neighbouring farmer would join him. Then another, and another, until he was circled by a ring of his own people. They talked freely and fearlessly. He knew their names, and their lands and their hopes and fears. He joked with them and shared their secrets. That evening hour was sacred by custom. Staff and even relatives were forbidden.

For his guests, both the days and nights would be packed with excitement. Panthers roam the woods and jungles, and elaborate preparations would be made for the spotting of a male in his daytime lair. The method employed has been copied by other Princes. After a midnight kill, the trackers pursue the animal, following its spoor over hard ground and through dry undergrowth, to within a few yards of its chosen resting place. A hundred beaters surround the spot, and on the arrival of the privileged guest an avenue is left open, if possible down a nullah. With thorn bushes protecting the shooting party, the beat begins. Mounting in tension and inspired with the sense of danger, the cries and shouts of the beaters draw nearer. There is a rustle in the thick undergrowth, and the panther moves on, driven by an avalanche of stones thrown into the nullah. Nearer and nearer the line



The Palace, Jamnagar, in 1907.



A palace, Jamnagar, in 1932.

approaches, and the lithe shape comes under the first fire of the guns, charges, and dies.

Particular bravery is accredited to the panthers of the Barda Hills. The Jam Saheb, thrilled by the repeated charges of a wounded animal, would rejoice in his savagery. "There is a Rajput!" he would say, and if by chance the quarry submitted meekly to his fate, he would jokingly venture that he must have crossed the border from another State.

The shikaris and cultivators who form the ring of beaters will advance into the thickest jungle armed only with poles, and have been known to enter a panther's lair, tie a noose to his tail, and haul him out with the rope thrown over a neighbouring tree. Often enough they pay the price of foolhardiness, but they take immense delight in a successful drive, and are quite as enthusiastic as the guests who are honoured by these extensive preparations. Sometimes a road is rough-hewn through the jungle in order to allow the passage of cars to within walking distance of the drive, and the cost of each day's sport is very little below £50.

Equally thrilling is the spectacle of a midnight kill on one of the five-foot high platforms built in front of stone towers in the hills.

Strong lights shine all night on the platform, where a goat is tied out of reach of hyena. Water is provided in a bowl at the side of the tethered animal. In the last hour of daylight, guests are driven to the tower, the car garaged out of sight, and the vigil begins. The long hours of waiting are passed by playing bridge, but there must be no sound above a whisper. Signs replace conversation, and dinner is eaten in complete silence, drinks are poured from soda-water bottles already opened, and even the scrape of a chair means disappointment.

The panther, in the course of that evening's promenade,

might already have found his supper. But the glare of the lights is familiar to him, and he can hear from afar the bleating of the goat. There is no sign of danger from the tower. The shaded lights inside reveal no glimmer that might warn his delicate senses. Silently he comes down from the hills, leaps on to the platform, and kills within thirty feet of the watchers.

He drinks blood, and laps from the bowl of water. Then once more he promenades, returns and eats. Six times he may leap down and encircle the platform, leaving pad-marks in the smooth sand that the trackers will inspect with care in the morning. He drinks after each hungry attack on the carcass. Sometimes there is the bark of a rifle from inside the tower, and he falls dead. But the Jam Saheb preferred to watch, and was once rewarded for his patience by seeing, in the mating season, six panthers on the same platform, tearing and rending at the goat under the glaring lights.

These were the moments for which he waited with impatience, and for which he would drive all day in a tonga or on horseback. He was tireless if there were a chance of a panther at the end of the day, and once rode eighty-five miles before sunset in order to be present at a drive.

He was equally keen on partridge shooting. He stocked Rozi Island, a peninsula near Bedi Port, with spotted deer, quail, grey partridge, and hare, and made a vast natural preserve, two miles long and a mile wide, intersected by roads. It is a paradise for the bird lover, and a record bag can almost be assured for the keen shot. Grain is distributed from a lorry at sunset, and is followed at a far from respectful distance by the entire population of preserve. The Jam Saheb would shoot at dawn on Rozi, eat breakfast in the old fort, and return to Jamnagar for a day's work. He found his skill with both rifle and shot-gun now little affected by the loss of his

eye, and his knowledge of shikar and small-bird shooting was still unequalled in the Province.

More sport was provided by the demoiselle crane, huge flocks of which go down to water and rise swiftly like a blue cloud on the approach of danger. They are deceptive in speed, for their size gives them the appearance of slow moving. The Ford cars in which the Jam Saheb travelled over the countryside, however, could never keep up with them, though driven through ditches and nullahs, charging through rutted roads and over thorn hedges, doors flying open and springs creaking.

The cricket ground was his favourite place in the evening. The pavilion looked down upon a bare and dusty pitch, but his enthusiasm for the game has resulted to-day in cricket being a bazaar game, and in the empty spaces of the city small youths can be seen playing the same kind of street-corner cricket as they do in England. The Jam Saheb played regularly in Jamnagar up to 1915, and there is on record one memorable story of how he humbled a conceited bowler. The Jam Saheb thought it was time for him to lose some of his self-esteem. He therefore sent for four stumps, three of which he put in the ground.

"Now bowl to me!" he said, and proceeded to cut and glide every ball with his single stump, until he considered that the bowler had learnt his lesson.

All these were pastimes, however, and were available only when he was taking leisure from his almost ceaseless schemes for the improvement of city and countryside. More than sport, he enjoyed the contemplation of work to be done. A motor drive with the object of shooting was often interrupted while he talked to the peasants, and their eagerness to discuss their affairs with him often meant the abandonment of sport. He soon gained their confidence, and the result of his under-

standing attitude towards them is shown to-day by their lack of shyness and their eagerness to make contact with the ruler. Their salute to the overlord is distinctive and graceful as it is performed by the women of the village. Their arms are first extended towards him, then withdrawn, the palms of the hands passing over their heads, down to their ears. Its significance has been interpreted as follows: "May your troubles leave you, and fall upon my own head." To no other but the ruler himself is this salute extended.

He came in close contact with the peasantry also through another local custom. This ordains that every citizen has the right of personal appeal to the ruler, and at certain periods of the year the Jam Saheb had to devote several hours of the day to the hearing of involved and sometimes detailed accounts of marital infidelity and peculiarities. The law ordains fines in certain cases, but the peasantry, particularly the shepherd class, take every advantage of the code of rules, which they know by heart. The shepherds are nomadic, owning cattle, sheep, and goats, and frame their own legislation concerning their social life, such as marriage, remarriage, and exchange of girls between different families. The offender is held liable first to his caste and then to the State for his sins, and the headmen decide the fines to be inflicted. Appeal, however, is made to the ruler, and they speak their minds fearlessly and convincingly. There are times when feelings run high between wronged husbands and guilty strangers in the appeal court of the Jam Saheb, but the public confidence is increased by this close touch with the people, the ruler's knowledge of their intimate lives, and his ability to bring personal experience to bear on their problems.

Another custom peculiar to Nawanagar can be mentioned here as another incident in his busy day. In the hour of sunset the ruler is approached by a torch-bearer, an incense-

bearer, and a singer. As guests and entourage stand, the leader recites an old song, not of extravagant praise or fantastic prophecies, but of prayer that the State shall prosper. Here is no exaggerated expectation that the ruler will live for ever, but a modest hope that he shall aggrandise the State. "If there be any enemies," sings the leader, "may they be turned to friendliness! Or, if that be impossible, may they perish! May the Jam Saheb increase the prosperity of his people!"

Incense is then waved towards the seated figure. He accepts the tribute with a wave of the hand. The sun sets, and the bards take their departure. The ceremony formerly took place before the throne, when rulers wandered little from the walls of their palace, but to-day the tennis club may be the modern setting for the ancient rite.

The Jam Saheb made one exception in the general rule of encouraging all kinds of sport. He never developed polo in the State. His reason was that he believed polo led to excessive drinking among young men. It was a curious argument, not shared by the majority, but he averred that he had seen enough of the effects of polo in British India to convince him that he was right. The strenuousness of the game in the hot weather, he held, and the irresistible desire to hold an "inquest" on the day's play, led to self-indulgence, and his horror of drunkenness made him very determined on this point. He favoured shooting and tennis as the ideal sports for young men.

These, then, were the occupations of his leisure hours, and one would have said that he was happy to have said farewell to the English cricket field in the enjoyment of the Indian scene. It was already a full and complete life.

But he was never satisfied. He was not even content with the steady advance of his programme of rebuilding in the

city, though there now remained hardly a single buffalo in a human residence—the habitual resting place of domestic animals a few years ago. He now sought the advice of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the architect of New Delhi, and a vast new scheme was devised for the construction of roads and squares in the city. Disease, which had broken out afresh during the last famine, was now being conquered. A Famine Relief Fund had received satisfactory support, and he followed up a new Reform Bill with a Pensions Bill which rewarded honest service and gave a new incentive to energy.

At the same time he sought to rid the State for ever from the peril of gangs of robbers and dacoits. There was a wave of lawlessness during and immediately after the war, and repeated cases were reported of men gathering together a handful of comrades and announcing themselves as enemies of mankind. In many cases they performed astonishing feats of bravery and endurance, marching through the night distances of forty and fifty miles, burdened with stolen arms and loot, the result of their sudden raids. Travellers were held up and robbed, and villagers all over the countryside were in fear of their lives. The orders of the Durbar itself were disobeyed, and open rebellion was in some cases boasted of. Unfortunately, the bandits of Kathiawar have gained a reputation dating from the dim ages, and in song and in verse their feats had been proclaimed. Thus they were invested with a halo of romance, and in spite of their cruelty and worthlessness they were almost canonised by the people.

Particularly adept at all forms of crimes were the nomad tribes who lived on the borders of several jurisdictions in order to ensure immunity, and it was only in 1919, after extensive operations by the Nawanagar police, that they were brought to justice.

The extent of the programme of various public works

which was now begun can be gauged by the sum spent on roads, irrigation and reclamation, harbour development and town improvements during the next five years. £66,500 was spent annually under these heads—a figure that compares favourably with the budget of many English municipalities which pride themselves on their amenities.

He now undertook a new campaign to bring into effect the transference of the Kathiawar States to direct relationship with the Government of India. It has already been related how the Bombay Princes suffered by the disparagement of their Political Officers in comparison with their brothers of the central organisation. The Jam Saheb took active steps to remove the slur, and when he travelled to England in the spring of 1920 he had as one of his main objects the furtherance of his 1917 campaign. The visit was to lead to much greater events in the international field, but his head was full of the primary cause of the journey when he wrote to Berthon (now Colonel):

"I find I was getting very jumpy and tired out, and very bronchial. These attacks were beginning to occur more often, and I decided to come here and have a real rest. I arrived on Derby Day, and gave the reporters the slip, at which I was pleased. But when I was invested with the G.B.E., I was given away. . . . My strongest support had gone when you left, and the whole of Jamnagar feels that too. I never had such a feeling of nerves before, though the State prospers in spite of all, and we are better every day thanks to your work. One wonders whether there is any fair play in Government circles and whether justice is being done to those who deserve it and move with the times and know India for what it is worth. . . . I have an uncanny feeling that there is something breaking of an unpleasant nature and that things are smouldering. Heaven forbid that I

should see it. I hope and pray for the best, and will work here for the best if taken at some value and seriously. There seems no great man at present anywhere with a real love for the mutual benefit of the two countries, both of whom I love equally well. . . .”

This was his plea, to be “taken seriously.” In a few months he was to realise to the full that ambition, and to dominate in the greatest international assembly the world has ever known. And very soon after arrival he enjoyed a major triumph, for he was instrumental in forcing through the long-cherished plan for the elevation of the Kathiawar political representative.

He took a flat in Hans Mansions, and it is from there that he wrote a few weeks later:

“Re the Transference matter, I have had long talks with Mr. Montagu. Of course he was in favour of it from the very first, but he had to meet all the objections, and I have had seven and a half hours on the subject and am glad to say I have finally convinced him on the subject and he has solemnly given me his word that I may now take it as an accomplished fact. The Cabinet has consented to it, and the Government of India have already been notified by cable, I believe. So that there remains nothing more to be done. I have put in other talks on various subjects. . . .”

In a postscript of a few modest lines he adds news that must have driven from his brain all thoughts of politics and work. “I am practising cricket,” he writes. “The King is so keen I should play again, why I don’t know. It is rather a severe strain, but I have been successful in the attempt. I think I shall make a few runs after all unless I am unlucky. . . .”

So, after twelve full years, the spell of cricket once more held him. The smell of English fields, the glint of sunlight,

pale against the brilliance that he knew in Kathiawar summers, stirred in him the desire to stand again at the wicket, to hear again the sleepy sounds of the English game to which he had brought his own electrifying magic.

He had declared, on first arriving in England, that cricket was far behind, and that he had lost touch. But his first visit from Hans Mansions had been in the direction of the Oval, to see Sussex play Surrey, then to Lord's to see Hampshire and Middlesex. In August he was at the wicket again. He played as captain of Sussex against Essex, H. L. Wilson standing down to allow him to lead the team, and on his appearance from the Leyton pavilion, there rose a crowd of 5,000 people, cheering him as if he still walked in the old graceful way, as if he were still the youthful and lithe figure of the legendary days. There were tears in his eyes as he took his stance, and a note of melancholy found its way into the newspaper reports: "When Ranji and Fry were at the wicket in the old days," wrote a critic, "the only thing was to bowl so that they would declare early. Ranji has started again now, and will play everything to leg, of any length. The off side is neglected, but his innings in the first match was pure platinum."

He wrote that he trusted his single eye at the crease, but was nervous of fielding. He could not be certain of seeing the ball coming from the bat, though he could trace every yard of its progress from the bowler's hand. "He is not a sprinter these days," commented another writer, as if in surprise, "and he schemed to save himself exertion in the field, going to third slip or point and mid-on at the end of an over, thereby standing in the same spot all the time. It was an exhibition of masterly inactivity. But from the stand one could see the glint of white teeth as he cut early and late, in a 50-minute display of slow but skilled cricket."

He made 16 in that first match, and played in three more, averaging under 10 runs. The second match was at Leeds for Sussex, and the last brought misfortune. He was hit by a ball and damaged the bone of his elbow. Refusing anæsthetics, he watched the operation.

So, with silent tread, there passed out of English cricket its most glamorous figure.

CHAPTER XVI

1920-1922. THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THE Jam Saheb was a good patient, though it was evident that the busy social life of London did not suit him. "I want peace and quiet," he wrote, and contemplated with pleasure the refurnishing of his Staines house as a private residence. The garden had already been converted from a wilderness into a mass of flowers, polyanthus, tulips, forget-me-nots in the flagged paths, palm trees, and orchids, and though he was not himself an expert gardener, he took pleasure and interest in rare plants and flowers, and his first duty whenever he returned to England was to tour the garden with Mr. Hunt, whose services he had obtained from Sir James Barrie.

He now concentrated on the interior, and in a very short time he had a luxurious home. He never ceased to make improvements throughout his life, and the variety of his interests was seen in the pictures he bought. He passed through several phases of artistic appreciation, beginning at Cambridge with the Thorburns, and later enjoying a mild gamble with pictures that he thought would be valuable. Thus, he liked to buy Academy exhibits, irrespective of whether he greatly cared for them. Landseers joined his collection, some Sidney Coopers, Leighton's "Boy with Pipe" (a treasure now in the Jam Palace), and Sir Frank Dicksee's "Passing of Arthur."

From the speculative point of view, his greatest triumph was the purchase of Meissonier's "Le Guide," also transferred to the drawing-room in Jamnagar, for which he paid

£6,000 and very shortly afterwards was offered £15,000. Marcus Stone pleased him greatly, and Hayward Hardy's hunting pictures. His gallery contained the work of Sir Peter Lely, Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema, Birket Foster, Vicat Cole, and Poynter. De László's portrait of Gladys Cooper he bought at a charity bazaar.

Nor was his interest only devoted to modernity. He conceived the idea of having the Indian mythological legends represented in a new fashion. Hitherto, the pictures of deities and legend had been monstrosities. He saw no reason why they should not be works of beauty. Mr. Abbey Alston was commissioned to paint a series of Indian mythological studies, under the personal direction of the Jam Saheb. Datatrya, the Hindu Trinity, was the first of the chosen subjects, and Mother India, Buddha, and Yashodhara were others. They were difficult to execute, but the Jam Saheb was delighted with them, and obtained the opinions of many experts. They approved heartily.

Some idea of the difficulties can be gauged by a description of the subjects. "Mother India" pictured a central figure with eight arms, symbolic of power. The artist has made the strange figure look life-like and "possible." One hand holds the sacred sword which is prayer; another hand is raised, in the pose of indicating "They shall not pass," but pointing also to the sacred work "Aum," the light from which shines over India, seen in the background. But the crescent and the cross are also seen, and on the map are shown the origins of the various tribes of India, bows and arrows indicating the resting place of the earliest inhabitants.

The Jam Saheb wished to impress the West with the beauty of Indian mythology, and by these paintings certainly succeeded in giving a new conception to Western critics who had seen only the grotesque in native art.

This same desire to venerate the past urged him to undertake the preservation of the old Palace, with its 500 tiny rooms, wedged tight in the centre of the old city. One of the rooms was maintained in memory of Jam Vibhaji, and another contained the bloody puggaree and bed of a ruler who had been murdered as he rested. In all the tiled pictures, surrounded by panes of glass in the walls and ceilings of the building, is shown the thrusting dagger of Kathiawar, and from the foundations were dug up thousands of old swords and daggers, some of them of ingenious workmanship. These he classified into a collection. Not the least interesting are those daggers which open fanwise to display three blades, so that when released after being plunged into the body of an enemy, the knives open to inflict a triple wound. Their gold shafts are decorated to glorify such dreadful work.

Settled in the newly-christened "Jamnagar House," he now became a citizen of Staines. He was immune from national taxes by diplomatic privilege, but he insisted on paying his due to the local Corporation, and identified himself with every local activity and charity. London was in easy reach, and his box at Lord's often called him, there to play the host to scores of old cricketing friends. London, too, tempted him to continue increasing the value of the State jewels, and in the course of many years he laid the foundation of one of the world's greatest stores of modernised jewellery. He was expert in the study of pearls, and in devising means of beautifying old necklaces and settings. On accession, he had found that under the administrations of 1895 to 1904, and 1906, the easiest course had been taken to restore the State finances to health. All the State jewels that were not revered for their antiquity or history were sold, and the few treasures that were left were clumsily set and unattractive.

The Jam Saheb himself loved jewellery, and would fondle

precious stones with the touch of an artist. He began to pit his knowledge against the opinions of the experts. He already envisaged the possession by the State of the finest collection in India. It took twenty-three years to fulfil that ambition.

One artistic or sentimental foible distinguished his purchases. It has been related how, like many other great men, he worshipped Napoleon as his hero. He picked up a treasure in a London dealer's room which gave him great satisfaction. It was the leather-bound Tacitus, stamped with "N" and the Imperial eagle, which was found in Napoleon's carriage in 1815. Another precious relic of the man whose "Nothing is impossible" he believed in, was the travelling compass stolen on the same night.

But there was no danger of his becoming solely a student of the arts, and of giving up his skill with the gun and the rod. Now he turned his attention to another sport, and bought horses. In one month he spent £20,000 for six horses to be shipped to India. Western Wave, bought from Mr. Whinney, fetched the record price, for export purposes, of 9,000 guineas. The horse had been a Goodwood Cup winner, and the Jam Saheb hoped to do great things with it in the big Indian races.

But his recent conversations and interviews with the Secretary of State for India were to lead to more vital interests than the stocking of a country house and the beginning of a racing stud. Mr. Montagu was a dreamer, and had seen, through the aura of cricket fame that always encircled the Jam Saheb, a great administrator and statesman. He had been impressed by his masterly and vigorous support of Kathiawar's claim to direct contact with the Government of India, and he decided that his talents should not be wasted.

India's representation of three at the First Assembly of the League of Nations was now being formed, and the Jam

Saheb's name was included with those of Sir William Meyer, the first High Commissioner for India, and Sir Sayad Ali Imam, former Dewan of Hyderabad and Judicial Member of the Government of India.

The trio was brilliantly clever, and made a profound impression at Geneva. The Jam Saheb never lost an opportunity of emphasising the power and importance of India to the world, and the chief purpose of his sumptuous hospitality to representatives of every nation was to give others a realisation of the potentialities of his country.

He took with him Colonel Berthon and C. B. Fry, and the visit lost nothing in amusement through their presence. On arrival, the Jam Saheb found his hotel festooned with the flags of the Japanese delegation, and protested strongly at being almost obscured under the emblems of a foreign country. He telegraphed to the Secretary of State at once, and had the national flag of India as prominently displayed as those of the other great nations.

He was deeply impressed by the importance and power for good of the League. He believed, however, that greater work was done outside the Assembly Hall than within, and that the propinquity of a good dinner party must help to dissipate any racial prejudices that may have existed. "The keynote of this place," he said, "is rubbing together with strangers over the port. You think at first that some of the others are savages, and then you find out they are gentlemen."

With this object in view, he arranged to hold small dinner parties once or twice a week. There were never more than fourteen covers, and he proceeded to make many new friends. It became a privilege to be invited. The parties were talked of in the highest quarters of the League, and there was not one prominent international statesman who did not make an

effort to attend. Mr. Balfour, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Mr. G. N. Barnes, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, M. Quinones de Leon (Spanish Ambassador in Paris), M. René Viviani, Dr. Nansen, M. Paderewski, Mr. Wellington Koo, Signor Tittoni, Senator Mullan of Australia, Sir George Foster of Canada, Sir James Allen of New Zealand, Sir Reginald Blankenberg of South Africa—these and a great many other heads of delegations were seen at his table, which was invariably decorated with small silk flags of the country of his guests.

As usual, no expense was spared. The dinners were small so that he could get into personal touch with his guests, and the hotel rose to the occasion and excelled itself. The cheque signed for these dinners alone was over £1,500—in about six weeks—but the Jam Saheb said it was the finest investment he had ever made. There was hardly a departing guest who did not have an entirely new idea of India and her peoples.

In the first week of the session, Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General, gave an official banquet to the heads of the delegations. It was a most formal function, and the Jam Saheb attended in full-dress Indian costume. When the guests went in to dinner he was unable to find his place, and after all were seated, he was seen, resplendent but homeless, still hunting for his seat. Sir William Meyer, a great wit, accompanied him in the search. Eventually Sir Eric Drummond also came to the rescue.

“Although we are experimenting with dyarchy in India at present,” said Sir William dryly, “the time has not yet arrived when an Indian Prince can share a seat at table with someone else. We are looking for His Highness’s place. There doesn’t appear to be one. . . .”

One Sunday was spent with M. Paderewski at his place



Photo Kissack, Eton

The diplomat. The Jam Saheb after the War.

near Geneva, and it was here that the Jam Saheb made his thoughtful comparison between the great Polish statesman's beginnings at the piano and his own cricket. Paderewski said of him: "That man has the most benevolent face I have ever seen." The Jam Saheb greatly appreciated his hospitality. The luncheon table was decorated with his own racing colours, and the finest wines tempted his abstemious taste.

His apartments were visited by a constant stream of men and women of all nations, and he never missed an opportunity of discussing an important problem in this informal atmosphere. With the leaders of the Colonial delegations he talked over the thorny question of the restrictions on the immigration of Indians into their lands, and both learnt to appreciate the special difficulties. By the end of the session he had received invitations to visit almost every country in the world.

His work in the Chamber was notable for the very strong stand he took against extravagance. There were some who found amusement in the spectacle of the Jam Saheb concentrating his attention on money matters, but he felt strongly on the matter, and was convinced that the salaries paid by the League were too high. "Money will kill the League," he said, and in a fighting speech he vigorously attacked the policy of paying huge sums to the leading officials, making a particular attack on the proposed emolument of Sir Eric Drummond.

He was a turbulent member of the Finance Commission, and when a sketchy budget was put forward for expenses, he forced its return to its authors for more details. He was in fighting mood, and no amount of persuasion could budge him. "We'll go for economy," he declared, and won his point. M. Albert Thomas, the Financial Director, pleaded

unsuccessfully. "When I was buying for war," he said, "nobody complained at the millions I spent. Now I plead for scores, *for peace*." But the Jam Saheb was unconvinced. He was alone in his demand, and Balfour himself sent word to him to try to persuade him. "Don't be obstructive," said Balfour. But the Jam Saheb held up the whole League Assembly until victory was his.

"It might be better if in England this notable man was taken seriously," wrote H. Wilson Harris in the *Daily News*. "The impression is that India is represented by a notable cricketer. Nothing is further from the truth. The Jam Saheb is before all else a statesman—he is among the dozen most enlightened and sagacious statesmen of the Empire. . . . Ex oriente lux. . . . There may be Western statesmen who have spoken more fearlessly, more convincingly and more hopefully. If there are I have not met them. . . ."

The Jam Saheb made a profound impression when he delivered a warning to the world's Press. "The League is capable of great work in the world," he said, "such as we have never seen before. The machinery will have to be carefully watched, and it is of vital importance that the dangers of bureaucracy be avoided. The League is in full consonance with the spirit of the East, for the East believes in amity between peoples, and a strong sense of human fraternity, of which the more material West has perhaps lost sight. The East is capable of making enormous contributions to the League, but so far the League has completely failed to make known its existence and its purpose, either in the West or the East.

"Propaganda is essential, and it is a matter of regret that the Press continues to be cynical. It is easy enough to damn with faint praise, to be willing to wound, but be afraid to strike. The Press can make the League of Nations. I would make

an appeal to the Press to use its gigantic power worthily. The old world crucified Christ. Will the new world crucify the spirit of Christ, the spirit of all great teachers, that already dwells, latent but potent, in the League? The League is still far from full power. What is needed is more propaganda and a self-sacrificing spirit among delegates. The temptation to compromise must be resisted. It is no true statesmanship to compromise merely to gain time. Lord Robert Cecil was right in his motto: 'Be Just and Fear not.' . . ."

But the selfishness which he regretted was greatly in evidence. The Indian delegation did its best to counteract this spirit, and Sir Ali Imam scored the perfect revenge one day in the Assembly when he rose to resist the Spaniards' plea that as they represented South America as well as a portion of Europe, their language should be included in the official tongues of the League, in addition to French and English. The Indian member spoke smoothly and politely. "I entirely agree," he said. "The Spanish language should of course be included. It will, after all, only add thirty per cent. to the time taken by the League in translating speeches. And personally I am encouraged to support this motion because if the Spaniards, representing thirty millions, win their point, then I cannot fail in my own representations. I represent three hundred and fifty millions. We have thirty-six languages. And no doubt when I have been granted that justifiable plea, my friends the delegates for China might care to put forward their pleas. . . ."

Spanish was not adopted as an extra official language.

Another subject which engaged the Jam Saheb was the prevalence of disease in Eastern Europe, and he offered to embark on yet another begging expedition among the Princes for its relief, promising a contribution from his own State. Many of his actions and speeches were primarily with

the object of furthering India's prestige in the councils of the world, and there is no doubt that he brought to many of the front-line statesmen a new realisation of the emancipation and progress of the East. They had expected a brawny cricketer. They found a statesman of intuition and personal charm.

It was unfortunate that his activities were restricted during the latter part of his stay in Geneva by a fresh attack of his old bronchial trouble. But the severe weather and the hot and crowded rooms had done their work, he had driven himself too hard, and his only relaxations had been brief trips on the lake and occasional shopping expeditions in the town. These latter astonished the natives, accustomed though they were to some of the richest men in Europe. But the Jam Saheb, sitting for hours in some antique shop, fingering the *objets d'art* and drinking coffee, had brought a new technique of buying into Switzerland. He would suddenly stand up, finish the interview, and remark as he left: "I want that and that, and that and that. . ."

The remark sometimes cost him £2,000. He bought almost solely for the pleasure of giving away. He had a passion for watches, jewellery, and for enamel *bonbonnières* (he acquired several specimens of the art of the Russian, Fabergé). His Christmas and New Year presents, laid on the breakfast plates of his guests, would be almost priceless. He bought what he fancied, and there was nobody to quarrel with his excellent taste.

His final act of hospitality was a special luncheon for ladies. It became the talk of Geneva. There was a special menu card and a sheaf of roses (in November) for each lady, tied up in ribbons of his racing colours. A water-colour lay on each plate as a gift, and there was served his private and secret hock cup. He invited English, Chinese, and Mahome-

dan—Dame Rachel Cowdray and Miss Barnes, Madame Wellington Koo, Sir Ali and Lady Imam, and the daughter of the Siamese Ambassador at Rome. He revelled in the sensation.

He usually presided over his dinner parties in English clothes, wearing brightly-coloured waistcoats of Spitalfields silk with jewelled buttons (a new idiosyncrasy) or the eight black pearls which he had collected from his State fisheries, the result of years of matching, each one of which was valued at £300.

Before he left, after six weeks' stay in Geneva, he had been asked to join the Permanent Council of the League at the next Assembly. But he refused. He was still convinced that his foremost duty lay in Nawanagar.

He returned to Staines for Christmas, and from there wrote his report of the first Assembly. He took the occasion to ventilate to Mr. Montagu one of the grievances which he still keenly felt; once again it was on an indirect matter of prestige. For he considered that the Government had shown an unfair discrimination when bestowing honours for administrative services. He felt that officers of his own State should have received a far greater share of the favours, and did not hesitate to allege that his State had been deliberately passed over when honours were being distributed.

He referred to the "persistent neglect of my administration and those who are responsible for its working, while honours are bestowed with a lavish hand elsewhere." He continued: "It is a subject on which my feelings are sore. Nothing has been done to mark the unselfish and devoted services with the stamp of Government approbation. . . . There are few political officers in India who understand the spirit of the age and can correctly differentiate between the conditions in the nineteenth century and the twentieth, and refuse to be

ted down by red-tape and precedent, which are the main causes of misunderstanding and friction between the British Government and the States. They realise their duty of promoting concord and harmony between the Imperial Government and the States and of carefully avoiding the facile rôle of super-critics which many officers of the average type assume, to the detriment and depreciation of the prestige of the States and their rulers." . . . The Jam Saheb continued on the subject of C. B. Fry: "I have known Fry twenty-seven years," he wrote. "He suffers like myself from the handicap which a cricket reputation has produced in our case, and we are considered in Kipling's words as flannelled fools. . . . Rewards for services are a sort of return and seem naturally to take away the merit which attaches to the consciousness of having performed one's duty, and have not for this reason the attraction for me which they evoke in other breasts. I have never expected honours for myself, but when other members of my Order receive honours for reasons expressed, comparisons become obvious and inevitable, even among the public. No other honours, except the Khan Bahadurship for the Dewan Saheb six years ago, have yet been bestowed on officials of the State of Nawanagar. . . ."

Before he left London, in January 1921, the Jam Saheb was busy preparing for an event that he thought would satisfy all the desires for the due recognition of Nawanagar. For the Prince of Wales was to visit India, and his programme included a stay in the Jam Saheb's domain. He therefore set himself to out rival all his other feats of entertainment. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, buying gold plate for seventy persons, attending to every detail that might contribute to the perfection of the occasion.

He telegraphed to India to order the reconstruction of the Lal Palace, then a comfortable though small building some

distance away from his own residence. On arrival in Jamnagar in February, he supervised the rebuilding himself, and in a few months had constructed, within the shell of the old house, a perfect type of lodge with accommodation for twelve visitors. It was to be first used by the Prince of Wales and his personal suite.

He entirely remodelled the garden during the summer, laying turf that would be at its best in the early months of the next year, sending for statues to grace the lawns, and devising a programme of horticulture so that the finest period of the year would coincide with the Royal visit. More than once he was warned that the Prince's programme was by no means settled, and was subject to alteration, but the Jam Saheb replied that he had been assured that Nawanagar would see His Royal Highness.

It was a year's work that he performed in six months. It was more than a formal visit for which he was preparing, for he saw the possibility of Nawanagar being put on an equality at last with other powerful States, with which, he thought, Nawanagar had been unfavourably compared in the past. But three weeks before the Prince of Wales arrived in Bombay, at the end of the year, the Jam Saheb was informed that the programme had been severely curtailed, and that there would be no Royal visit to Nawanagar.

It was a bitter disappointment. The Jam Saheb thought for a long time that an enemy had used his influence against him, and that malicious reports had been spread in high quarters that Nawanagar had a tendency to malaria. The flowers duly bloomed in the appointed month, and the carefully nourished turf was green enough for any illustrious visitor. But the Lal Palace remained empty, and a year's work and a vast sum of money had been spent in vain.

Such things were details, however, when compared with

the major task to which he had set his hand, the awakening of the Princes of India to the need for safeguarding their rights. The result of several years' work was now seen in the formation of the Indian Princes Chamber, the Narenda Mandal. The Duke of Connaught performed the inauguration ceremony, and brought a message from the Emperor of goodwill and assurance. "The sanctity of Treaties is a cardinal article of Imperial Policy," said His Royal Highness. "His Majesty has reaffirmed his determination ever to maintain unimpaired the privileges, rights, and dignities of the Princes. . . . You may rest assured that the Government and its officers will recognise freely the internal sovereignty to which your treaties and engagements entitle you."

Evidently misgivings were very much in the air, for when Nawanagar was visited by Sir George (now Lord) Lloyd, the Governor of Bombay, in the next month, the speech made by the representative of Government was directly aimed at establishing new confidence in the assembled Princes. It was perhaps irony that the Governor should thus enjoy the preparations made for the Royal visit, but the Jam Saheb spared nothing in the preparation of a reception that established him as one of the foremost hosts in a land of astonishing hospitality. Lal Palace was then used for the first time and, with clockwork precision, an extensive programme of sport was undertaken. A printed programme announced the events of four crowded days, and with the aid of hundreds of servants, the visitor was entertained at a partridge shoot at Rozi, a panther shoot at the newly-formed Samana Camp, a review of troops, a wrestling display, banquets, and firework displays.

Sir George used almost precisely similar words to re-emphasise the solemnity with which the Government regarded their obligations to the Princes. "I desire to assure

Your Highness," he said, "that no one has more at heart the importance of maintaining unimpaired the dignity, interests, and privileges of the Order of Princes. No one could have closely studied the varied texture of the world's affairs without recognising how important a position the Princes of India occupy in the general policy of the Empire. I consider naturally that the obligations of the British Government to maintain these positions are completely binding, and therefore any policy which tended to weaken the positions so defined and guaranteed would be one which I would resist in a very definite manner. . . . He would indeed lack vision and statesmanship to-day who did not vividly realise how vitally important the British connection is to the States to-day, but equally how vitally important are the States to the strength and maintenance of that connection. . . ."

As a profession of Government sincerity it was no doubt comforting. It was not sufficient, however, to quell the Jam Saheb's doubts.

He was a member of the welcoming committee of Princes to the Prince of Wales at Bombay, and a prominent figure in the Durbar held at Delhi in 1922. But these were small compensations for the loss of his long-anticipated pleasure of acting the host. The Prince admired him firstly as a sportsman and a cheerful companion. They made close personal friends during a visit to Bikaner, and it was with mutual regret that a Royal visit to Jamnagar had been declared impossible.

In 1922 the Jam Saheb again represented India at the League of Nations. The Maharaja of Bikaner had been asked to perform that duty, but was unable to leave his State, and the Jam Saheb gladly took on the task. He took to England with him two of his nieces, and during the whole of their stay in Europe set himself to emancipate them and

remove from their minds every effect of their youth in purdah. It was a daring experiment, for the two girls boarded the ship at Bombay in purdah, and gradually shed the privacy in which they had been brought up in the East. The Jam Saheb, however, was a patient and tolerant guide to all the mysteries of the strange and unfamiliar world through which the two young girls now walked. The greatest difficulties are often encountered by those who try to overcome the shyness of a purdah girl when she first emerges from the perpetual cloak of that Hindu custom. The Jam Saheb believed that the purdah system had been responsible for many of the evils that he saw around him, and was in favour of breaking down the barriers as much as possible. He was convinced that the restrictions and inhibitions of the orthodox zenana had an inevitable aftermath. With some of the older residents of the Jamnagar zenana he had to admit failure, for long years of confinement from the public gaze had rendered them too timid to make this daring experiment. But he had great hopes of the younger nieces, and spent long and pleasant hours in endeavouring to teach them the possibilities of women's work in the great world.

When they shrank from some new experience, he mimicked their fright, and induced them to forget their fears by unmerciful ridicule. But if he were unintentionally cruel, he had a splendid objective in view, for before many months had passed he found them already appreciating their new-found freedom. He took great delight in watching their surprise when they were introduced to some new wonder of the Western world, and was most anxious to elicit their opinions on all manner of subjects.

On arriving in London, he raced ahead in his own car to Staines, so that he could greet them and show them personally round the house. He was happy in their discovery of

the harmlessness of the outside world, and when, taking them to Geneva, he could spare an afternoon for an outing on the lake with them, it provided for him a relaxation that was most valuable both to mental and physical health.

The 1922 Assembly of the League was of particular importance to India, for it was in this year that India won her right to be adjudged one of the eight members of "chief industrial importance." The victory was to a great extent due to the social spadework done by the Jam Saheb two years before, for he had brought to many of the most important delegates a new vision of the need to give India her due place in the considerations of the world's statesmen. He spoke eloquently in the Assembly on the subject of opium and its use in India, and to show the variety of his interests, he followed this with a well-thought-out appeal for the reconstruction of moral values "as being the only safe and sure way to a new and better world." The work, he said, was vital. "The very essence of Bolshevik attack on the existing order is an attack on intellect; its special instrument of death, its very symbol, is a hammer that beats out the brain. . . ."

He spoke again on the vital subject of Indian minorities in South Africa. He appealed to the South African delegates to influence their Government in favour of satisfactory settlements of the problems, saying that "the atmosphere and sympathy and good feeling with which this great Assembly cannot fail to endow such an appeal will give that appeal a vivid human power such as it cannot obtain elsewhere. . . . I should feel false to my fellow-countrymen in India, and also to my fellow-countrymen in South Africa, were I to neglect this unique opportunity of summoning to the assistance of their aspirations the spiritual power and the spiritual blessing of your sympathy. . . . What is our ideal? What is

our purpose? What is the very reason of our being? Let us have catholic justice and we shall have catholic peace."

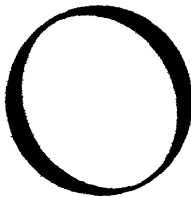
In England, he was being recognised as a statesman to be reckoned with. His staunch and independent attitude at Geneva had already attracted much attention in the Press, and he had been invited to be President of the League. Sir Joseph Cook called his speech "cheap claptrap," but that was not the opinion of the majority of listeners.

Returning to London, he was invited on several occasions to speak on the League of Nations. He complied with the request of the London Press Club, for he remembered the days when he had played billiards late into the night in that Bohemian resort. He told the assembled journalists that he was "no party politician, but a member of a small array of Indian politicians who have no other than Imperial politics." To a League of Nations meeting he declared that "never in the world's history has there been so paramount a necessity for the good understanding between peoples. There stands something to our credit which our children and their children will regard as a landmark in the onward march of progress. The League has a workable scheme of international co-operation which is bound to succeed and will achieve great results if the nations are willing to use it loyally and well."

From now on the Jam Saheb was drawn into the swirl of world politics. Nawanagar was never forgotten, but his leisure and his health suffered first from the demands made on his capacities as statesman and student of international problems.

CHAPTER XVII

1922-1924. GUESTS—WELCOME AND OTHERWISE

NE more visit he made to Geneva. His entourage had increased, and now, besides Fry, he had engaged an English A.D.C. and the nurse who had ministered to him during his 1920 illness. The whole party, with the two rapidly "Westernising" nieces, descended upon the Hôtel de la Paix, Geneva, in September 1923, and from there, in the intervals of a strenuous programme of work, embarked upon expeditions to Chamonix, trips on the lake, and shopping excursions. He would begin the day full of energy, but towards the end he would be worn out, and frequently sought his bed at ten.

The Jam Saheb became prominent in the first international trouble of serious magnitude dealt with by the League—the Italo-Greek dispute which had arisen from the murder of Italian officers in Albania and the subsequent bombardment of Corfu. In a speech, he insisted on the ability of the League to deal with such matters "with the brotherly insistence of friendship and equality inspired by principle if so be that we choose to make it such." It was quoted extensively as "one of the best speeches yet heard on an important problem," and the sincerity behind his words, the importance which he attributed to this first cloud on the horizon of League affairs, made an immediate impression. "Unless the strong nations, the big brothers, set the example of forbearance," he said, "unless they show in their own bodies a willingness to sacrifice their pride of power, then

the League of Nations will be a sham; then our hopes will fade, must fade, and the light on the horizon will die, and the familiar and accusing darkness will return. Nations, no less than men, cannot serve both the God of righteousness and the mammon of pride. India declares that she takes her stand by the new order so far as it lies in her power, and that she accepts the principle and practice of the Covenant without reservation. . . .”

He was also busy in committee, and in addition found time once more to entertain lavishly, making the friendship of all who might prove useful to the cause of India.

Returning to Staines, he seemed to be inclining more towards an interest in racing. He won his first trophy in England with Ruysdael in the Harewood Handicap, after registering his English colours: blue, pink sleeves and black belt. He had little time, however, for personal supervision of his stable, and it was never to form a great pastime in his life. And his love of racing was finally broken after an incident in Bombay, when he found that there had been dishonesty over the running of one of his horses. The Jam Saheb had at first denied the allegations that anything was wrong. Later, he found out his mistake. He went straight to the Stewards and told them. Thereafter, he left the Turf alone. Fishing was gaining ground in his affections. It had nearly ousted shooting altogether. Writing a farewell note in the guest book of a friend, he scribbled: “Fishing is the best antidote after years of work in India,” and there were signs that he sometimes mourned that he could not devote more time to his favourite relaxation. But he still had time and opportunity for his precious collection of jewels, the extent of which was so far unknown by any man living. He was welcomed in the Rue de la Paix, and his advice would be sought on many matters appertaining to pearls and their setting. His wonder-

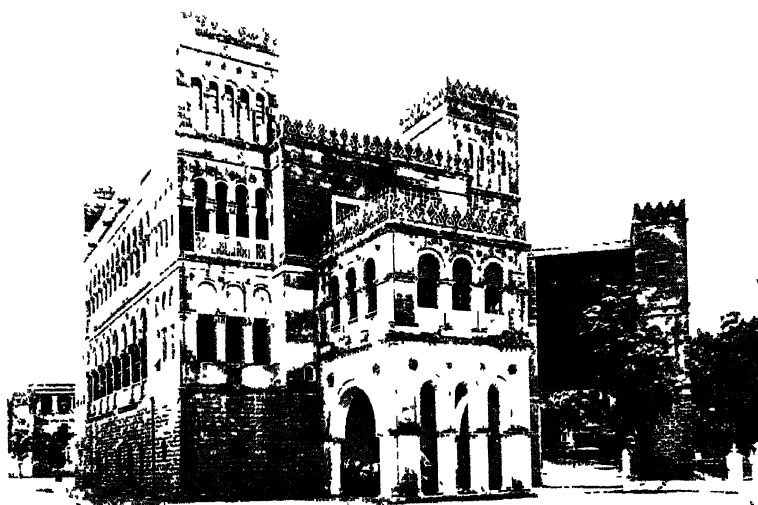
ful memory came to his aid in establishing his reputation as a judge of stones. He remembered every shade or other characteristic of a famous stone once seen and handled. This enabled him to make comparisons that were really valuable to the experts, and from them he invariably gained some new wisdom in the course of those long and friendly conversations, in Paris, in London, and in Geneva. Dealers came to see him from all over the world, and his offers were quoted as a criterion on which future transactions should be based. He was shrewd and knowledgeable, and he had the collector's flair and enthusiasm ever since the day when he had unexpectedly become the owner of a real treasure. The Jam Saheb loved to tell the story, gaining the greater pleasure not from the mere possession of the find but from the fact that his own judgment had been confirmed. The incident had occurred in Australia during his cricket tour, when Ranjitsinhji, as he then was, had by no means the money to invest in jewellery. A man whom he thought to be a Russian had approached him, after hearing and reading purely apocryphal stories of his vast wealth, with a necklace of rubies. He handled them and appraised them, and was surprised when the stranger asked him to name a price.

He was in no position to make a purchase, but jokingly he began to bargain, mentioning a sum that he thought to be hopelessly inadequate. But on the eve of his departure from Australia, the Russian returned with the necklace, and accepted the offer. Ranjitsinhji telegraphed immediately for money, and was able to raise the comparatively modest amount that he had mentioned. He never forgot that triumph. The rubies now form part of a priceless collection of State jewels, for three of which he was offered the sum of one million pounds. But the most important effect of that purchase was that it converted him into a hope-

ful adventurer in the precarious world of precious stones. He not only survived, but emerged triumphant. Long years afterwards he would recount that story to Mr. Jacques Cartier, with whom he was on terms of great friendship, with a glitter in his eye and a chuckle at his good fortune. The stories of his deals are still retailed by the wise merchants of India, and he has no greater admirers than the leading dealers in the international gem market.

Like many collectors, he was terrifyingly casual in the care of his jewels. He travelled with several suitcases full of rings, watches, and ornaments, besides the most important items in the State collection. They were always in his personal baggage, and were under the care of Chaggan, his personal servant, whose nimble brain would never be at a loss to select from the right suitcase the object which he desired. Drawers and wardrobes were full of pieces of jewellery, apparently lying haphazard, but in reality carefully card-indexed both in his own mind and that of his servant, who followed him everywhere for thirty-seven years with the devotion of a spaniel. His friends were often embarrassed at the flippancy with which he produced from his pocket strings of pearls that were worth a fortune, and Mr. Hunt, his solicitor, still recalls with misgivings the day when he threw upon his office table a string of pearls worth £50,000, with the casual request that the solicitor should keep it for him over the week-end. More than once he carried in his pocket jewels worth nearly £100,000. He was fond of pearls, rubies, and diamonds, but nothing could rouse his enthusiasm like fine emeralds. The collection he made is to-day unsurpassed in the world in the opinion of Mr. Cartier, not perhaps in quantity, but certainly in quality.¹ The largest emerald in his pendant weighs 70 carats, and the whole emerald and

¹ See Appendix, p. 323.



Lal Palace, Jamnagar. Built for the Prince of Wales.



Samana Camp illuminated for a Vice-regal visit.

diamond necklace contains 277 carats. In a collar of thirteen emeralds, set with diamonds, there are two rectangular stones, so perfectly matched that, in spite of their size, it is hardly possible to tell one from the other. He was fond also of an emerald bead necklace, strung on gold wire, which had been in his family for centuries.

But it is a twin necklace of diamonds that arouses most envy. A pair of pink square diamonds and half a dozen other diamonds form a centre piece; there is a pink diamond and a blue diamond, and below, the finest pink diamond in the world, which once held pride of place in the centre of an Imperial jewel. Below again, there hangs the huge 136-carat diamond—which is nearly the same weight as the famous “Regent,” of the French Crown jewels. Cut in Amsterdam, it has been named “Ranjitsinhji.”

Underneath this, a green diamond, and finally an old cut pink diamond. Such a collection could only have been assembled by a succession of world-shaking events, wars and revolutions and upheavals. The necklace represents more than a decade of violent crises. Twenty years ago such treasure could not have been garnered even by a powerful nation. It was for this, and for a sash or “hamal” of emeralds, and for five strands of pearls, that the Jam Saheb was offered seven figures.

His purchases did not only take the form of jewellery. The same ingenuity and wealth of ideas that he brought to the refashioning of clumsy personal ornaments he used in the design of useful objects. The Jam Saheb invented an improvement of the sliding cigarette case now so popular. He presented the idea to Asprey of Bond Street, with the request that one be made for him. He also devised variations in the design of chairs, card tables, picnic baskets, patent folding wash-stands, and even ladies’ travelling dressing-tables!

He was a lover of fine craftsmanship for its own sake, above all a lover of the modern. He delighted to use the most up-to-date achievements of the furniture maker, and was for ever suggesting modifications and improvements himself. Thus, he had a hand in the plans for a new kind of card table-cum-tantalus for four people. The legs of the table were a foot square, and with a twist of the wrist a cupboard would open in each "leg," and four decanters, glasses, soda siphons, and cigarette boxes would be revealed for each player.

These may seem trivial achievements, but it was in the nature of a hobby, and he never ceased to take delight in the perfection of all things around him, trivial or otherwise. He packed his store houses with miniature cocktail cabinets, with rows of fitted picnic cases for motor-cars, with immense and heavy silver-fitted bedroom washstands for use in camp, all of them collapsible and easily transportable. He took peculiar delight in the fashioning of a compendium of games the like of which does not exist elsewhere in the world, for into a box two feet long and a foot deep, he packed with amazing dexterity no less than one hundred games of the chess and draughts variety, all fashioned in the most costly materials and with an eye to their beauty. It seemed that he took a pleasure in "things" for their own sake alone, for in all his lifetime he could not possibly hope to put them into use.

Many of these treasures accompanied him back to India in the winter of 1923, where his presence was urgently required for the farewell ceremonies on the departure of Sir George Lloyd after his tenure of office as Governor of Bombay. It was an open secret that the Jam Saheb and Sir George had not seen eye to eye on a number of matters connected with the politics of his State and the relations of the Princes with the Government. They had come into open conflict

over the transference of Kathiawar political relations from the Bombay Government to the Government of India—a step that was now imminent. There were other matters which caused the Jam Saheb to be suspicious of the Bombay Government. And it was for these reasons that he delayed his departure for India until the last possible day.

In the capacity of joint-host he was duly present, however, at the banquet given to the retiring Governor on December 23rd, in company with the Bombay Princes who were saying farewell not only to a Governor, but to the existing order. He duly made the representative speech on behalf of his fellow-Princes, a speech packed with the customary compliments. He touched only lightly on their differences . . . “dictated by the different viewpoints we occupy.” He was generous in his wishes, generous too in his adjectives describing the benevolent work performed both by the Governor and Lady Lloyd.

And those who have any familiarity with the speeches that follow official dinners in India do not expect opinions to be down on the table cloth. Formality and ceremony long ago took the bite out of official speeches in the land of subtle phrases. Thus, in the reply made by Sir George, and in his particular references to the Jam Saheb, it cannot be expected that there were any direct references to which even the most sensitive could take exception. Even a plain-speaking and audacious politician like Sir George suffered from the pacifying effect of the Bombay sun and the balmy breezes from Back Bay when he set himself to speak his mind. . . .

Nevertheless, it is recorded by those present at that fateful farewell dinner that the Governor's speech in reply to the Princes of Bombay caused every eye to turn to the seated figure of the Jam Saheb. It was considered that a direct personal attack had been delivered. There are those who can

find criticism in the most honeyed words, and who see irony in the most placatory phrases. The Jam Saheb was definitely upset, and was reported to have stated later, in reply to supporters who had wondered whether he would keep silence, that he was prevented from making the reply that was in his heart by his position as host. . . .

"The whole of Kathiawar is ringing with the slight," wrote a contemporary political observer. "Nobody could fail to see the allusions in the Governor's speech."

This being so, it would be unwise to doubt the seriousness of the slight which the Jam Saheb was considered to have suffered. Major political sensations have a habit of appearing trivial and unimportant after even a short lapse of time, and it can only be presumed, therefore, that the more penetrating observers of the time did see a definite rebuke in the words uttered by the retiring Governor.

"I cannot view without regret the shattering of a great historical tradition," said Sir George. "But the die is cast, the old order is changed, and to-night we listen to the dying close of an old song. . . . Your problems have been our problems. The changing political difficulties within our borders have been mirrored in yours, and the pitiless cloudless sky which has spelt famine for our districts has cast no drop of refreshing rain on yours. It is within our borders, in the busy markets, in the feverish exchanges of our city, that your citizens have amassed the wealth which has helped to build up the prosperity of your States ; and when the peace of your dominions has been threatened by agitators, when you have been inflicted with fraternal quarrels, you have found in the capital of the Presidency to which you belong by nature and by race a sympathetic hearing, a ready understanding, and a proper appreciation of the importance of your difficulties. Long-standing ties such as these are not severed

without loss, and when we leave old homes we part with something fine in ourselves also. . . .

"If there are insistent voices which tell me that it is a far cry to Delhi; that the winds of Simla, even if they spangle and uplift, bestow an embrace that is cold and bitter compared with that of our softer and more intimate breezes; if I often remember that the names of Your Highnesses' friends and foes, which are so well known to us here, will stir no responsible echoes there . . . amid all these considerations, can you wonder that I am deeply anxious, even afraid sometimes . . . for the future of those who have lived under our roof so long that we regard ourselves and them as brothers of one house . . .?"

Sir George concluded with a note of personal reference to the Jam Saheb. Neither in his general observations, nor in the more intimate passages relating to his chief host, did there seem to be any grave cause for complaint. Nevertheless, he was freely accused of having tried to insinuate blame into his references to the Jam Saheb. He was given the reputation of a man who had "tried to play chess with the chiefs." For a time, the chief political discussion in the south of India, and even as far as the centre of Government, concerned the relative attitude of the Jam and the retiring Governor of Bombay.

Yet: "To Your Highness of Nawanagar I cannot sufficiently express my thanks," concluded Sir George. "We have differed in one great question of policy, but I can only say that the difference of opinion has never done anything but to cement my admiration, respect, and warm regard, and if I may say so, affection for Your Highness. It is a lesson which has still to be common in Indian public life, that men may differ on the biggest questions of public policy, feel deeply upon them, and yet preserve in daily life their friendship and esteem for one another unimpaired."

On the conclusion of this speech there were even doubts as to whether the Jam Saheb would refrain from making an immediate reply. "Will you let that pass?" he was asked.

"He is my guest," replied the Jam Saheb with finality.

The Transference Bill went through during the following year, but it was evident that the Jam Saheb had not forgotten that farewell speech. He referred to it again when the transference was officially announced by the Viceroy in Rajkot. "As I stand here to-night," he said, "I am reminded of the farewell speech of Sir George Lloyd. . . . His Excellency was then in reminiscent mood and was recounting, evidently with a pathetic sadness at the impending transfer, the many blessings which the Bombay Princes had received in their long association with the Government over which he then presided. . . . I have much respect for Sir George's far-sighted vision in many things, but in this I do not share his fears. I feel that Sir George visualised a distant, unresponsive, and chilling Simla, and an ignorant Delhi; but his vision has lost sight of the throbbing heart that animates and warms the whole Government machine, that exists for India as a whole and knows no provincial boundaries and has no provincial bias. The tradition everywhere is that the bigger man deals out greater kindness and bestows more generous sympathies. . . ."

Further than that no speech in India could go.

Returning to England in the spring of 1924, the Jam Saheb now found that he could not secure the peace he needed at his Staines home. The truth is that he was perpetually worried by the hosts of friends—and others—who descended upon him while he was so conveniently near London, and took advantage of his generosity. His hospitality was such that he could not bring himself to remind an uninvited guest that the strain of keeping "open house" was not always a

pleasure. He was always delighted to see old acquaintances of the cricket field and Cambridge days, but there were times when he could not but suspect that the claims of friendship were being abused by unscrupulous people who saw the opportunity of enjoying his magnificent hospitality. Those who had his real interest at heart did their utmost to save him from the humiliation of discovering the truth; but he was wise in his generation, and he suffered from no illusions as to the value of these numerous stray visitors to Staines. They would arrive early in the morning, accept his ready invitation to lunch and dinner, and accept again, when, nearing midnight, he would order one or two of his cars from the garage, for their transport to London.

Unfortunately, there are few Indian Princes visiting England who have not suffered from a certain type of Englishman who sees profit in the recollection of an old friendship, and since Rajput generosity is proverbial, their importunities more than often gained an undeserved reward in the case of the Jam Saheb. He, with his piercing intuition and ability to size up character without delay, could not be misled. But though he knew the truth, and more than once adopted various ruses to escape unwelcome guests (he once hid for an hour in his private bathroom) he could never bring himself to the point when he could insist on privacy and peace.

Thus, Jamnagar House, Staines, was no longer a retreat from the social life of London. He therefore decided that if Staines were too near London, he must remove himself much farther away. He searched for a suitable estate in Ireland, and when he heard of the fishing possibilities of Connemara, he decided there and then that in Connemara he would find peace and leisure. Ballynahinch Castle, a vast and picturesque seat near the town of Clifden, with an estate of 30,000 acres and some of the finest fishing possibilities in the land, was in

the market, and without hesitation the Jam Saheb sent a man over to inspect it, and on his favourable report, rented it. He chuckled whenever he thought of the future. "Ireland is too far for them!" he said. "I won't have so many friends as I did at Staines!"

This outlook may seem surprising in a man who so delighted to play the host, but there had been endless difficulties at Staines, not the least of which was the attitude of the English staff, who could not accustom themselves to the fact that when lunch or dinner was ordered for ten, no less than thirty might sit down. . . .

It was a large price that he had paid for the Irish estate, but in health and contentment it was a good investment. The Jam Saheb did not exactly know what kind of country he was visiting, and there were indications that visitors from England might be roughly treated in Connemara at the time, for the anti-English troubles were at their height, and there was no certainty of safety. He feared at first to take his nieces, but later changed his mind. He must anticipate some difficulties from the Irish peasants, who had never come in contact with Indians before, but he had already decided that the salmon fishing in the vast lakes would recompense him for any initial troubles.

In June, he set out with his two nieces, and their English governess, his nephew Digvijaysinhji, Colonel Berthon, C. B. Fry, and a large staff of Indian servants. Landing at Kingstown, he received a surprise, for he found he was to be honoured by a civic reception, the result of a telegram he had sent to President Cosgrave, whom he had met in Geneva. The private visit had become an affair between nations, and the enthusiastic public of Dublin turned out in thousands to see the unfamiliar spectacle of an Indian Prince, whom they evidently expected to conform to the exotic standards of

popular belief. The two nieces were forthwith proclaimed to be his wives, much to the amusement of the Jam Saheb.

A salute of guns proclaimed his arrival at the Shelbourne Hotel in Dublin, and on the first night he was the guest of the Free State Government. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, accompanied him on his formal visit to the President, and appointed himself official guide to the visiting party. The second night, the Jam Saheb asked Mr. Cosgrave and all his chief ministers to a banquet in the Shelbourne. It was a strange, brilliant company, and some wits and men of great intellect were discovered in the Irishmen. The President and the Jam Saheb exchanged memories of Geneva. It was already evident that Ireland was intending to honour the tenant of Ballynahinch Castle at every possible opportunity.

He travelled across Ireland to Ballynahinch by special train the next morning, after promising to attend the Tailteann Games a week or so later. (He redeemed this promise, and appeared in Durbar dress.) He walked into his new domain with the pride and excitement of a schoolboy. It was a vast and imposing pile, and from the windows could be seen the silver of the lake, where the Jam Saheb for eight years was to find the perfect holiday from his worries. He dreamed of Ballynahinch when he was in Jamnagar, and in the days when work and troubles fell heavily upon him, when illness and fatigue were ever present, his thoughts would fly most frequently to those lakes, the blue mountains, and the absolute quiet.

He was the saviour of Connemara. The nearby villages lived on the requirements of the castle, and he immediately employed over sixty men on the fishing, a host of gamekeepers, indoor servants, and gardeners. When he saw the poverty of the Irish peasants, he set them to work on huts and

seats and shelters on the shores of the lake, bridging the rivers, and improving the roads of the huge estate.

Gradually the peasants became accustomed to his motor-cars and his Indian staff, and the reserve of the Irishman for a foreigner melted. They had been suspicious at first, and by no means eager to welcome a strange and unfamiliar Easterner. But he set himself to break down their barriers, and by many a gesture (he gave a large tip to the head ghillie whenever he landed a salmon) eventually succeeded in gaining their full confidence.

When preparing for the first tenants' dinner, he was informed that it would be highly unwise to ask the farmers and beaters to respond to the toast of "The King."

"Very well," said the Jam Saheb, "no toast—no dinner."

But there was a dinner, and the Jam Saheb said he was determined to close the meal with the drinking of the Royal health. Once more he was advised that such a course might mean trouble, and certainly a demonstration at his own table.

"Leave it to me," said the Jam Saheb.

Nervously, his local advisers awaited his speech. He stood up, glass in hand.

"Gentlemen," he said. "We have a custom in the country from which I come. It is an old custom, and one very precious to me. I am going to ask you to observe it. I want you to stand up with your glasses, and drink to the health of . . . the Emperor of India!"

There was no demonstration. There was no defaulter. The Irish peasant does not know history. The Jam Saheb chuckled. . . .

Lord and Lady Dudley, tenants of a neighbouring estate, were his guests for a long period, and he chose ardent fishermen to keep him company. All day he would spend on the river banks, and only reluctantly would he leave when the

dusk grew in. Often he was unable to resist the splash of the sea trout at night, and in the first week he established a record bag of sea trout for one night's fishing on the water. It was the sport he loved above all others. With a light trout rod he was an artist, for his supple wrists came into play, and he could drop a fly on the water as lightly as if it were a piece of thistledown.

Once, during a drought at the time of the summer salmon run, the ghillies pronounced it useless to fish. The river was almost dried up, the water like a looking-glass, but the Jam Saheb saw plenty of fish struggling up the shallows, half out of the water, while the pools were full of them. In spite of the prophecies of failure, he was determined to try his hand, and armed with a small trout rod and tackle, and the smallest salmon fly he could find, he set to work on a still pool in a blazing sun. He was amazingly successful under these conditions, catching them where they had never been caught before.

A small crowd of his guests once watched him during a continuous hour's fishing in still unruffled water, clear as gin. The betting was heavily in favour of the fish, but he was after a known solitary salmon lying behind a rock. He made cast after cast, and remained unruffled like the water. He never moved from the spot, only stopping to change a fly. His casts were so light that he never frightened the fish away, and at the end of an hour he was rewarded by a very angry fresh-run salmon taking out a hundred yards of line. It weighed twelve pounds.

He lived only for fishing. He would impetuously write telegrams to London from the bank for more tackle, and morning after morning he would stand on the terraced steps of the castle and judge the weather only by its possibilities for sport.

But he spared the time from the waters to interest himself in many of the local activities, and one of his first acts was to help to revive the breed of the Connemara pony, for which he gave a prize in the Ballynahinch Plate. It was a strange situation, that a village race meeting and agricultural show in the wilds of Ireland should rely for chief support upon an Indian Prince. The local church depended upon his charity, and one of the most frequent visitors to the Castle was Father White, the village priest.

He opened the first Connemara home industries show within a few months of his arrival. Two thousand peasants journeyed there, many of them on foot, from considerable distances. He found a new cause and a new problem. He did what he could to advance the prosperity of people in yet another small corner of the earth.

"We belong to the same commonwealth of peoples," he said in a speech when he opened the show, "and I hope that this friendship of India and Ireland will remain long in the history of both our countries. . . ."

In the autumn he returned to India. But he had already decided to buy his Irish castle. It cost him £30,000. He promised to send his nieces to the Kylemore Convent, nearby. He took away a visible memory of the great house, with vistas of the lakes and the woods, in the shape of a new dessert service, on which were painted views of the estate. It seemed as if he had at last found freedom from the affairs that threatened to rob him of all leisure.

Half an hour before his train left Ballynahinch, he was fishing. . . .

CHAPTER XVIII

1924-1927. "THE DOWNHILL PATH" IN INDIA

LORD READING, the Viceroy, visited Kathiawar in 1924 officially to announce the transference of political relations to the Central Government. It was the first time that the Jam Saheb had been honoured by the representative of the King in India, and once more, for a three-day visit, the resources of the State were mobilised.

For one night's stay at the new Samana Camp, a new road was built for the honoured guest's more rapid journey, and when the Jam Saheb, driving over the track on the eve of the visit, found a mound in the road that might disturb the Viceregal comfort, he ordered it to be removed by dynamite, and had a gang of men working on the solid rock throughout the night in order that there should be no possibility of accident.

The camp itself was refitted, and the boarded tents in which the visitors slept were carpeted with panther rugs, the walls hung with panther skins. Running water was laid on, and electric light installed for the occasion. For a banquet, artificial flowers were ordered from Paris, and arranged on the table with dew on their petals, exuding an artificial scent of roses.

The most important event other than the Viceregal speech on the transference was the unveiling of the statue to Mr. Montagu. "I have lost a dear friend," said the Jam Saheb, "who personified to me what is the very best in British character. A striking personality has disappeared for ever from the public life of England . . . intellectually the most brilliant

statesman and the greatest friend India has ever had since perhaps Edmund Burke. . . .”

Lady Reading, meanwhile, opened a new women’s hospital—a £2,000 innovation that the Jam Saheb had personally sponsored. But the elaborately printed programme that detailed the events of the short visit was not overburdened with these duties, and was mostly concerned with arrangements for the entertainment and sport of the party. The decorations cost £7,000, the fireworks £1,200, the catering £4,000, the total over £40,000.

Where else in the world would hospitality go so far as to arrange, as detailed on a special crested page of the programme, that a cow be freshly milked, “without noise,” during the halt of the Viceregal train in the early morning, so that His Excellency might take early tea?

Where else would there be a poignant paragraph relating to the six different colours of passes for officials, together with the ominous reminder: “All attendants must be SCRUPULOUSLY clean and properly dressed in their uniforms”? Nothing was forgotten, and once more the previous efforts of the Jam Saheb were eclipsed.

Lord Reading duly brought down his quota of birds at Rozi, and shot his panther. He was never an expert shot, and on his arrival in India he had the courage to admit that not until he was fifty years of age had he handled a gun. But over 200 men had worked for the driving of that panther, trackers had followed its pug marks over dry and unimpressible shrub, and at the last, the file of men had come shouting through the thick undergrowth. It was an unnerving moment, and when the crackle of the supporting rifles followed the report of the Viceregal gun, and the panther writhed and died, it was considered that the special camp had not been in vain, the road had been blasted out of the solid

rock to some purpose, and the lights and the running water and the panther-skin rugs of Samana Camp were worthy of the hours and the small fortune spent upon their perfection. . . .

Once again, in a speech, reference was made to the Treaty obligations. "While the Princes hold firmly to the position which is guaranteed to them," said the Viceroy, "they will recognise how close their interests are bound up with British India and with each other. Changes will no doubt come, for all institutions must move to meet new conditions, but none affecting your position or privileges can ever receive my approval or concurrence without regard being paid to local sentiment and feeling."

The Viceroy left, and the Jam Saheb devoted the first few months of 1925 to surveying the position of his State. There had been two bad years, and this was to prove the third. Yet, although little over five inches of rain had fallen in 1923, and once more the words "Very Lean" had been used to describe the benevolence of the heavens, there was little falling off in the revenue, and the Jam Saheb was able to congratulate himself on the effect of his irrigation policy. In the past, a rainfall of less than eight inches spelt ruin and dismay throughout the Province. It meant the cessation of all works for the improvement of the people, and a stern control of even the most necessary expenditure.

The last year had brought only fifteen inches, and 1925 was only destined to bring ten. Revenue remained at over £420,000 during the worst of these years, and recovered sensationally during 1924 and 1925. The effect of the abolition of the Customs Line was undoubtedly the prime cause of this improvement, for up to the limits of its present capabilities Bedi was receiving cargo in increasing quantities, and the coffers of the State swelled in response. These limita-

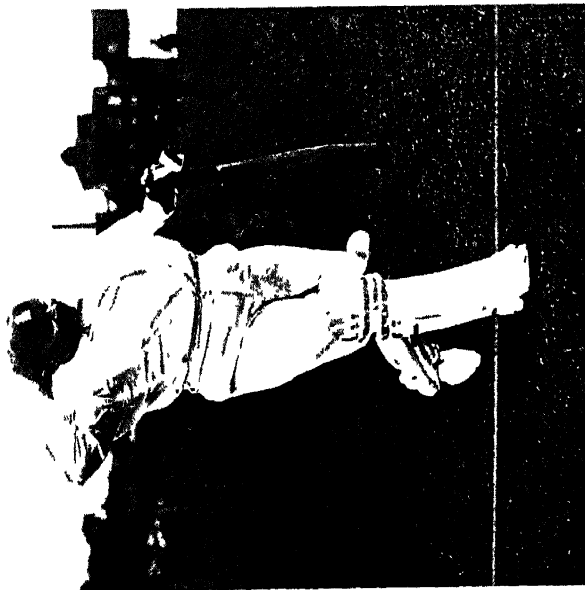
tions he now decided to remove, and he began a programme of work on Bedi Port that was to increase with interest during the ensuing years. Bedi was his new enthusiasm from 1924 onwards. It was the king-pin of every other improvement in his State, and he realised that the progress of industry in that perfect natural harbour would determine in all future years the rate at which he could press on with other measures.

In the next ten years he spent £1,000,000 on the port. He believed that in such action, he was benefiting not only his State, but the peoples of those parts of India who could be better served from Bedi than from Karachi or Bombay.

Other campaigns dealt with during his short stay in India at this time concerned afforestation, electricity, medical services, and gardens. He had already fulfilled his war-time promise to "look after the Lancers." He reorganised until he had formed two squadrons of Lancers, with total strength of 328 men, and from a beginning of 188 infantry he organised a force of 237 men. The cost was heavy, for annually the troops represented £35,000 on the expenditure side of the budget. Forestry was undertaken as a further precaution against famine, and was now under supervision for the first time in history. In 1910, revenue from this source was the small sum of under £250. By 1924 it had risen to well over £14,000. In 1930, the annual revenue had topped £28,000. . . .

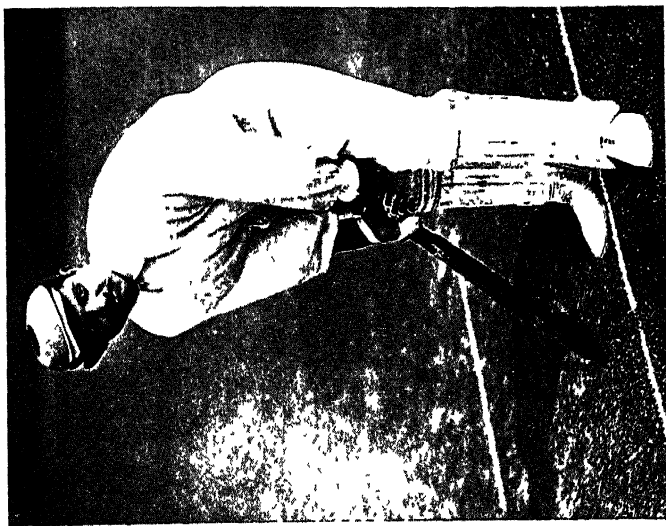
The experimental farm was conducted by two members of the Jam Saheb's family who had broken the precedent of the Indian upper classes by taking a scientific interest in agriculture. Research work was carried out for the benefit of farmers, and the benefits of a Californian University education were at the disposal of stock breeders, who were instructed in the elementary foundations of modern methods.

Perhaps the greatest of advances made during this period



1920. "The Jam Saheb is fat and the Jam
Saheb is forty. . . ."

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1903. "He is ever poised to spring on
the ball. . . ."

was the introduction of electricity to Jamnagar. The innovation finally stamped the city as among the moderns, and the utmost advantage was taken of it. Jamnagar in these days is well lit throughout the city, and even outlying roads have a brilliance not always seen in the remoter suburbs of London. In five years £63,000 were spent under this head.

Among the minor expenses incurred by the Jam Saheb were included the revival of the native brocade work, and the planning of a number of gardens throughout the city and its environs. The weaving of complicated patterns of brocade was once a speciality of Kathiawar. On primitive wooden looms, the old craftsmen fashioned finely woven threads of gold and silver into the reproductions of men on horseback, animals, archers, men-at-arms, and the complete panoply of ancient warfare. The industry had died out, and it was not likely that the Jam Saheb, with his admiration of all kinds of manual skill, would hesitate to restore, to something approaching their old prosperity, the workers in this ancient craft. To-day, the men still sit at their pits in front of the wooden looms, while a small boy throws the levers below a complicated and bewildering network of infinitesimal knots. The hunters still aim their cumbersome gold fowling pieces through a jungle of black threads and gold tracery, in the vague direction of golden sambur, golden and black-eyed panther.

The public gardens engaged his particular attention. He was no expert, but a determined amateur. Yet the land offered to him for the testing of his horticultural powers was rocky and hard, discouraging to any but the most obstinately-living plants. But he would condone no resistance from reluctant nature, and with multifarious channels, with gangs of labourers and with soil imported from far away, he caused lawns and plantations to spring up around his city. The

banks of the great Lakhota Tank, which in the evening seems to catch the fleeting and splendid colours of the dying sun, he made into a promenade with ample lawns and flowering beds. It cost him £4,000. A little oasis in the vast stony desert outside the confines of the city he called Cambridge Gardens; for it was to a bungalow here that he used to retire in the early days, when five miles was a matter of half an hour's ride. Other gardens, open to the public, were named the Jubilee and the Tulsidas. And around his own palace, often called the "Jam Bungalow" with a memory of its humble beginning as a three-roomed, matting-walled shack, he built a low wall which he planned to make the boundary of a vast ornamental garden, stretching almost as far as the eye could see. A year after his death, the dream came true.

One other picturesque revival found its place in the State records. The Jam Saheb took an interest in the Kathi horse, a breed which is said to have found favour with Alexander the Great, and which can be seen in wall-paintings in the Parthenon. Its fame for stamina and nobility has gone down through the history of Kathiawar. He decided to breed in Jamnagar, in the airy stables and paddocks that the State engineer had built on the model of an English establishment.

He bought Ashwini Kumar, a milk-white stallion with the curly ears and the beautiful straight legs of the breed. The horse lives to-day, broken at the knees and of venerable appearance, but surrounded by a fine stud of Kathi horses.

It was with regret that the Jam Saheb had relinquished horses for motor-cars, although such a convert to the modern and the owner of one of the first automobiles in India. But as compensation he built large loose boxes, shaded yards, and cool accommodation for his blood stock. He had an English stableman, and was strict in his discipline. Though he had

almost given up racing, and rode only for exercise and on military occasions, he was as fond of horses as any Rajput.

Perhaps owing to the growing strain of work in Jamnagar, he had recently been concentrating attention on retreats where he could retire for a day or a week. Now, he modernised the rest-house at Balachedi, some twenty miles from his capital, where the sea brought fresh breezes and he lived in a new and welcome atmosphere of simplicity. There were bedrooms and dressing-rooms, and a vast room which in the hot weather received all the cooling winds. A parapet provided a walk outside, and beyond the compound he built a plantation of coconut palms, where he would walk in the evening while he sent his staff to catch crab on the flat mud banks. Here too he built a golf course, not for himself, but for visitors. It became one of his favourite haunts, and even though the inevitable papers followed him to Balachedi no matter how suddenly he might decide to go there, he seemed to find comfort in the simplicity of the place.

During that year of 1925, he made another rapid visit to England and Ireland, but he was back for Christmas. The English newspapers tried to obtain his views on contemporary cricket. He was critical. "People seem to play for their personal averages more than for their side these days," he said. "But I think that cricket is better now than it was in 1914." More than that he would not say.

For Christmas, he brought with him Lord and Lady Dudley, Sir Joseph and Lady Tichborne, Sir Arthur Priestley, and C. B. Fry. They were all shikaris, and he gave them the best of sport. He was honoured also by the Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and again at another period by the Maharaja of Alwar, so that Nawanagar's famed sport did not go unnoticed by the outside world.

His mind was now dwelling pleasantly on the past, though

if he had believed the future so confidently prophesied by his joshi, he might have known that the greater triumph lay ahead. But he showed the force of his memories in the naming of his new streets. He had already commemorated the work of Colonel Berthon by a square in the city named after his friend. Willingdon Crescent is now the Piccadilly Circus of Jamnagar. One of the principal guest-houses was named after Mr. Fitzgerald. And at one time there was even an "Archie Villa," named after the famous amateur cricketer who was for a short time his personal secretary.

During two more years he pursued a more or less tranquil life, fishing at Ballynahinch and returning to Jamnagar for the sparkling and sunny winter months. He had earned rest, and it was fortunate that he took this opportunity of enjoying it before the tempestuous finale to his life. He had written: "I see bunkers ahead." He was congratulating himself that he would not be there to see disaster; but he was becoming saddled now with a fixed obsession, a conviction that became strengthened as the years went by; he was certain that the blame for some of the chaos in India was to a considerable extent attributable to the mechanical super-efficiency of the Indian Civil Service. He deplored the disappearance of the human touch from a governing body that had become a cold and calculating machine. He was a Hindu Prince well versed in the religions and psychology of his countrymen, and understood the type of man that the teeming millions required to guide and rule them. He said time and again that the wrong type of Englishman was being recruited for this vital service in the East. He did not blame the war for the independability of modern youth, but he blamed the system for encouraging second-class intellectuals, rather than men of character, to join its ranks. He protested that such power as is enjoyed by the Indian Civil Service should be

drastically curtailed before it was too late. He was at times impatient with his own poverty of power to check the downhill path that he believed the successive Governments were pursuing.

Once, at Ballynahinch, his nephews were discussing their vocations. K. S. Himatsinhji, then a captain in the Indian Army, K. S. Pratapsinhji, of the cavalry, and the present ruler, then K. S. Digvijaysinhji, were complaining of the slowness of promotion in peace times.

"I might, after all, have done better in the Indian Civil Service," said Digvijaysinhji.

There was a voice from the corner of the room, quiet and humorous.

"You might, my boy," said the Jam Saheb, who had not appeared to be listening. "You might. But you must remember this; we might not have been on speaking terms by now. . . ."

The Jam Saheb objected also to a certain type of Englishman who in these days finds his way out to India. He considered that the temptation was for the young man to ignore the country of his adoption, and to mark time until his next leave was due. He deplored what might be called "the new club spirit," which made Englishmen keep themselves as exclusive as possible from the Indian. He said that it was natural and permissible that Englishmen should want to band themselves together for social purposes, and rigorously exclude the Indian from these gatherings. But he, who had so generally been accepted into the holiest shrines of sport in England, who before he left cricket had been asked to honour English clubs by a visit, now found that some sporting clubs in India actually refused him admittance.

This was a matter for humour, and formed the subject of a favourite anecdote. He never forgot how he had been refused membership of a club in Bombay named the "Gymkhana."

The Jam Saheb was a member of the Marlborough Club in London.

He had been welcomed in the most exclusive sporting circles all over the world. Cricketers in particular took pains to cultivate his acquaintance. And the Bombay Gymkhana Club blackballed him. The Jam Saheb, retailing this story, added the poignant sequel. Some years later he was asked to join the club. Naturally, he refused. "Stick to your principles!" he replied.

The Jam Saheb did not, however, disagree with the theory of club life in India, though it has been the cause of so much friction between Englishmen and Indians. To show his approval of the idea of sporting clubs, he instituted the Summair Club, now one of the most modern and complete to be found in India. Tennis courts and squash courts, swimming bath and changing rooms, are available for his own guests and members of the commercial community in the city, and in later years the Jam Saheb usually made a point of visiting the club in the evening to lend support to the democratic idea.

In the year 1927, when he could look round with satisfaction upon the smooth progress of many of his ambitious State schemes, when the port of Bedi was approaching that perfection which warranted the expenditure of £500,000; and when perhaps the peak had been reached in contentment and prosperity in Nawanagar, a blow fell that was to shake to its foundations the whole carefully-planned structure of his programme.

Such was the gravity of the new problem that confronted him, so vital was its solution to the whole material prosperity of his State, that not until the day of his death did he obtain relief from its worry.

The blow was in the form of an intimation from the

Government of India, briefly advising him that the Viramgam Customs Line was to be reviewed in the light of present circumstances. It was the opening shot in a six years' legal battle. Bitterness was not absent during its course, engendered more by the long delays in replying to his representations than by the different replies he received from Government. The lessons his ready nature had learnt in the cricket field, and his great tenacity of purpose, always sustained him. And it was the apparent unwillingness of the opposing team to proceed with the game that cut him so deeply.

Looked at in a broad view, the problem is of intense interest, though it may lead to melancholy reflections. It reveals the Jam Saheb in a new light. He had much at stake, more than ever he had fought for before. Eventually he won his point by patience and perseverance, but not before he had railed at injustice, and at times had almost despaired, to the amazement of the friends who knew him.

The man revealed himself in sudden outbursts even in the middle of a recital of technical data. He was wounded in spirit, and saw in the behaviour of the Government a hurt to his pride and to the pride of all his fellow-Princes. Tears were often in his eyes and a catch in his voice when he surveyed the wreck of many of his favourite ambitions as a result of the Kathiawar ports squabble. In the obituary notice in *The Times*, the case was mentioned as having "undoubtedly coloured his more recent attitude to the question of Federation."¹

It is only necessary to refer to comparatively recent history to understand the vital points of argument in the Kathiawar ports question.

¹ Objection to this was taken by Sir Leslie Scott in a letter the following day (Appendix, p. 316).

It will be recalled how in 1917 the abolition of the Customs Line, drawn along the frontier of Kathiawar, enabled the Jam Saheb to press on with the development of his ports, chief of which was Bedi. During ensuing years, the signal success of the port had enabled him to realise many of his ambitions in other departments of the State. We have learnt how he had committed himself to a programme, for years ahead, of further improvement of the ports facilities in order to attract more trade.

In 1917 there was some communication, later to become vitally important, between the Jam Saheb and the Government of India over the conditions of the abolition of the Customs Line. The paragraph which was later to become unfortunately memorable was to the effect that "if at any time in the future, by the creation of a port capable of accommodating large vessels or otherwise, the fiscal interests involved became very important, the Government of India would reserve the right to reconsider the position generally."

Those phrases, which later on a legal luminary was to describe as "some of the worst of their kind ever penned, the quaint language of the diplomat," were picked on by the Jam Saheb and questioned. He wrote back in 1917, with the remark that "it is out of the question for a Kathiawar State to be in a position to equip and set up a rival port to Bombay or Karachi; but the phrase 'the fiscal interests involved became very important' introduces a vague reservation and I hope our acceptance of the conditions will not interfere with a healthy development of our resources to the extent of their natural capacity. . . ."

To this, he received what he took to be a Government reassurance. In the ten years since the agreement was signed we have observed how confidently he spent on the "healthy development."

Beginning in 1927, those phrases and their meaning were to cost hundreds of thousands of pounds, were to jeopardise the effects of ten years' energetic progress in the State, were to cause endless journeys to and from Gray's Inn and Kathiawar. They were vital syllables in a legal dog-fight. And not until 1934 was their meaning to be elucidated.

First intimation of trouble in 1927 was a letter from Sir Basil Blackett, the Finance Member of the Government of India, intimating that "owing to the serious losses of the Government of India due to the diversion of trade, the time has come for a reconsideration of the Treaty of 1917." The letter went on to say that "it was incumbent on the Government to take immediate measures of some kind both to reduce the present strain on the Government's resources and to meet the claims which commercial interests in Bombay and elsewhere had upon the Government's consideration. The Government therefore, proposed to prohibit, as from the end of the next month, the free transshipment at British Indian ports of goods intended for Kathiawar ports."

The ominous letter, however, had the sting in the tail. The Government of India announced that the Kathiawar States would be given an opportunity of airing their views on the whole question. And in point of fact the prohibition at first mentioned was lifted during the next month, after a strong letter from the Jam Saheb. But the suggestion of a conference was again made.

The Jam Saheb was apprehensive. He had every reason to be, having regard to the plans already put into operation, and others for which he had committed his State to the extent of thousands of pounds. To mention only one item, the Dwarka railway extension had been finished, in spite of

disadvantageous times, at a cost of £500,000. The Jam Saheb was also able to show official Government approval of this bold measure. And there were other vast projects whose success depended on the absence of the Customs Line. It was, therefore, with reason that he objected to reopening the dangerous subject.

He acted rapidly. He briefed Sir Leslie Scott and cabled a diplomatic appeal to the Secretary of State for India, Lord Birkenhead, in which he argued that this was not a case for a conference. To the end of his life his only desire in this problem was for a final settlement by arbitration.

The appeal, however, had no effect. The next step was a further letter from the Government of India stating that in the opinion of Government the fiscal interests *had* become "very important." Therefore the Government claimed the right to reconsider the agreement. The conference, to be held in sixteen days, would find a new arrangement. If no agreement could be reached, then the Government would consider the reimposition of the old Customs Line. The proceedings would begin at 11 a.m., and His Highness was asked to appoint representatives or attend in person. And that was that.

Once more a strong letter went its way to the Government from Jamnagar. The Jam Saheb protested with "keen disappointment" that he did not agree regarding the justice of holding such a conference. He again suggested arbitration, not on the main issue, but on the right to reopen the question at all.

On two successive days the Jam Saheb was to learn the determination of the Government. On one day arrived the Government's reply to his letter, refusing to discuss the justice of holding the conference, and on the next, Lord Birkenhead replied with a refusal to intervene.

After one more abortive protest, reminding the Government of a chapter in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report which pointed to arbitration as the basis of settling disputes between Indian States and the Government, the fateful Mount Abu Conference assembled.

CHAPTER XIX

1927-1930. "WE HAVE PLAYED THE GAME"

THE conference led to nothing, the representatives of Nawanagar appearing under protest and ultimately rejecting the Government proposals. The Jam Saheb, commenting afterwards on the proposals, said: "I would have been cursed by posterity if I had sold my rights at the Mount Abu Conference."

But there was irony in the situation, too, which the Jam Saheb fully appreciated. Though he was being offered a considerable sum to persuade him to fall in with the Government's suggestions (rumour estimated the figure at £1,000,000) he was aware of that ancient doctrine, frequently applied, which lays down that a ruler cannot encumber his State beyond his lifetime. Thus, his successor could have repudiated such a treaty, and the Government would have been in a similar, if not worse, position. The Government's offer seems to have had the complexion of a sheer temporary expedient to meet a crisis, without thought of the consequences.

He was convinced of the justice of his claims, particularly of his plea to have the matter settled by independent arbitration. He repeatedly stated that the Government had already made up its mind, *before* what he termed the "mere formality" of the conference. And in reply to the unvoiced suspicion that he had artificially encouraged Bedi Port to prosper, gave facts and figures to prove that its growth had been natural and entirely healthy.

"I feel more than sore," he cabled to Lord Birkenhead, "at the prospect of being deprived of the fruits of this success which brings prosperity to hundreds of thousands of my subjects and to my State. I leave the rest to Providence and to Destiny."

Time after time he pleaded for independent arbitration. The Government of India, he claimed, could never provide an impartial court. Too many interests were at stake, and he referred with telling effect to the Government's first intimation of the coming blow to his State, in which the primary reason for the reopening of the question was the financial straits in which the exchequer then found itself.

The Viramgam Customs Line was reimposed, though, at the Jam Saheb's suggestion, the State collected the money and handed it over to the Government, in order to spare inconvenience to travellers.

The Times of India, commenting on the conference, and the prompt decision of the Government to reimpose the Customs Line, supported him: "A victorious belligerent imposing terms on the vanquished could hardly have been more arbitrary . . ." it declared. "The position is as unsatisfactory as it could be. The measures taken to solve the problem are such that the States are not even permitted to discuss some of the most important points arising from them. This would be serious enough if nothing more than fiscal interests were involved. . . . A question which is quite as much political as financial has been settled on financial grounds alone, and even then in a way that does little credit to the Finance Department. What the Government of India have done is to take away what they gave, in order to rectify their own miscalculations. . . . We cannot but think that the States have justice on their side in standing up for the rights given to them by agreement."

From that moment began the long campaign, ever uppermost in the mind of the ruler. His aim was now only the success of his plea for arbitration. In spite of his contention, hinted at more than once, that the Government's peremptory action was due to financial necessity, he believed that justice would triumph over expediency at a London Court of Arbitration. But he would not have a Government of India arbitrator. He insisted that any arbitrator in India would be prejudiced against his case. His was a small voice, unlikely to be heard amid the general uproar of interested parties in Bombay, but with the finest legal advice he was able to pour his grievances into many influential ears.

A memorial was prepared and dispatched to Lord Irwin, the Viceroy, in 1928. In the reply, received in 1929, the Government definitely stated that the progress of Bedi Port had not been healthy. Once more the idea of a Court of Arbitration was rejected. And again in 1931 the Secretary of State for India was appealed to for arbitration in a memorial.

Requests for interim relief were made by the Jam Saheb in 1928, 1929, and 1930, and all of them refused. Some concessions were offered, but the State still held that the Government of India was unjust in appropriating four-fifths of the total customs realisations, without any return whatever.

The Jam Saheb, during the session of the Round Table Conference in November 1930, linked up the problem with the anti-British boycott: He said: "With the Port of Bedi prospering within the orbit of its rights as defined and guaranteed by the Treaty of 1917, Nawanagar would have found itself in a position to do some service—however slight—to the cause of the Empire by stimulating the inflow of British products. . . ."

Some idea of the huge sums involved in the discussion can be gained by the facts that during the three years 1927, 1928,

and 1929, after the reimposition of the Customs Line, the State of Nawanagar paid to the Government of India nearly one and a half million pounds.

The Jam Saheb could not always prevent his strong feelings from revealing themselves in both private and formal communications. Writing in the spring of 1930 to the Agent to the Governor-General, he described the Government's offer as "having the appearance of withdrawing with one hand the little that is promised with the other."

On more than one occasion he referred to "the grievous injustice" to his State of the Government's premises, and once allowed indignation to enter his official representations. This occurred when he considered that his State and he himself had been insulted. A Government communication had alleged that he had artificially encouraged the trade of Kathiawar for his own purposes, and for the furthering of his campaign. "The allegation," he wrote in the 1931 memorial, "imports a direct charge affecting the rectitude of the State. His Highness is unable to conceal a feeling of resentment, and presumes that his personal word on the matter will suffice. . . ."

Yet on other occasions he was able to choke down the bitter comments that must have sprung to his lips. Entertaining the Viceroy in Jamnagar, he forbore to mention the matter to which he was giving so much of his energy and his time.

"It has been my endeavour," he told Lord Irwin, "to avoid controversial topics during this visit. There should be no work and no worry while we are being honoured with Your Excellency's gracious and esteemed company."

To which Lord Irwin replied: "I appreciate the courtesy. Differences must sometimes occur, but with goodwill on both sides they should seldom be incapable of being brought to a just and reasonable settlement. The generous instinct

which has prompted Your Highness to leave these matters on one side during our visit is one with the sportsmanship which has always distinguished you."

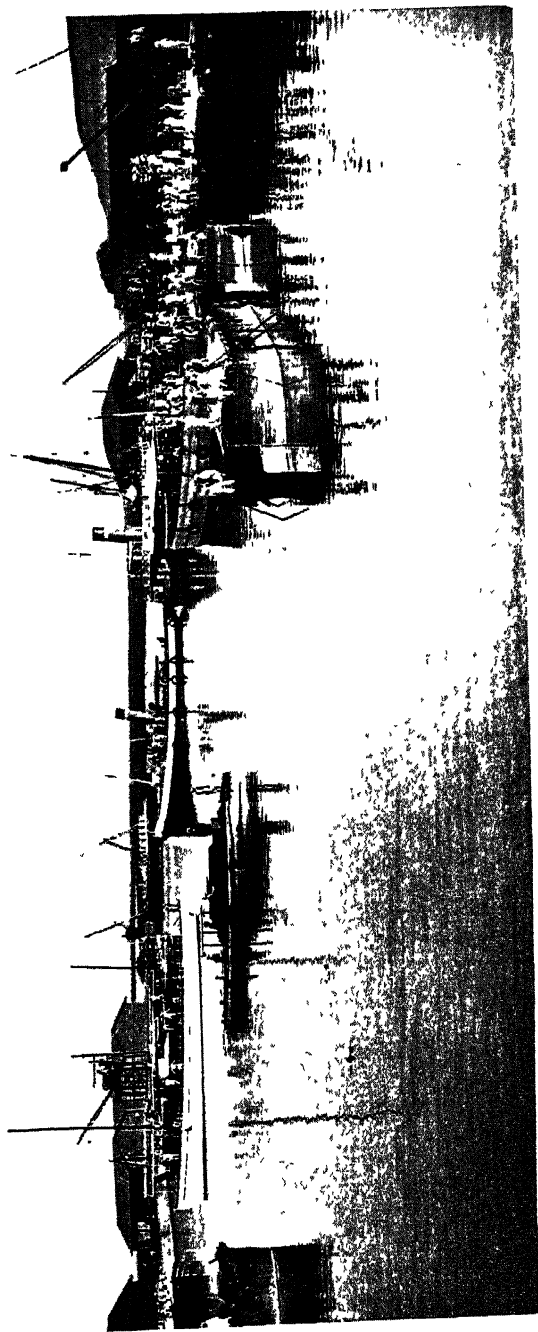
But in his secret and private mind, what did the Jam Saheb think ?

He had already put down on paper, in a letter to the Government, his opinion that "there should not exist a feeling abroad among the Princes and others that Government are partial to those agreements that bring them benefit, and view with a hostile eye those that do not so. Such a feeling should certainly not be fostered or encouraged by Government, as it would be contrary to their principles and their broad statesmanship which places above everything else the sanctity of engagements, the solidarity of the Empire, and the peace and contentment of all its component parts."

Years before, he had written that "my nerves and health will not stand any further strain. This attitude (of Government) is worrying me and bullying me. . . ."

Those latter words were written in connection with another matter on which differences had occurred between Government and himself. He was, he confessed, a tired man. It has already been seen how strongly he felt regarding the Government's attitude towards him. Still the fight went on. He brooded over it. Once, sitting at Bedi looking over the busy wharves and red sheds, he broke a long silence to reveal what was in his mind. "I could beat them in ten years . . ." he said.

He never lived to know that his efforts had ended in triumph, for it was a few weeks after his death that the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, agreed to place the whole matter before Lord Dunedin in Arbitration—the move that the Jam Saheb had fought for during six years. For three days, in the early part of 1934, counsel argued, and in that short space of



1930. Bedi Port. "The king-pin of progress in Nawanganar. . . . He saw beauty in those red iron roofs. . . ."

time the case that had involved hundreds of thousands of pounds, and nearly ten years of deliberation, was judged.

Lord Dunedin was not asked to give the ultimate decision, however, but to answer questions, and to place his answers before the Government of India for interpretation.

Thus, in the foggy atmosphere of a London winter, in measured and legal phrases, the fate of that sun-lit and red-roofed port, representative of the Jam Saheb's life of service to his people, was decided. The prosperity of his kingdom depended upon three answers.

It was decided that Lord Dunedin's opinions, given in answer to three vital questions, should not be announced to the public, but that the Government of India should be permitted to place its own construction on the results of the London hearing. The last word, therefore, became once more the privilege of that Government whose rights in this matter the Jam Saheb had always challenged. In the spring of 1934 the Governor of Bombay was summoned to Delhi to discuss the question. Lord Dunedin's difficult task formed only the first chapter in the solution of the difficulty. His answers were intended to be a guide to the course to be taken by the Government of India, and thus the Jam Saheb's plea, to place the responsibility of decision entirely in the hands of independent judges, was at the last unsuccessful.

The matter became a problem of vital importance not only to the State of Nawanagar, but to the policy of the Government of India. There were many critics anxiously waiting to see what course would be pursued, and it was not until May 1934 that the State was called into consultation. The result of the long squabble was an amicable compromise. It was at first announced that an agreement had been confidentially reached between the two parties. Not until more than a year after the Jam Saheb's death, and seven years after

the Mount Abu Conference, was the position entirely regularised.

After the Mount Abu Conference, he once more set sail for England, without much hope of enjoying a holiday of any length, but with the definite prospect of a short rest in Ireland. He was, however, preparing for the forthcoming visit to the State which the Viceroy proposed to make from Cutch, and he was lent by a brother Prince the yacht *Valfrefya*, once the property of the eccentric millionaire, Mr. Bayard Brown, and renamed it *Star of India*. Still thinking of that one visit, he bought twelve bays for the State carriage, all of the same size and colouring.

In September he returned, to superintend the details of the most magnificent display he had yet given. He himself gave personal approval to every point. He inspected the soap in the private apartments, fussed over the appointments in the now-permanent shooting camp at Samana, and drew up the programme.

Yet there came disaster. It seemed as if a malignant fate watched over the efforts of any ruler of Nawanagar successfully to transport an illustrious visitor from sea to shore at Rozi. For when the luxury yacht *Star of India* was on the way to meet the Viceroy, complete with every modern comfort, it ran on a sandbank.

So the ignominy of 1904, when Lord Lamington was bundled ashore after the temporary pier had disappeared, was repeated in 1927. A small steamer eventually transported the King's representative over a choppy sea. The Viceroy and Lady Irwin went breakfastless. The superlative appointments of the luxury yacht were wasted, high and dry on a sandbank. The Jam Saheb was in despair.

But in sixty-four hours he gave Lord Irwin a panther shoot and a partridge drive, banquets and fireworks, and an

illuminated display that he had never equalled. The speeches were replete with expressions of good feeling, and it has already been related how all references to controversial matters were studiously avoided.

The accident was referred to by Lord Irwin in a speech. The accident to the *Star of India*, he said, was a mishap for which there should have been no occasion but for the Jam Saheb's solicitude for their comfort. "Even the best regulated stars are liable to meet unexpected bodies in their course," he said, "and you will perhaps be consoled by the fact that the incident has attached you to the company of distinguished rulers, in the persons of Pharaoh and King Canute, who have had perforce to recognise the supremacy of the stormy seas, relentless tides, and shifting sands. . . ."

Lord Irwin's visit was followed by a violent attack on the Jam Saheb, both in the Indian Press and some sections of the British Press, on the score of extravagance. It was said that the visit had cost the State £200,000, of which £30,000 had been accounted for by the illuminations, and £8,000 by the fireworks. The inspiration for this attack had come from a body known as the "Servants of India," and even the *Daily Herald* was urged to inquire: "Has the Jam Saheb no thought for the Indian peasants? Is this fair play according to the canons of Cambridge and Sussex?"

The facts, however, were that the Jam Saheb had spent £22,500 on the sixty-four hours' trip, and much of that was spent on permanently valuable work. No addition was necessary to the taxes. Further, it might be mentioned that not even the most humble resident of an Indian bazaar would consider that a Viceroy had been properly honoured unless a small fortune had blazed into the sky in the form of rockets and elaborate set-pieces. Here is a gesture peculiarly Indian—

to rejoice in the spectacle of the next month's revenue being expended in a series of muffled but brilliant explosions. Fireworks broke the obstinacy of the boycott in Calcutta, when the Prince of Wales visited that shuttered and apparently uninhabited city. They have always served to reassure the Rajput that an adequate welcome has been given to an honoured guest, and are as much for the public benefit as for the honoured visitor.

The visit of Lord Irwin showed the Jam Saheb at his best as a host. The city was transformed, and, after sunset, was like a page from the Arabian nights. Columns twenty feet high bore illuminated paintings of Indian mythological heroes; pylons bore lights and crowns; lawns stretched green where a few months before there had been rock.

This attack on his extravagance was by no means the only one made by unscrupulous agents outside the State. Most of the Princes of India have at one time or another been the victims of unwarrantable campaigns of vilification. In the case of the Jam Saheb, however, it was evident that there were enemies who would stop at nothing to damage his name. There was seldom any regard for truth in their wild allegations, though an attempt was made to give them the complexion of verisimilitude by distributing figures haphazard throughout the text.

The arrival of the Harcourt-Butler States Inquiry Committee in India gave one set of critics the chance for which they were waiting. They attacked the administration of several States, spent a considerable sum of money in publishing tracts containing their allegations, and attempted to give the pamphlets an official tone by stating that publication was under the authority of the Indian States Peoples' Conference. A paper named *Saurashtra* devoted many pages to allegations against the Jam Saheb. It alleged, *inter alia*, that

there was no freedom of speech in Nawanagar, no liberty of the Press or of person, no security of property, no legislation, and that there existed a "tyranny" of taxation, compulsory labour, and monopolies. It was alleged that the Jam Saheb had spent huge sums on private roads, on private pleasures, and on the entertainment of his guests. It was even stated that the peasants would not go to the rescue of a boy who was mauled by a panther owing to the fear of contravening the game laws! Under the title of "Mad Waste of Public Money over Friends," the Jam Saheb was accused of having spent £600,000 on entertainments for Viceroy, Governors, and Princes.

Action was taken against the newspaper by the publication of a booklet by the State in which every allegation was answered with facts and figures. It was given very wide circulation, being distributed all over India and to members of the British Parliament. It is unfortunate, however, that no other steps can be taken against the flood of vilification poured out every month against the States by irresponsible politicians in British India.

The Harcourt-Butler States Inquiry Committee was appointed to inquire into the relations between the Paramount Power and the States. It has already been related how active the Jam Saheb had been in his encouragement of the Indian Chamber of Princes. Like everybody else after the Great War, the Princes had thought of a new world. They could see great changes taking place all around them. They themselves were vastly different from their ancestors, and many of them were enlightened, well travelled, cosmopolitan. Among other complaints, they considered that the Government had not entirely respected the treaties made with their ancestors a hundred or more years ago, and, therefore, when the Simon Commission was formed to inquire into the

problems of British India, and suggest changes in the administration, the Indian States Committee was created to hear the views of the States on the future.

The Jam Saheb was one of the moving spirits. When the usual tour of India was begun, with the customary flourish of trumpets, he invited them to Jamnagar to meet all the neighbouring Princes at a banquet. Sir Leslie Scott had been briefed to represent the Princes, and the company was further ornamented by the presence of Dame Clara Butt, who was staying with the Jam Saheb, and who sang "God Save the King" to the assembled Princes at the conclusion of the banquet.

When, however, the Butler Committee began its formal sittings in London, later in the year, 1928, the Princes realised that the efforts they had made to collect evidence to support their claims, and the huge sums they had spent, were wasted. The Committee did not appear to possess very wide powers, its composition did not represent the political parties of the country as had the Simon Commission, and its sessions were held in poorly-equipped rooms in odd Government offices—although several ruling Princes were attending in person.

The Jam Saheb felt this bitterly. He thought the Butler Commission was bound to be a great waste of time and money. His hopes were dashed, and he was more than half inclined to agree with the spirit of that Prince who, on seeing the slipshod arrangements made to accommodate them (in direct contrast to the magnificence and dignity of the Committee when on tour in India) ironically asked whether smoking would be permitted during the lengthy deliberations.

The Jam Saheb saw the Commission fade into ineptitude, and was almost driven to cynicism. Certainly there was a bitter feeling in his heart, and he set himself to try to

repair the damage by a series of speeches to important audiences.

One such was his address to the National Liberal Club, under the Presidency of Lord Beauchamp. In a striking and well-thought-out appeal for fair treatment from the British Government, and for the exclusion of party politics from Indian affairs, he said that the rights of the States had been overlooked, and that pressure had been brought on them to conclude agreements which were entirely for the benefit of British India. "Attention seems to be paid to the Princes chiefly when one of them misbehaves himself," said the Jam Saheb. "The Princes want justice to be done, but they feel that in these cases the actions of the Government would carry fuller conviction if the matters at issue were duly investigated by some impartial tribunal instead of everything being done *in camera*. . . . The 108 Princes who are members of the Council of Princes are quite reasonable men, and it is as human beings that they wish to be approached. The Indian Princes ask the British public to help them by getting their many questions into a right focus with a view to action thereupon. I know enough of Englishmen to cherish the conviction that nothing but justice will be done. To that end I ask you to exert yourselves to see that the word of Great Britain, which was pledged to the Princes, is not broken; that just as we have played the game and will continue to play the game by Great Britain, with unswerving loyalty and attachment to the Crown, so Britain will play the game by us in the spirit of true sportsmanship. . . ."

Lord Beauchamp paid the Jam Saheb a great compliment after this speech. He said, "If the Jam Saheb had not been a famous cricketer, he would have been a well-known statesman. He has a statesmanlike temper, and has been interested in politics for twenty years. . . ."

This, indeed, must have rung in his ears. To be sure, he had sufficient reminders, for in the last years of his life his time was almost incessantly taken up with politics. Trade also claimed his attention, and he accompanied Commander Kenworthy (now Lord Strabolgi) on a formal visit to Hull with the object of inquiring into the possibility of direct trading between the ports of Nawanagar and the Yorkshire port. This was the first of several commercial expeditions which he undertook in England. In Hull, the Jam Saheb was received by the Lord Mayor and Sheriff, was the guest of the Chamber of Commerce, and visited the principal commercial institutions and the docks in the city. He created an extremely favourable impression on the trading community of the port.

Commander Kenworthy was also instrumental, later in the year, in introducing him to the Opposition members of the House of Commons—the Labour Party. The Commander, who had become particularly interested in the politics of the Indian Princes some time ago, was host of a dinner party at the Metropole Hotel at which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was present, together with Mr. George Lansbury, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Pethick Lawrence, and others. Of the Princes, the Jam Saheb was accompanied by the Maharaja of Patiala, the Maharao of Cutch, and the Maharaja of Kashmir.

After a brief six months' stay in India, he returned to Ireland for the summer of 1929, where he enjoyed the finest fishing of his career. But from time to time there came, like memories from the past, the old desire to see cricket, now right in the background of his thoughts. His short visits to London, indeed, gave little time for such indulgence.

An example of the straightforward and direct methods he

employed to accomplish his ends was provided by his plans for the statue of his heroic ancestor, Jam Rawal, to whom he has been frequently compared. Sir Edwin Lutyens, who had become interested in the architectural progress of Jamnagar, drew up a plan for the honouring of his most famous ancestors, Jam Rawal (1535) the founder of the dynasty, Jam Sataji (1569), conqueror of the Mogul Emperor, and Jam Tamachi (1673).¹ But it was later the wish of the people that Jam Ranjitsinhji should figure in that august assembly, and a foundation and "screen" were designed for a statue looking over the Lakhota Lake. Opposite him, on a pedestal in the lake, would be Jam Rawal, mounted on a Kathi charger. On other pedestals, looking towards him, would stand Jams Sataji and Tamachi. Plans were made so that they would be visible from the new wide thoroughfares of the town, and, whereas his heroic ancestors would be mounted and in armour, Ranjitsinhji would be in the robes of the Order of the Star of India.

But when, in England, the Jam Saheb set himself to find a horse to serve as model for the architect, he decided that the statue would be inadequate unless based on the typical Kathi horse with the curling ears and the proud bearing. He sent, therefore, for Ashwini Kumar, founder of the Jamnagar stable of Kathis. The horse was boxed and transported 5,000 miles to the studio of Mr. Herbert Haseldine, the American sculptor, in Paris. The stallion soon became famous in the Bois de Boulogne, and stayed to tea when the artist entertained friends. The result was an heroic statue worthy of the great ruler; but tragedy resulted in the return journey of the horse, for he broke his knees against the walls of the horse-box, and stands to-day in the Jamnagar stables with only a shadow of his former proud bearing.

¹ Up to the present, only the statue of Jam Rawal has been executed.

Mr. Haseldine has also executed the statue of the Jam Saheb, which was to have been unveiled by the Viceroy at his jubilee celebrations. The foundation is of regal proportions, guarded by two lions. The Jam Saheb will stand in gilded bronze before his throne, as if in the act of delivering an address. Cunningly fitted in the rear of the foundation are staircases, and behind the throne, hidden observation points, so that the ladies of the purdah can climb to observation posts and watch the proceedings below.

At the Jam Saheb's back there will be a bas-relief screen, portraying historical figures and incidents from the past that he knew so well. The setting is modern, in direct contrast to the dark walls that discouraged the invader in the dim ages. Behind him will be the city which he re-created, in front the lake that he made into a place of beauty for his people, who subscribed for this symbol. Across the still waters, Jam Rawal, a magnificent ten-foot figure of gilded bronze, will face him.

Returning to India in 1929, the Jam Saheb was occupied almost wholly in his duties in the Chamber of Princes. He had time for little holiday sport, little entertainment in his capital.

By June 1930 he was back in England, preceded by a cable to Sussex Cricket Club, promising £1,000 towards the recovery of the club's finances, and accepting the post of President. "Have unabated interest in cricket," he telegraphed, "and would play now if selected, if it were not for my eye and Anno Domini." He gave £50 to Tate after his benefit match, with a telegram: "You richly deserve it as England's best stock bowler of to-day." And finding Sussex still ill-equipped with resources, he offered to pay the whole of the summer's salaries for four professionals, and then invited them to India for the winter.

The rise of his nephew, K. S. Duleepsinhji, to a pedestal only slightly lower than his own in popular esteem, caused him to recapture some of his old enthusiasm for the game during this visit to England. He went to see him at the Oval and watched while his nephew emulated his own example by making a century in his first Test Match against the Australians. "I am the proudest man in England," he said after watching Duleepsinhji's great stand for England. "I have realised one of my greatest ambitions, and am basking in reflected glory. I watched every stroke of his play with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy; but I felt nervous for him, as I had coached him when he was eight years old, and until he went to Cheltenham."

And the public still loved him. He had difficulty in escaping the crowds whenever he went to see a match, and when the Australians went to Brighton, he was fairly cornered. There were many celebrities to distract attention, and the Jam Saheb thought that the presence of the visiting team and Amy Johnson, then just back from her Australian trip, had caused the assembly of a huge crowd round the tea-tent. "He tried to get out by the back exit of the tent," relates Duleepsinhji, "but the crowd forgot the Australians, Amy Johnson, and everybody. They flocked round him. I then realised what a wonderful hold he had on the public imagination. I myself worshipped him like a god, and played cricket only to please him."

He spoke his mind on present-day cricket, however. In particular he referred to the decay of bowling. "It was not thus in the heyday of Tom Richardson, Hugh Trumble, and George Lohmann," he said. "Bradman's performances are not good enough to raise him to the standard of Trumper, Hill, and Macartney, because he has no stiff bowling against him."

He exercised a benevolent guardianship over Duleepsinhji. After his nephew's illness in 1927, he had watched him make a poor display at Brighton. "I was out first ball," writes Duleepsinhji, "and at the end of the day he asked me to come down to Staines with him. I really thought he was going to advise me to give up cricket, as I had lost faith in myself after so many failures. When we had gone a few miles he said: 'I have been thinking a lot about your cricket. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would have never attempted to play again after such an illness; but I advise you to continue, and you will find your old form. You will play for England one day. . . .'"

A few months later, Duleepsinhji scored six centuries.

One report infuriated the Jam Saheb. It was to the effect that he gave a reward to his nephew for every run over a century in first-class cricket. "That is unfair to a family that has done all that lies in its power to sustain the best traditions of British sportsmanship," he said.

He was a stern and unrelenting critic of Duleepsinhji's play. He held that he himself was responsible for his style, for he had painstakingly coached him in Jamnagar, and had infused him with his own audacity at the wicket. His comments on his nephew's performances took the form of telegrams, brief and very much to the point, and on one occasion Duleepsinhji received a message which has already gone down to history.

Duleepsinhji had made a very poor score in a Test Match. He waited in fear for the comment of his mentor. Two telegrams arrived, one for his captain. Duleepsinhji opened his, and read: "Go and play tennis with Betty Nuthall." The telegram to his captain is unprintable.

But apart from cricket, it was a busy time for him. He held high hopes of the outcome of the Round Table Conference,

and it was instructive to watch how he managed to introduce Indian politics into cricket speeches, which he was asked to give far more frequently than political dissertations. Possibly it was due to his early experience of newspaper work, but it was a fact that he had a flair for introducing audiences to politics by a painless process, of leading them gradually up the garden path to the subject that he had most at heart.

Here was the born statesman, the man who could link the popular subject with the serious. He was naturally asked to give many speeches on cricket, and he gave political fare instead of sporting—without anyone being disappointed.

A case in point was the dinner he gave to the Australian team and the Sussex Cricket Club at the Metropole, Brighton, in September 1930. On the menus there were pictures of Ballynahinch, and a whole grouse was served to each diner. There was *Salade Adelaide*, *Consommé Brisbane*, *Ris de veau braisé à la Sydney*, *Pêche Flambée Jamnagar*, and *Bombe Glacé Sussex*. For a brief period he lived in the past. He was a cricketer among cricketers, and there were few people present who knew that in his heart there was grave anxiety for the future, and that already, in the depths of his mind, he knew he would never again be free from worry and anxiety.

A few days later he spoke at the farewell dinner to the Australian team. It was again remarkable how he drew an analogy between cricket and Empire politics. "I very much doubt," he said, "whether in any other country in the world a man not belonging to that country would be selected to reply to the toast of the national game. I feel I am replying to the toast of the British Empire. . . . How often have I wished that all the political leaders of all the countries in the Empire were cricketers! For if they had undergone the training and the discipline of the game, they would find it easier than they

appear to do to think first and last of the team. . . . The Princes of India have been very old members of Great Britain's teams ; and both on easy and difficult wickets they have tried their best to play with a straight bat for the Empire. . . . Throughout the period of adjustment upon which we are now entering, the Indian Princes will do their best to play a part worthy of their best traditions. . . .”

Only at rare intervals did he ever have leisure to think of cricket again. In the autumn, he was busy with the Round Table Conference. In speeches, he was frank and solemn. He wished, he said, to bring home to the gathering the “vital necessity of satisfying the aspirations of India if she is to continue as a contented and vigorous member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. I feel sure that only by Federation can those aspirations for the dignity and status of India, which we all of us entertain, in due time be achieved—namely, the equality of status with the sister Dominions within the Empire. But I must reiterate that no federation has ever come into being in which the federal units did not know what their rights were. . . . It is our keen desire to see that trade between England and India develops in volume and importance. An early settlement, therefore, of the Indian problem is of the utmost importance. . . . In so far as all those present at this Conference desire to remain within the British Empire as equal partners, in so far as we are all sincerely firm in our devotion to the King-Emperor, what is the obstacle in conceding India's demand? At any rate, what is to prevent a declaration of policy by the Government at this late date? One thing is certain: if those who have come to this Conference go back to India without the Parliament of Britain making it clear that the minimum constitutional demands of India will be conceded, not only will this Conference have been held in vain, but I am much afraid that

such a fiasco would strengthen beyond measure the extremist party in India."

Asked his opinion of the Conference, the Jam Saheb said: "I am optimistic, but then I am a born optimist. Human nature is never satisfied, we must remember. It always longs for something different, something better, and that is India to-day."

He wrote to the Hon. Arthur Somerset: "The R.T.C. has its ups and downs from day to day, and I don't think it is going to be the success one would wish. But it is an effort worth trying, and let's hope that goodwill and the co-operation of all interests concerned will be genuine and increasing as we go on. At the present moment there is a lack of both, and suspicion and distrust are reigning supreme. What a pity! But there it is, and we must face it. . . ."

He was again ill, this time with lumbago and bronchitis. He spent Christmas 1930 in bed at Staines, and only went downstairs on New Year's Day. The Round Table Conference was over, an even more dismal failure than he had feared. And the Jam Saheb turned his thoughts to his capital.

But on the eve of sailing, he spoke at a dinner given to the delegates at the House of Commons. He proposed the health of Mr. Lloyd George, and in reference to the Conference, said that he believed that if the personal contacts made at the Conference had been established earlier, the misunderstandings of the past would never have arisen.

As he left for the station, he was reminded that the spring would soon be in England, and that he had already passed through the worst of the winter. "But I must go back," he said. "I have not many more times to cross the ocean. I know almost to the day when I shall die, and I want to see the changes in Jamnagar."

CHAPTER XX

1930-1933. TO DELHI

THERE is no difficulty in finding significant acts and phrases to demonstrate that the Jam Saheb was preparing for the end.

He now recalled his three nephews from military service, Major Pratapsinhji from the cavalry, Major Digvijaysinhji and Colonel Himatsinhji from the infantry. The Jam Saheb had already attempted to secure the resignation of his second nephew, but Sir William Birdwood, the Commander-in-Chief in India, had refused to let him go, calling him one of the finest officers in the Indian Army.

Life in the Mess had formed a strong attraction for all the three nephews. They were reluctant to leave their service for the quieter and less eventful existence in the State. But the Jam Saheb was adamant, and he now prepared to train them for their future responsibilities. Major Pratapsinhji took command of the Lancers, Major Digvijaysinhji commanded the infantry, and Colonel Himatsinhji received the title of Commander-in-Chief of the State forces.

These, however, were only a part of their duties. The Jam Saheb wished to train them for the administrative work that would inevitably fall on their shoulders. It was a difficult task to transfer his knowledge to others, for like many great men, he retained the vital facts of most of his State affairs in his brain. He scorned to trust another with his secrets, or to put them down on paper, and at all times had been able to call upon his wonderful memory without recourse to documents.



1930. "The panther could always get him away from his desk. . . ." (The present Jam Saheb is standing, extreme right.)

(Among Rajputs especial pride is taken in feats of memory. The Jam Saheb could answer any question regarding the dates and scores of his own cricketing career to the end of his days. The Dewan Saheb, who is still working at a great age, can give lists of figures from the Administration reports of twenty years ago. But in the case of the Jam Saheb, many people credited him with supernatural powers.)

No word passed his lips regarding the certainty he felt regarding approaching death, but in many acts he seemed to be making gestures of tidying up, of collecting loose ends.

For many years past he had been in charge of young kumars from other States. They had been handed over to his keeping for the benefit of his training. He took an immense interest in the development of their characters, watched over them studiously, and in almost every case turned out a gentleman. They served as his A.D.C.'s, and learnt not only the ethics of behaviour, but a great deal of his shooting lore and his administrative ability.

The 1931 trip to India lasted only four months, however, into which time he packed a visit to the Chamber of Princes. Then again in June he was on that familiar journey back to London, had audience with the King, and continued the ceaseless preparation for the presentation of the Princes' case to Government and the Empire.

An important item in the programme of educating the public was an address he gave to a gathering of Members of Parliament of all parties at the House of Commons in July. It is difficult to imagine any other Prince being heard with such interest. The chair was taken by Mr. George Lansbury, and the seventy-five other Members present included Sir John Simon, with two other Members of the Royal Commission on India, several Members of the Round Table

Conference, and Conservatives and Labour M.P.'s of every shade of opinion.

He spoke with authority and confidence, and made a profound impression. "The Princes are in favour of Federation," he said definitely, "but they want safeguards for their States. They are absolutely opposed to the Extremist Party in the Congress and to all this talk of independence. They are determined to remain in the Empire, but at the same time they have no desire to stand in the way of India's ordered progress towards equality within the Empire."

"I suggest," continued the Jam Saheb, "that one of the causes of the present difficult situation in India was the failure to send a delegation to India after the Round Table Conference, as was promised. I think the change has given Congress the chance of making a good deal of headway, but the boycott of British goods has been a great mistake, for it has alienated sympathy in this country, and injured the innocent in Lancashire." Referring to differences among the Princes, he said that by the time the Princes arrived in London for the resumed Conference, their differences would be smoothed out, and they would have an ordered scheme for bringing the Conference to a successful conclusion.

Once more he received the congratulations of a great political leader. Mr. Lansbury said: "If we could handle our troubles in the same way that the Princes of India handle theirs, we would have no difficulty in running this country."

Much of the Jam Saheb's time was taken up with Sir Leslie Scott in striving to tune the many opinions of the Princes into one united voice. He did not spare himself, and it was often dark when eventually he reached the pleasant garden at Staines which to him represented England. The house was often full of guests, and if there were times when

he longed for peace and solitude, he roused himself always when hospitality demanded his presence.

But he could not stand the strain. Malaria attacked him now, and he sought his bed, impatient still at the refusal of his physique to withstand the demands of his brain. He looked frequently at that motto on his wall, surviving from Cambridge days: "The world is so big and my ship is so small." But he had to admit defeat during the late summer, and retired to France, taking his papers with him, for recuperation. He now wore dark glasses, and the doctors delivered the final blow by refusing to allow him to watch cricket matches. He had little time for such pleasures, but the fact of the doctors' ban was sufficient to depress him. His advisers also forbade him to spend any part of the autumn in England. Weary and a little dissatisfied at the many rebuffs he sustained when trying to unite the Princes, he sailed once more for India in November. Passing through Bombay, he spoke with Pandit Ram Krishna, son of Pandit Hareshwar, who had given up his profession of astrology. The joshi read his horoscope, and later sent him a telegram. It was a solemn warning that the astrologer had written. "One year after the celebration of your jubilee as Jam Saheb," he wrote, "Markesh is seen. . . ."¹

It was sentence of death. The telegram was found among the Jam Saheb's personal papers by his nephews.

But the envelope had not been slit open. . . .

The year 1932 marked the 25th of his reign. He asked the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, to visit the State to take part in the Silver Jubilee celebrations, but was disappointed that a heavy programme prevented such an honour. During April, however, he interrupted his ceaseless work in connection with the Princes' Chamber to perform the religious cere-

¹ "Markesh" is the symbol of death.

monies appropriate to such an occasion. In the Dwarka Puri Temple, where in 1879 he had been solemnly and secretly adopted as heir by Jam Vibhaji, he went through the long and tiring ceremonial of the sacred bath in water from the Ganges. The building rang with the chanting of the sacred Vedas. Outside, the populace waited, reverent and solemn.

In the silver chariot of State, he rode to the Palace dressed in the historic costume of a Kshatriya king, through the thousands of his subjects, preceded by Princes. Eighty thousand of the poor were fed at his expense. Every caste celebrated with a ceremonial dinner, thousands being seated in the open air and in shamianas. The Jam Saheb flung custom to the winds and visited the feasts of Untouchables, and when the headman ran to him with a garland to place at his feet, he insisted on it being put round his neck. Then he weighed himself, wearing the full armour of the founder of Nawanagar, against silver ingots, giving these to the poor. It was a page out of pageantry, a glittering and emotional reconstruction of olden days. Yet the man who was central figure of this ancient chivalry was obsessed with the most modern politics, the struggle for democracy. . . .

With the publication of the Sankey Scheme, the Princes' views on Federation became of even greater importance. The Jam Saheb telegraphed his views briefly: "I neither oppose nor accept the Sankey scheme, but I am exploring the best method of Federation compatible with the safety of the States and the sound progress of India within the Empire."

In April, there was an important meeting of the Princes in Bombay, after which he gave a further indication of his doubts on the unanimity of the Princes in regard to Federation. "There is no ground for optimism as to their entering a political adventure which most regard as dangerous," he said.

"Their demands, it is expected, will be impossible of realisation, for there is no intention of surrender. . . ."

In the Chamber of Princes and at meetings of the Standing Committee he worked without pause, though in his heart there was a growing fear, a doubt and a presentiment of evil. There had been, however, some improvement in the unanimity of the Princes, and this he described in non-committal terms when he landed in England in May 1932. "There remain many difficulties," he said, "and some problems continue to present a threat to the general agreement of the Princes. It is, however, a great advance over the position in the early part of the year, when the Princes were apprehensive and alarmed."

His mission for this short trip, the eighteenth and last, was to sound the Home Government. He was to forge a link between Princes and Government. But before very long his temporary optimism was to be dashed. It became evident that his mission was to fail through political manoeuvres in India. He received a telegram that destroyed his faith in others and resulted in doubts conquering his mind. He knew now that there could be no confidence among the Princes, no trust, no unity. Long before he left these shores for the last time, he had set his face resolutely against any proposal that the Princes should throw in their lot with the Federation Scheme.

He admitted weariness, saying that he was "played out." "I am sorry that I have failed to do more for England, for my innings has not been very successful . . ." he said.

A visit was paid to the King, and in June he paid flying visits to Liverpool and Manchester, where he spoke on trade relations. To the 1924 Club at Liverpool he referred to his grievance over the Ports, which was now being scurrilously quoted as the reason for his opposition to Federation. There

could be no truth in that suggestion. The one matter was personal, the other bound up with the very future of the Empire. "I don't wish Bombay ill," he said at Liverpool, "but we felt that Bombay's stupidity was our opportunity." At Manchester, he spoke to a crowded meeting, to which hard-headed business men had travelled many miles for the chance of hearing his views.

"Could not the business men of England and India get together, undisturbed by politicians, to see whether a policy cannot be framed to mutual advantage?" he asked. "You want to trade with us. If Great Britain could enlist the sympathies of the industrial and commercial magnates of India, I believe a great fillip could be given to British trade. I suggest that twelve representatives of Indian trade come to England and tour the big cities. We must get rid of this terrible handicap of mistrust, for there is no hostility, and the Indian merchants don't want to mix politics with business. The British have always neglected the psychology of the Indian people. The mentality of these millions is worth studying for trade. I assure you that all the Princes are sound concerning the British connection, for we are, after all, one Empire. So we must make an effort, and I ask you to bestir yourselves and come and help us. We on our side will help you, for if Bombay refuses to deal with you, we will. Your attention in the past has been too taken up with Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and Karachi. Yet we have formed a company to do nothing but British trade, and in my State we have scrapped all American trade. There are others like us. . . ."

In October, he spoke at a meeting of the Moot Club, a body connected with the Law Society. The Jam Saheb had been admitted as a student of Lincoln's Inn while at Cambridge, and had kept all his terms, though he was never

called to the Bar. The meeting was first addressed by Sir Leslie Scott, and his words, coming from one who was representing the views of the Chamber, are worthy of attention. After tracing the history of the Indian Princes, and their methods of Government, he stated that "these factors lead many eminent people to the belief that this form of autocratic kingship is more suited to the Indian temperament and circumstances than the kind of Government prevailing in British India. . . . I consider that the guiding principle must be the duty of England to protect the position of the Princes and to prevent the insidious encroachment of the British-Indian point of view in the proposed federal legislation."

The Jam Saheb spoke along the same lines. "Why have the Native States remained until to-day?" he asked. "I submit that it is because they are essentially the right system for India. . . . I consider that the important feature of Indian kingship is the personal touch afforded by every man's right of access to his monarch, who is regarded rather as a senior citizen than as an overlord. . . ."

He told an unusual story. A Brahmin was advocating the dismissal of the English and the setting up of an all-Indian Government. On being asked who was going to provide the military protection, he replied: "Fancy you, a Rajput, asking me that! Why, you will fight while we rule!"

"I was brought up among the English," concluded the Jam Saheb, "and have a great affection for them, but I am an Indian at heart, and would not hesitate to advocate the withdrawal of the English from India if I thought it wise. I do not think so, however, and I hope that the firm partnership between the King-Emperor and the Princes will continue indefinitely."

The speech rang with a sentiment not unlike his former expressions of opinion on the Indian Civil Service. He had

always regretted the lack of the personal human touch in that highly efficient machine. He himself had been under-rated by its omniscient officials. The grandmotherly leading strings that they sought to attach to him were insulting, and he considered that it was a poor compliment to England's own efforts, during a century of education and enlightenment, that the same treatment should be meted out to the modern Princes as had distinguished the dealings with leaders and rulers of the eighteenth century. The treaties first made in many instances bore the signatures or seals of Princes who did not pass down the years as great intellectuals or humanitarians, but the same primitive manner of treatment has continued.

The greater part of the last year of his life was spent in the tireless study of these problems. He himself estimated that he had devoted 700 hours to the Federal scheme. It will never be known how much time and labour he devoted to the Chamber of Princes, incurring enormous expenses in furthering the cause. Many visits to Delhi, England, and most of the States of India meant not only large sums in travelling expenses, but increased social obligations. Hospitality had to be repaid, but he never grudged a rupee of that expenditure.

"I feel very tired and stale," he said just before leaving England. "I have been put to a severe strain, for six months in three successive years. All this summer I have been working single-handed, as none of the Princes came Home to help me. However, God's Will be done, and everything works out for the best as a rule."

He left London on Christmas Eve, and the Press photographers who took pictures of him, with Popsey beside him, in his carriage at Victoria, provided a sad surprise for the public who remembered the great "Ranji." He was old and bowed. He was slumped in his seat, though there was a

glimpse of the old benevolence in his face. Never before had his carriage been invaded by so many photographers. He had invariably managed to evade the Press when he made his exodus from London. This time, he seemed to wish that an opportunity should be given for the public to see a picture of their old favourite.

"The Jam Saheb of Nawanagar," ran the captions in every London paper . . . "better known as 'Ranji.'"

There was something ironic in the necessity for the explanation.

When the train halted in Paris, the Jam Saheb's carriage was approached by an elderly Indian. Given leave to enter, he was asked his business. He related that he was a friend of Lakhooba, son of that Kaloobha who had been Jam Vibhaji's first unhappy selection as an heir. Lakhooba, though not a true Rajput, had come forward at Jam Jassaji's death as a claimant to the Gadi. He was in receipt of a pension from the State as the son of Kaloobha, but had never done anything to further the interests of the Jam Saheb. He had employed unscrupulous methods to enlist sympathy in his cause, and at one time had been a dangerous rival to the true heir.

The stranger told the Jam Saheb that Lakhooba was now ill, and short of funds. The Jam Saheb had never yet been able to hear without emotion a tale of distress. Nor could he now. He wrote a cheque for £1,000 in his saloon, and instructed the man to apply for more if necessary.

During the voyage, England was being alternatively exhilarated and depressed by reports of the Test Matches in Australia, by rumours of bitter disagreements over the "leg theory," and by the inflammatory messages of cricket writers. The Jam Saheb's opinions were eagerly sought, and almost daily he cabled from the ship a few hundred words of comment to two London newspapers, based on the news he

received by radio. Judging by that meagre daily report, he had the whole position at the end of each day clearly before him, and contributed frank and outspoken criticisms.

In England, he had laughed when he read one day that Hobbs (to whom he had given a cigarette case inscribed "From a Humble Student of the Game") had complained about short and bumping bowling. Now he dealt with "leg theory." "As I see the position," he cabled, "Jardine has no call to deviate from the tactics employed so far. I suggest, however, for the sake of history, the governors of cricket require the fullest evidence to be obtained from a series of five tests. It is up to Jardine to supply that evidence. Personally I don't believe that things are so dangerous as they are made out to be. McCabe, Bradman, and Woodfull all proved that Larwood is not so dangerous. Therefore I say that Jardine will err if he does not captain as he has been doing. What is most important is the game of cricket. Let the world of cricket see for itself whether the absence of the alleged intimidation really does make any difference to the run-getting ability of a side of experienced batsmen. . . ."

This, his last utterance on cricket, contained the spirit and the very phrase that he had been trying to teach, both by word and in play, all his life. "What is most important is the game of cricket . . ." It was a reminder, romantically flashed through the ether from the middle of an Eastern sea, from the East's most glamorous figure in the English game. The reminder was needed.

During the summer, he had talked to Mr. Hunt, who was twenty-six years his senior.

"I shall die next year," he said briefly.

"Nonsense, Jam Saheb," said the solicitor (who was eighty-six and but recently recovered from double pneumonia), "you have many more years to live!"

It was illustrative of the power of the Jam Saheb over his friends, that after his death Mr. Hunt continued, into his eighty-seventh year, to supervise the affairs of the State in England.

Not for very long did he stay in his capital, and in those short weeks, there was evidence enough for those who listened at night to know that he was by no means so well as he boasted. For the Palace echoed, and when the Jam Saheb lay awake into the small hours, his staff could hear the drone of the story tellers, sometimes till the dawn, when the curtains were drawn from the cages outside his room, and the canaries began their songs.

There was a great deal on his mind. At times he did not hesitate to hint at his thoughts.

"I shall be a free man in March!" he said, referring to the end of his duties as Chancellor of the Princes' Chamber.

There were indications, too, of the tremendous responsibility he felt at coming to a new decision. When, for instance, he entertained the young Maharaja of Jaipur, his nephew by marriage, who was on the eve of departure for England, he spoke memorable words which might have been taken as a forecast of the next few months. He summed up his fears and his hopes in a way that he had never done before. It was as if he were taking yet another opportunity of passing on his philosophy to a new generation, relinquishing a mantle.

"We Princes whose generation is passing," he said, "look to the generation of Your Highness to carry on those traditions of Indian Kingship which in the past have done so much for our people. Your State in itself provides a complete answer to those who say that Indian Kingship has no worthy achievements to its credit. The Princes of my time have striven to keep alive the torch passed into our hands by our great ancestors. We too have laboured for our people, we too

have found in their welfare our own prosperity, in their contentment our greatest reward. Your difficulties may be greater than ours, for the wave of unthinking democratic sentiment, from which Europe has so long suffered, seems now to be bearing upon India at the very moment when it is discredited by the critics from which it drew its origin. Your rule will be tested by comparison with the rule of democracy in British India, and by the results of that test not only you, but the very principles of Indian Kingship, will be tried. . . .”

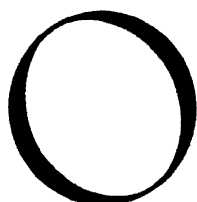
February passed, and he made preparations for the journey to Delhi for the annual meeting of the Chamber of Princes, and his farewell speech as Chancellor.

“Soon I shall be free!” he repeated.

Eleven months had gone of the year allotted to him by Ram Krishna.

CHAPTER XXI

1933. "I CANNOT EVADE MY DUTY"

N leaving Jamnagar for Delhi, the Jam Saheb gave an indication of the strain under which he was labouring. He had already made up his mind. He foresaw that the next few days would be memorable.

Answering an inquiry about his health, he said: "Physically I am well, but mentally I feel washed out. And I know that I am going to make myself one of the most disliked men in the whole of India."

In Delhi, he occupied Sangam Castle, in the Old City, in contrast to the seventy Princes who were occupying, many for the first time, their residences in New Delhi.¹ The crimson and gold of Bikaner showed above that luxurious palace; the blue and white and yellow flags of Bahawalpur, the multi-coloured standard of Jodhpur . . . these and many others combined under a brilliant sun to provide magnificent displays for the imminent rupture of the Chamber of Princes.

The Viceroy returned after the installation of the Maharaja of Jaipur. The first few days passed in formalities, and there was no hint yet of the drama that was to come. Conferences, banquets, "informal conversations," an unveiling, Viceroyal receptions . . . a glittering background against which in a few days' time there was to be sudden and tragic relief.

But as the days went by, there was apparent an under-

¹ Obeying the wish of His Majesty that all the Princes should possess houses in the new capital, the Jam Saheb instructed Sir Edwin Lutyens to prepare plans for a palace in the "King's Way."

current of doubt and dismay. The tension mounted, and those private conversations between the great rulers of India became more electric and more vital. The Jam Saheb's opinion of the unanimity of the Princes was being justified in melancholy fashion. It was evident that the Princes were divided on the fundamental principles of Federation.

Their much-vaunted agreement was now obviously a matter for ridicule. The atmosphere was never revealed in the Chamber, for the semi-public deliberations of that body were conducted in a spirit of too much decorum for real feelings to come to light. But matters were coming to a head; tempers, it may be said, were rising; the Jam Saheb realised that very soon there would be an open breach, a rift wider than had ever been envisaged.

It was not till March 25th that the storm broke. And it was the Jam Saheb who provided the lightning. Deliberately and with a full consciousness of what he was doing, he chose the most conspicuous moment for a frank revelation of his views. The newspapers employed the words "bombshell" and "sensation," but the speech which ripped the temple veil of the Chamber of Princes was in reality only a natural sequence to arguments which he had held for many years.

At the moment, it is impossible to print the whole truth behind that speech. We are too close to that moment, and it is not yet possible to judge it in its proper perspective. The true facts may be given at some future date when personal feelings are forgotten. This much is certain; that during a certain half-hour on March 25th, the Jam Saheb sustained a blow to his trust in human nature that hastened his death. One does not readily say that the actions of friends resulted in the breaking of a man's spirit, but the facts are indisputable that that day there was implanted in the heart of the Jam Saheb a bitterness and a sorrow that had never been there before.

The occasion was the presentation of the report of the Indian States Delegation to the Round Table Conference. The Jam Saheb rose from the ranks of the Princes in a full session, the Maharajas of Patiala and Bikaner on either side. His words were memorable. They revealed the fears that he held for the future. He was looking down the years, and with his renowned far-sightedness, was seeing the end of kingship, the doom of monarchy, the beginning of anarchy and nation-wide strife.

His speech had been carefully prepared and printed. He had spent many hours in revising its contents, and in the copy which he held in his hand there were several corrections and additions in ink, where he had sought to soften the harsh meaning of his words. One long passage, one of the strongest points in the address, was marked "omit."

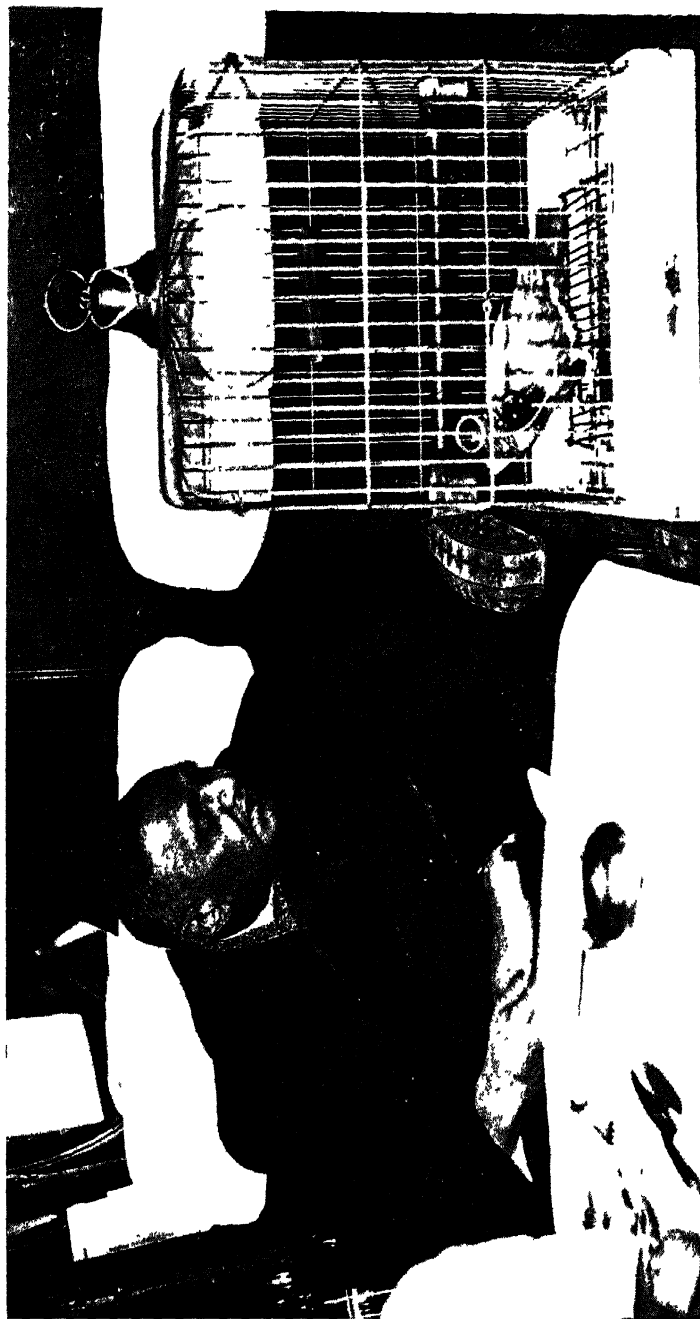
"I started on my work with a strong predisposition in favour of Federation," said the Jam Saheb. "The Federal form of government seems at first well suited to India. But it soon became plain to me that the form of Federation which His Majesty's Government have in mind for India will differ from all modern Federations. . . . For my own part, I feel that it is very unfortunate that the realisation of British Indian political ambitions should have been made contingent upon the acceptance of a particular type of Federation by the Indian States. I do not see that there is any logical connection between the two matters. I have nothing but the friendliest and most brotherly sentiments for British India, and I hope she will attain her aspirations, but I hope she will do this without involving the States in her own troubles. . . ."

Dealing with the fear of "encroachment" on the States by British India, the Jam Saheb said that there was no provision in the Federal Constitution which would effectively protect the States. The Federal Court could not protect them against

the day-to-day policy, democratic in inspiration, of an administration and a legislature in which they would be in a minority. Lord Willingdon would not occupy his office for ever. They had to look ahead. Was the future Viceroy likely to resist effectively, even if he were able to resist at all, democratic pressure from the rest of India? Indeed, after the lapse of a very few years, would any Viceroy be able to help them, even if he wanted to? Point was lent to these apprehensions by their own past experience.

He continued: "We, the States, have suffered from the application to ourselves of policies designed primarily in the interests of British India, and we have suffered economically and politically. What must we expect when the Crown parts with an effective portion of its powers in favour of British India? The experience of the world seems conclusive on this point. . . ."

After quoting from a letter in the *Manchester Guardian*, written by Dr. Berriedale Keith, the expert on Constitutional Law, the Jam Saheb commented: "These are strong words, and I confess that they cause me profound disquiet; for they coincide with certain apprehensions arising from my own small studies as to the difficulty of the Crown retaining in the future any effective sovereignty in India. . . . If this assumption is threatened, then our *sine qua nons* and safeguards are valueless, and fall to the ground. How indeed can we seriously consider any scheme which is open to such grave objection? . . . It seems to me that the tendencies likely to be set in motion by the proposed Constitution are such as to expose Indian kingship to severe and unfair attack. The ideals and institutions of our States must not be placed in a position in which they have no reasonable prospect of survival. It seems to me inevitable that the principle of monarchy will from the first be prejudiced; its upholders will be placed at an



1932. Last journey. The Jam Saheb leaves for India with Popsey.

unfair disadvantage; and the centralising tendencies to which all Federations inevitably give rise will so operate as to increase the power of the Centre, at the expense of the States, with their monarchical policy. For myself, I cannot help feeling that the constitution as it has emerged from the White Paper will inevitably so work as to destroy, at least in its effective form, the very principle of Indian kingship. . . ."

There was an interruption. The Viceroy spoke from the Presidential Chair.

"You are getting away from the point," he said. "The Jam Saheb's personal views about the terrible dangers of Federation do not arise on the report of the States delegation. . . ."

"If Your Excellency thinks I am not doing the right thing, I will not proceed," said the Jam Saheb. "I accept Your Excellency's ruling. . . ."

He sat down. With a gesture, he thrust away from him the papers on his desk, the remainder of the speech.

He did not fight. He seemed to grow older in that moment. He was not listening when resolutions of thanks were passed to him for his services as Chancellor, and he seemed to take little interest when other speeches followed, some of them frankly in opposition to his views. The Maharaja of Bikaner asked: "What constitution was it that brought down the mighty Tsar of Russia? Are not democratic influences from British India already influencing the States?"

But the Jam Saheb made no reply. He was still looking down the years, trying to read the figures on the milestones of the future. It was one of his greatest friends who had told him, for the edification of the whole of India, that his fears were of no interest. But more than that, he mourned for the humanity of friends who had stabbed him in the back. Those whom he had helped, sometimes at the expense of his own State, had turned on him. He knew that, and his notorious

belief in the goodness of humanity was torpedoed and wrecked. He felt himself the victim of treachery, and he could never understand that sometimes men are lacking in gratitude.

Before him on the table lay the remainder of the speech, in which there were contained phrases that showed the solemnity with which he was delivering these sentiments. They first saw publicity in the *Morning Post* on the eve of the meeting of the Central Council of the Conservative Party, three months later. In those pages, he had demanded the right of impartial inquiry in any case between a Prince and the Paramount Power. He had pleaded for the establishment of the rights of the States "upon something more solid than the shifting sands of political convenience." Once more, he had insisted on the claim for "distinct rights, distinct duties, and distinct obligations." "The cold logic of the situation has convinced me that the present scheme is dangerous alike to the States and to the British connection," he had written. "At this juncture we have to think, not of ourselves, but of future generations of Viceroys, of future generations of Princes, and perhaps, above all, of the future of the British connection."

He was animated, he wrote, by the simple instinct of self-preservation. He wished British India good luck, but its problems were not their problems, and no good would come of trying to confuse the two. "We find that the safeguards upon which we have endeavoured to insist, pitiful as they are, have been denied to us; that our claims, alone among minority claims, have been subjected to ridicule. We have been told that we are over-expensive partners; that British India will never consent to become an appendage of the States. Your Excellency, I for one should be the last to thrust myself where I am not wanted, I prefer to remain as I am, and to take my chance either of surviving or of perishing honourably. . . ."

Reading over these words, he had taken his pen and written in the margin that which was in his heart. Here, in words which were lost to the world, he added his innermost feelings. He wrote: "If in these words I appear to have said anything contrary to the personal advice which you, Your Excellency, have given us, I am more than sorry. But I have no choice in the matter. My sense of duty urges me to place my apprehensions fully before you. I am not against Federation as Federation, I want Federation for the States only if they can join with safety, complete safety.

"I have made this statement with a full sense of my responsibility. My term of office expires within a few hours, and this frank estimate of the present crisis will be almost the last duty I shall be called upon as Chancellor to render to my Emperor, my country, and my Order. In this grave and decorous assemblage, where controversy rarely finds utterance, I should, had I been free to follow my own inclinations, have spoken merely smooth words. For I am of an age when my natural disposition in favour of peace has been powerfully reinforced by advancing years and impaired health. But I cannot evade my duty, even if I have to suffer the pain and grief of venturing to express a different opinion from His Excellency, whom I hold in high esteem and affection. . . . I have spoken as my conscience and not as my interests dictate. I earnestly pray that the Divine Wisdom will guide us all in the momentous choice which it is now the responsibility, as well as the right, of everyone here to exercise. May God so will it in his Divine Wisdom as to enable us to decide to take the course which will bring prosperity to the people of my country, honour and glory to India and the Empire."¹

¹ The speech was reprinted in pamphlet form, and is used extensively by the India Defence League.

The *Morning Post*, in a leading article headed: "I cannot evade my duty," urged these unspoken words home upon the people of England. "They were prohibited in India . . . no doubt in the interests of her constitutional liberties," commented the article, "but this, we hope, is still a free country. May we hope of Englishmen, who are also of a ruling race, that they also will not evade their duty?"

But the Chamber of Princes, after electing the Maharaja of Patiala as the next Chancellor, adjourned *sine die*. On the surface, there might not have been evident any signs of the upheaval. The Maharajas of Kashmir, Jaipur, and Bhopal left Delhi immediately, with frank gestures of finality. "Our head is gone," said one of them. The Maharaja of Udaipur telegraphed to the same effect. The Chamber of Princes was split from top to bottom.

The *Morning Post* a week later contained the following :

*"He tried to warn us as a friend, and when a hearing was denied,
Then in our madness, seeing our end, his heart broke, and he died."*

During that afternoon, the Jam Saheb was summoned by the Viceroy. It is known that on personal grounds, their conversation at the Viceroy's House smoothed over every difficulty. Such friendship as they had enjoyed could not be affected by a divergence of political views. Coming away from the meeting, the Jam Saheb said: "I am satisfied. It is all right."

He dined in his saloon that night. To his friends, he seemed gay and unaffected. But it was an effort to conceal his sorrow. He had been wounded in spirit, and he could not fight against the feeling of defeat and despair. The newspapers were full of the "fight." But there had been no fight. He might have revelled in a stand-up political squabble. There had

been no "sparks," as the vernacular Press asserted, for there had been no collision or conflict from which sparks might have flown.

On the only occasion the Jam Saheb spoke about it, he said: "I accepted His Excellency's dictum." There was the revelation of the depth of his sorrow, which filled his heart more than anger. Many were deceived by his attitude, and protested that he was little changed. But even the servants noticed, on his return to Jamnagar, that something was wrong. He played bridge in the train, but it was a brave effort, and hardly successful.

When he arrived back on the morning of the 27th, he was met at the station by Digvijaysinhji, who had travelled back from the country especially to meet him.

"The very man I wanted to see," said the Jam Saheb, and proposed immediately a trip round the city. His words were significant, and throughout the whole of the day, his conversation, now remembered in every detail, had a tragic meaning.

"Let us go through our Jamnagar for the last time," he said. But Digvijaysinhji thought he was referring to his forthcoming departure for England. The Dewan Saheb had already left, to prepare the Staines house for him. Clothes were packed, and all preparations had been made. But his phrases were ambiguous, and when he was asked what he meant, he only answered with a smile.

As they drove round the city, he gave final instructions. He told his nephew to build a new market here, a bank there. "Build six new roads," he said, "but don't tarmac the Palace roads until the last."

He impressed upon Digvijaysinhji the importance of the sites. "I have given the problem a lot of thought," he said. "And I don't want you to change them."

They drove to Bedi, past Rozi Island, the paradise of small game, past Cambridge Gardens, reminiscent of youth, past the stables, past Pratap Villas, rearing white and beautiful in the sunlight, its eighty suites of rooms now ready for the first guests. Sitting in the car at Bedi, he gave final instructions. He outlined his plans for a new "tongue" in the port, and for a new timber yard.

"Don't leave things unfinished," he said, "carry them on to completion straight away, and don't imagine you will save money by waiting." It was as if he knew that he would not have another chance of passing on his wishes, as if he were handing over his work at that moment.

Returning, they spoke about a house for Digvijaysinhji. "You can build it near the lake if you like," he said, "but it will not be necessary for you to have any more houses. . . ." He waved a hand at the Jam Palace. "There is your abode," he said. "I want you to live there. Don't build any more houses, and don't live anywhere else."

He seemed now to be talking generally about his visit to England. But then he made a curious remark. "But I have not been able to do anything for your brothers," he said. "So give them houses when you can."

It was noted that he did not command Digvijaysinhji to live in the Jam Palace. Rather, he pleaded with him. It was as if he had already handed over control.

He visited his sister in the zenana for half an hour and then returned to the Palace. His English A.D.C. remarked that he looked ill. Speaking about his Delhi visit, he said: "I have done my best. I can't do more. I have had other interests than Jamnagar, which I thought to be greater. But in future I will look after my State. These other interests have come between me and my State for too long."

After lunch, he went to rest. This was unusual, and there

were many among his staff who noticed his queer pre-occupation, his moments of inattention. By a great effort, he came down to dinner. It was obvious that he was feeling the strain. For long periods he was silent, staring ahead, and it was with an effort that he took part in the general conversation.

When he went upstairs to bed, it was for the last time.

Digvijaysinhji went to Bombay at his express wish, to say farewell to the young Maharaja of Jaipur, who was sailing for Europe. The Jam Saheb's illness caused little perturbation, for there had been many times in recent years when he had been confined to his bed.

For five days he lay there. He talked hopefully of the future. But on the evening of April 1st, it was evident that he was sinking. Digvijaysinhji was sent for from Bombay. At midnight, he greeted his other nephews. When Pratap, the eldest, came to him, he took him into his arms, as if finally.

At three o'clock in the morning his heart showed signs of collapse. He died at five on the morning of April 2nd, precisely twelve months after the celebration of his jubilee. Ram Krishna's telegram was among the first papers to be examined.

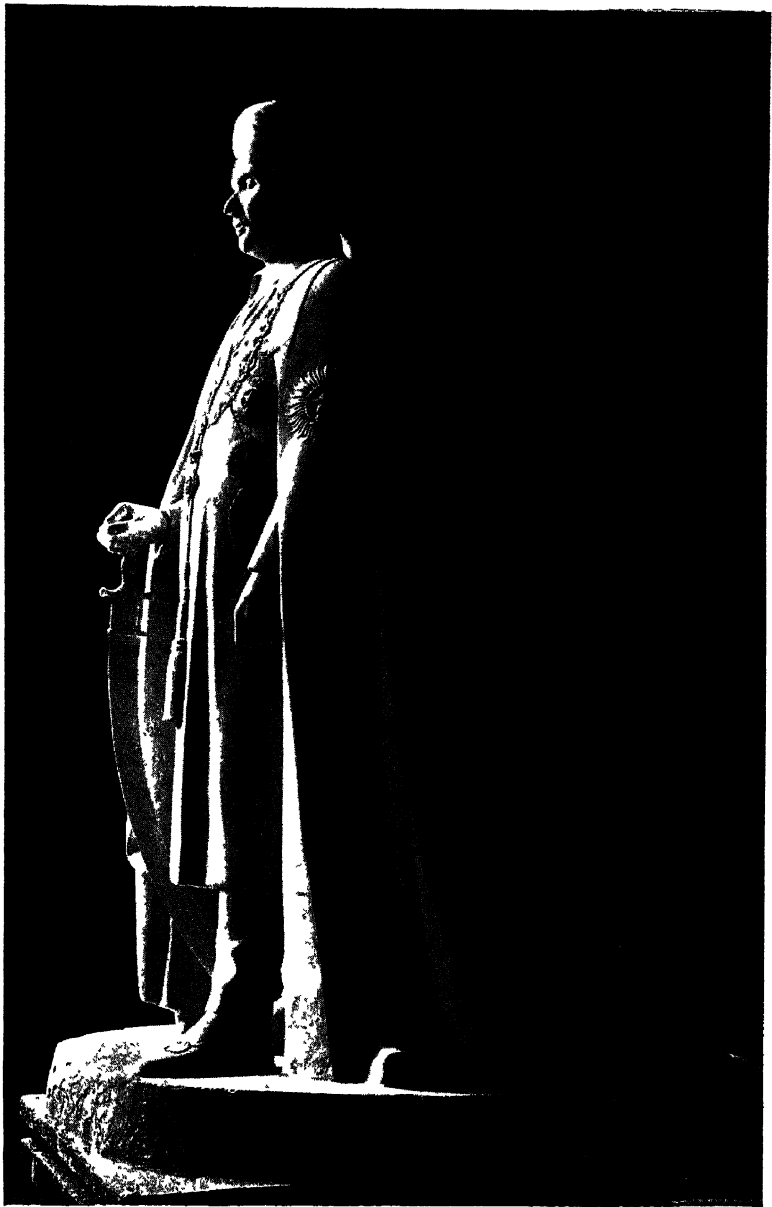
CHAPTER XXII

1933. APRIL 2

THE Hindu customs decree that no time be lost before the flames are set to the body. The great Princes of India who wished to pay their respects were unable to be present at the funeral rites, though they hurried to Jamnagar at the first possible moment. They were accommodated with their staffs in Pratap Villas. Thus, the great building which raised white pinnacles and turrets to the clear skies, had for its first guests the mourners of the man who had created it.

The news had travelled far and wide, and already there was a company of thousands outside the Palace gates. A telegram had been sent to Digvijaysinhji on the train, and at dawn he had secured an aeroplane from Ahmedabad and was due to arrive at ten o'clock. When he flew over the city, he saw the streets packed with people, their shops shut, men, women, and children in mourning white, awaiting the last procession.

The immediate relatives made their last obeisances, and when the servants had cleared the drawing-room of furniture, the remains were carried downstairs, there to lie in state. First, the body was washed in holy water, and fine gold robes were drawn on. Privileged friends now paraded round the room, each pressing his head against the feet of the beloved ruler. A coconut lay at his head, symbol of reverence, and as each man passed, he placed a strip of rich cloth on the body. Bought hurriedly in the bazaar, these were of gold and silver



1933. "He stands with his back to the city which he re-created, as if speaking to his people. . . ."

and scarlet, yellow and green; they shimmered in that bright, marble-floored room, and the colours intermingled, the *motif* changing with the swiftness of a Kathiawar sunset. The fine robes that covered the body were lost to view, under a mound already a foot deep.

By eleven o'clock the ceremonies at the Palace were over. From the Palace to the burning ghat, four miles away, there stretched a multitude of white-clad and weeping people. The city lay in unearthly silence. The men and women whose puggarees and saris are usually so gay, whose feet slide over the ground in red and gold slippers, now prostrated themselves in mourning white. It was a dead city, without a house or a shop occupied, and through the centre there lay this white and motionless ribbon. For six months after that date, the places of entertainment still refused to open.

The journey began. The three nephews and their father, Kumar Shri Juwansinhji, were barefoot. They passed over a white road on blistering feet, bearing a burden the weight of which was doubled by the rich clothes. But at the Palace gate, the new ruler gave up his place, and walked back to the Palace alone. He had come by air, but it was a thousand-year-old custom that he now observed. For legend relates that on one day of mourning in Cutch, the new ruler had accompanied his father to the burning ghat, and returned to find his younger brother on the throne and in control of the fort.

Stopping frequently for a change of bearers, they arrived in the heat of the day at the ghat. Sandalwood had been prepared, but the people had ransacked their houses to add to the supply. They would not consider any other fuel but that which was Royal, and tore splinters of the precious and sweet-smelling wood from ornaments and furniture, throwing it on the pile.

Now the eldest nephew, Raj Kumar Pratapsinhji, was bathed and his head shaven. A sprinkling of Ganges water on the body, and he lit the fire at the feet, and watched until the sunset, when he returned to the Palace.

Once more during the next day he made the long pilgrimage to the burning ghat. Now he searched the ashes for the bones, and when he had satisfied himself that none remained, consulted the joshis, and five months later, on the date chosen by their joint deliberations, travelled a thousand miles to the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, near Allahabad. Under the shadow of Akbar's Fort, the two rivers meet in a broad delta, making one of the holiest territories in all India. Once a year, a great company of pilgrims bathe in the waters, and the sands are crowded with the camps of the sadhus and fakirs, tribes and castes who have travelled from the remote corners of the continent to gain hope of everlasting life from the laving of the waters. The remains of Hindus who have been cremated are brought to Allahabad from all over India, and are there cast over the waters, this being the last rite in a ceremony that has remained unchanged through the centuries.

Pratapsinhji walked over the vast sandy plain, the urn in his hands. This was the last journey, the final stage in the long voyage that had passed through so many phases of life; Sarodar, and the courts and palaces of great Princes; Cambridge days, and Parker's Piece, Lord's, and Sussex and Shillinglee Park and a Yorkshire village green; the riot and excitement of a Sydney Test Match, long and pain-racked nights of wakefulness; the idolising of a great public, then triumph; war, and the weary months of waiting, when "fishing was so useful . . ."; politics, anxious days in Geneva and London, Simla and Jamnagar; at the last, worry, loneliness, a sense of frustration.

1933

APRIL 2

And now the Ganges. Pratapsinhji walked into the waters till the twin rivers swirled over his head, and scattered the ashes. He was weak and worn out. A boat took him back to the frowning battlement of the fort.

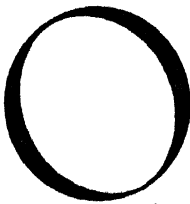
FINIS

JAMNAGAR, 1934.

One year after his death, the Jam Saheb's bedroom is still preserved as a shrine, following the Rajput custom. The measure of his advance on his ancestors can be gauged by these surroundings, for whereas in the old City Palace the rulers' photographs are garlanded in white-washed, plain cubicles, here is seen Western modernity at its best. Papers litter the room, as the Jam Saheb left them. His luggage is still unpacked after the last Delhi visit. He had just torn the wrapping of a bale of new puggarees. His handkerchief and cigarette case lie ready for the next day. The day's paper is already opened—April 2nd, 1933. A new puggaree had already been wound.

Arab guards keep watch night and day over the garlanded picture on the bed. The visitor takes his shoes off on entry, for this room is now a place of prayer. In the Palace circles and throughout the State, Jam Ranjitsinhji is credited with a power that is not of this world.

APPENDIX

BITUARY notices of the Jam Saheb's career appeared in newspapers all over the world. In many cases, the next column was occupied by the obituary of Lord Chelmsford, former Viceroy of India. Also in the same month there died Lionel Charles Palairet, another stylist on the cricket field, and the Jam Saheb's old friend Sir Arthur Priestley.

EXTRACTS FROM OBITUARY NOTICES

The Times.—"Though he could be ruthless in the pursuit of his aims and was uncannily adroit, he was one of the most likeable of men. He was wholly free from stiffness or self-importance, though he knew the value on occasion of ceremonial. In Nawanagar he was the approachable 'father' of his people, far-sighted in his plans for development. . . . A controversy with the Government of India regarding Customs dues collected at the Kathiawar State ports undoubtedly coloured his more recent attitude on Federation. . . ."

On the following day, Sir Leslie Scott, K.C., wrote as follows: "It is true that the Jam Saheb has had a controversy with the Government of India . . . but it is not true that that 'controversy undoubtedly coloured his more recent attitude towards Federation.' I know that it did not. In justice to the man I revered, I cannot say less. The other point is, I suspect, a mere matter of words. You say 'he could be uncannily adroit.' If you merely mean to pay a tribute of

admiration such as a rather blundering person (like myself) would spontaneously pay to an able diplomat or a good negotiator, the tribute is well-deserved; but if it means what some may read it as meaning, I say I never knew a man who was straighter than the Jam Saheb. . . .”

The *Morning Post*.—“East and West met in him. What a glorious innings his life has been! In the present crisis in the fortunes of India the loss of his statesmanship first of all will be lamented.”

The *Daily Mail*.—“We can ill spare Ranji. He returned to Britain at the call of the Empire in the hour of its need, while in his own land he set an example which is typical of Indian Princes.”

The *News-Chronicle*.—“The generosity he showed in the field only equalled his munificent charity which distinguished him as an Indian Prince.”

The *Daily Herald*.—“He was as great a sportsman and a fine friend as he was a famous cricketer.”

The *Daily Mirror*.—“He was a good cricketer in the fullest sense of the expression.”

The *Daily Express*.—“Cricket crowds in England will lose their idol, and the people of his own land will mourn a splendid chieftain.”

The *Daily Sketch*.—“He will be mourned as the greatest cricketer India has ever produced, and as a grand example of his countrymen.”

The *Times of India*.—“He was the first Indian who touched the imagination of the British people as a whole, and for that reason it may be said of him that few men did more to bring about a sympathetic understanding between East and West.”

Lord Willingdon, the Viceroy, said: “It is a terrible shock to me to hear of the death of my oldest Indian friend.” Sir

Stanley Jackson: "I always admired his batting, and only wish to see more of his type to-day."

Mr. H. J. Henley, in the *Daily Mail*.—"Ranji was much more than a batsman. That electric quickness which served him so well at the wicket was equally valuable to him as a fieldsmen. Altogether Ranji was unique. No lesser word applies."

Mr. Sydney J. Southerton, Editor of *Wisden*, in the *Daily Telegraph*.—"I should hazard a guess that had Ranji been playing to-day, nothing of the sort (the 'leg-theory' controversy) would have happened, for he, with his immaculate skill, almost invariably devised means of penetrating the ring of leg-side fieldsmen. But he was a master."

Mr. G. L. Jessop, in the *Daily Mail*.—"Ranji was the most brilliant figure in what, I believe, was cricket's most brilliant period. It was during the 'nineties that cricket reached its pinnacle as a national game and as a synonym of good sportsmanship. Ranji was one of the men who helped to put it there. . . . But behind all the superb brilliance of his technique and the glamour of his personality, were supreme gifts of character. He was a perfect sportsman."

"Cricketer," in the *Manchester Guardian*.—"Modern lovers of the game, jealous of their own heroes, will no doubt tell us that Ranji, like all other masters, was a creation of our fancy in a world old-fashioned and young. We who saw him will keep silence as the sceptics commit their blasphemy. We have seen what we have seen. We can feel the spell yet. . . .

"We can go back in our minds to hot days in an England of forgotten peace and plenty, days when Ranji did not so much bat for us as enchant us, bowlers and all, in a way all his own, so that when at last he got out we were as the suddenly awakened from a dream. It was more than a cricketer and more than a game that did it for us.

APPENDIX

“When he batted, a strange light was seen for the first time on English fields, a light out of the East. This visitation of supple dusky legerdemain. . . . Before, the favour of cricket everywhere was John Bull’s. Then, the bowlers stood transfixed, possibly they crossed themselves.”

Sir Stanley Jackson contributed a special appreciation of the Jam Saheb to the 1934 edition of *Wisden’s Almanack*.—“I had the pleasure of his close friendship,” he wrote, “and many indications of a confidence and goodwill which in later years I realised was but a natural return of a high-caste Indian gentleman for what he regarded as some special act of friendship or service. . . . Ranjitsinhji had a passion for cricket, and was determined to excel. He had that confidence in himself which springs from natural ability. . . . He quickly became a favourite with the public, a position he gained not only by his skill as a cricketer but in no small degree through a personality made additionally attractive by a modest demeanour and invariable courtesy which is a natural attribute of a Rajput. . . . Ranji played the game as all would wish to see it played. Perhaps he was fortunate to have played at a time when many have declared cricket in this country was at its best. ‘When I have finished,’ he once said, ‘I hope I may be remembered not only for the success it has been my fortune to enjoy as a player, but rather as one who tried his best to popularise the game for the game’s sake.’”¹

The following are the Jam Saheb’s seventy-two centuries in first-class cricket :

1895	150	Sussex v. M.C.C. at Lord’s.
	137*	Sussex v. Oxford University, at Brighton.
	110	Sussex v. Middlesex, at Lord’s.
	100	Sussex v. Notts, at Brighton.
1896	171*	Sussex v. Oxford University, at Brighton.
	165	Sussex v. Lancashire, at Brighton.

¹ Reprinted by courtesy of the Editor of *Wisden’s Almanack*.

RANJITSINHJI

1896	154*	England v. Australia, at Manchester.
(cont.)	146	M.C.C. v. Cambridge University, at Cambridge.
	138	Sussex v. Yorkshire, at Bradford.
	125*	} Sussex v. Yorkshire, at Brighton.
	180	
	114*	Sussex v. Gloucestershire, at Brighton.
	107	Sussex v. Somerset, at Brighton.
	100*	Sussex v. Notts, at Brighton.
1897	260	Sussex v. M.C.C., at Lord's.
	170	Sussex v. Essex, at Brighton.
	157	M.C.C. v. Lancashire, at Lord's.
	149	Sussex v. Hampshire, at Brighton.
	129*	Sussex v. Middlesex, at Eastbourne.
1897-98	189	England v. South Australia, at Adelaide.
(in Aus.)	175	England v. Australia, at Sydney.
	112*	England v. New South Wales, at Sydney.
1899	197	Sussex v. Surrey, at the Oval.
	178	Sussex v. Notts, at Brighton.
	161	Sussex v. Essex, at Brighton.
	154	Sussex v. Gloucestershire, at Bristol.
	120	Sussex v. Middlesex, at Lord's.
	107	Sussex v. Cambridge University, at Eastbourne.
	102	Sussex v. Lancashire, at Brighton.
1900	275	Sussex v. Leicestershire, at Leicester.
	222	Sussex v. Somerset, at Brighton.
	220	Sussex v. Kent, at Brighton.
	215*	Sussex v. Cambridge University, at Cambridge.
	202	Sussex v. Middlesex, at Brighton.
	192*	Sussex v. Kent, at Tonbridge.
	158	Sussex v. Notts, at Nottingham.
	158	A. J. Webbe's XI. v. Cambridge University, at Cambridge.
	127	Sussex v. Gloucestershire, at Brighton.
	109	Sussex v. Gloucestershire, at Bristol.
	103	Sussex v. Surrey, at Brighton.
1901	285*	Sussex v. Somerset, at Taunton.
	219	Sussex v. Essex, at Brighton.
	204	Sussex v. Lancashire, at Brighton.
	170*	Sussex v. Lancashire, at Manchester.
	139	Sussex v. Worcestershire, at Worcestershire.
	133	Sussex v. Somerset, at Brighton.
	115	England v. Yorkshire, at Hastings.
	100*	Sussex v. Surrey, at Brighton.
1902	234*	Sussex v. Surrey, at Hastings.
	230	Sussex v. Essex, at Leyton.
	135	Sussex v. Surrey, at the Oval.
1903	204	Sussex v. Surrey, at the Oval.

APPENDIX

1903	162*	Sussex v. Gloucestershire, at Brighton.
(cont.)	144*	Sussex v. Lancashire, at Brighton.
	132	London County v. M.C.C., at Crystal Palace.
	105	Sussex v. Lancashire, at Brighton.
1904	207*	Sussex v. Lancashire, at Brighton.
	178*	Sussex v. South Africa, at Brighton.
	166*	M.C.C. v. Cambridge University, at Lord's.
	152	Sussex v. Surrey, at Brighton.
	148	Sussex v. Yorkshire, at Sheffield.
	142	M.C.C. v. Oxford University, at Lord's.
	135	Sussex v. Kent, at Tunbridge Wells.
	121	Gentlemen v. Players, at Lord's.
1908	200	Sussex v. Surrey, at the Oval.
	153*	Sussex v. Middlesex, at Lord's.
	101	England v. M.C.C. Australian team, at Scarborough.
1912	176	Sussex v. Lancashire, at Brighton.
	128	Sussex v. Kent, at Brighton.
	125	Sussex v. Australia, at Brighton.
	101	M.C.C. v. Cambridge University, at Lord's.

* Not Out.

Season.	BATTING.				No. of		BOWLING.		
	Inns.	N.O.	Runs.	Aver.	H.S.	cent.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
1893	19	2	439	25·82	58	—	—	—	—
1894	16	4	387	32·25	94	—	21	0	—
1895	39	3	1,775	49·30	150	4	437	8	54·62
1896	55	7	2,780	57·91	171*	10	429	10	42·90
1897	48	5	1,940	45·11	260	5	379	13	29·15
1897-98 (in Aus.)	22	3	1,157	60·89	189	3	58	0	—
1899	58	8	3,159	63·18	197	8	1,047	36	29·08
1899 (in Amer.)	2	0	125	62·50	68	—	—	—	—
1900	40	5	3,065	87·56	275	11	673	19	35·42
1901	40	5	2,468	70·51	285*	8	704	22	32·00
1902	26	2	1,106	46·08	234*	3	180	5	36·00
1903	41	7	1,924	56·58	204	5	191	6	31·83
1904	34	6	2,077	74·17	207	8	318	9	35·33
1908	28	3	1,138	45·52	200	3	130	5	26·00
1912	28	2	1,113	42·80	176	3	—	—	—
1920	4	0	39	9·75	16	—	—	—	—
Total	500	62	24,692	56·37	285*	72	4,567	133	34·33

He was first in the season's averages in 1896, 1900, and 1904, second in 1903, third in 1899, 1901, and 1902, fourth in 1895, and fifth in 1897.

RE-ASSESSMENT OF LAND

From *Principles of Administration*, collected by Trikamlal Karunashanker Chaaya, B.A., Accountant to the Jam Saheb, 1907.—“When the crop is ripe, the raja or chief goes in person or sends his man of business to assess the fields. This is done in different ways, of which the most common is the following; the landholder or his agent, taking with him the headman of the village, goes to each field, the man points out what he considers to be the amount of the crop—for example, that in his opinion there will be so many measures of grain on each acre. The landholder too makes his own calculation. The cultivator, when he hears the amount of matter, breaks in with the exclamation: ‘Lord of Earth! So much as that will never be produced! And I, who am a poor man, will be utterly destroyed!’ Much haggling takes place, and at length a conclusion is come to which the cultivator is sure to protest against, though the result is far more favourable than he anticipated.

“The most ancient system of assessment, however, is as follows: The cultivators are allowed to cut their grain, under the restriction that they pile it in separate heaps in the village grain yard. The grain is threshed out by bullocks, and there is now a grand meeting of landlords, village headmen, men of business, bannias to weigh the grain, cultivators, and watchmen at the granary. And the grain is then weighed and distributed. First about a fortieth part is set aside as fee to the chieftain, next something less for the man of business, the village sergeant, pocket money for the chief’s heir apparent, the village watchman, the bannia, the men of the village, the temple of Devi or of Vishnu, the tank, the dogs, and other petty claims too numerous to mention. When the weighing-out has nearly finished, the cultivator will lay hands forcibly



The "Ranjitsinhji" diamond, in the centre of a necklace that "represents more than a decade of violent crises."

on the weights and cry: 'That is enough now!' and the remnants are left to him under the name of 'spoiled.' When all have been satisfied, the remainder of the grain is equally divided, between cultivator and landlord. The ancient practice appears to have been merely to measure roughly with a basket without weighing."

THE NAWANAGAR JEWELS

BY JACQUES CARTIER

When the Jam Saheb mounted the Gadi, he began to cherish the idea of replenishing the State Collection of jewels in the Javerkhana, and making it second to none in India, a plan which would appeal to both the ruler and the connoisseur in him.

He was fond of pearls, rubies, and diamonds, but nothing could rouse his enthusiasm like fine emeralds. The collection he made is to-day unsurpassed in the world, not perhaps in quantity, but certainly in quality.

If there was one precious stone about which it was possible not to agree entirely with the late Maharaja it was regarding the best colour for rubies. He liked them with a tinge of purple and his early purchases reflected this taste, but later he changed somewhat his opinion and bought some stones of the pure crimson which keeps clear of purple.

He placed fire and colour at the head of the most important attributes of a good emerald. His rectangular emerald of 18.28 carats is as perfect a specimen as I ever laid eyes on. It has all possible requisites. He kept it unset with several others which he used as test stones. Among his favourite rings there were two fine clean emeralds, one cut square, the other rectangular, and he bought a perfect specimen cabochon during his last trip to Europe.

The most important item in the emerald collection is the emerald and diamond necklace, containing 277 carats of first-class emeralds. The largest in the pendant weighs 70 carats, and was reputed to come from the collection of a former Sultan of Turkey. The *puggaree* ornament which goes with it carries in the centre an emerald of 39.43 carats remarkable for its fire.

One could call a collection in itself the collar of thirteen fine emeralds set with diamonds, containing, near the centre, two rectangular emeralds so perfectly matched, in spite of their size, that it is hardly possible to tell one from the other. As far as the emeralds are concerned they are the most exact twins it is possible to see, but His Highness also possessed the finest pair of cabochon drops, marvellous in colour and purity and each one inch and a quarter long.

Another important stone is the emerald of 56 carats set in a small *puggaree* ornament.

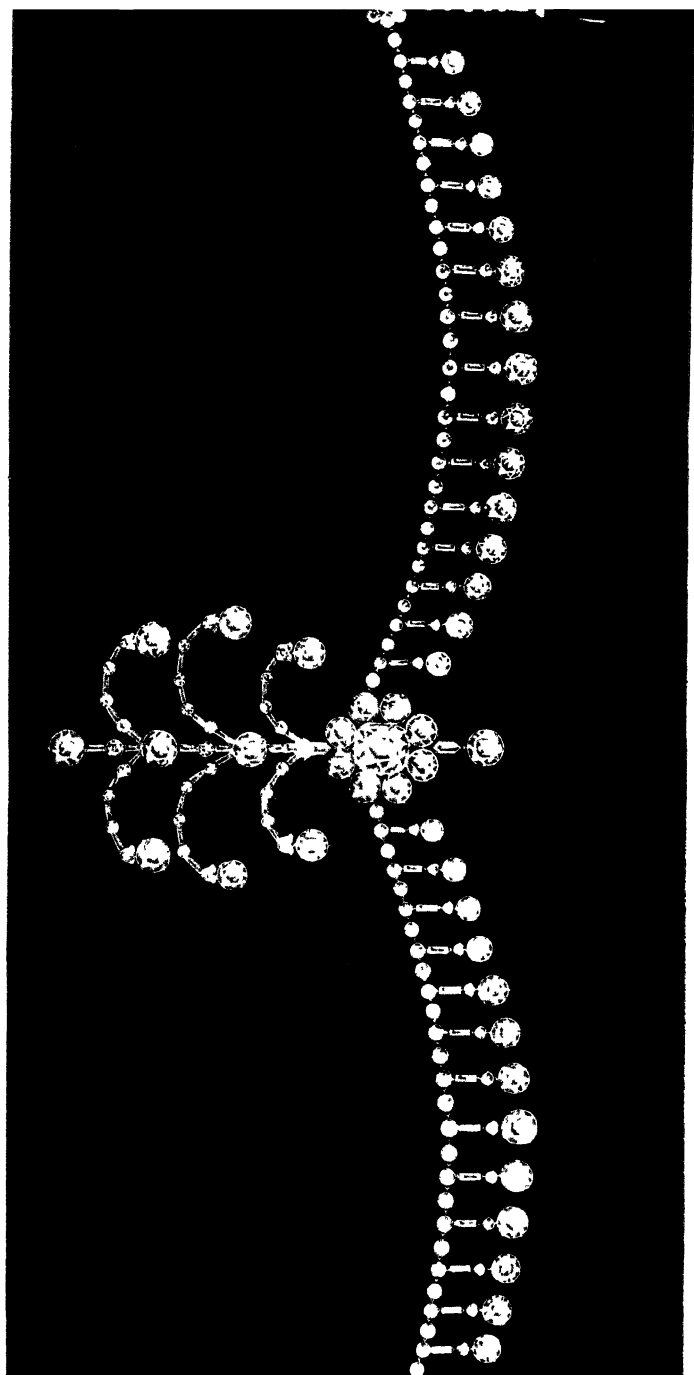
We come to a very rare piece indeed with the double string necklace of emerald beads of the deepest velvety green—which must be second to none in that respect. Between the beads from place to place there is a circle of small square brilliants.

His Highness had a particular fondness for an emerald bead necklace, strung on gold wire, which has been in his family for centuries. He is seen wearing it in the photograph reproduced, which was taken some time after his installation. Later, a large old engraved emerald was added as well as two pearls which may have come from Jamnagar itself.

However, the three rows often worn by His Highness are from the Persian Gulf, famous for providing the best pearls.

Coming to diamonds, we arrive at the most extraordinary piece of the *whole* collection—a really superb realisation of a connoisseur's dream.

Two necklaces of first-class white diamonds ranging from



The "Serpaigh." The centre diamond is 25 carats. Emerald drops of unique quality at side.

4 to 24 carats are connected together in front by one pair of pink square diamonds, weighing together 27 carats 80, and a long centre piece composed of six of the finest and rarest diamonds in the world.

First in the middle of the top row is a deep-toned pink diamond of $9\frac{1}{2}$ carats, followed by a *really* blue diamond of 26.26 carats—below which is attached the finest pink diamond existing—a gem of nearly 23 carats, which once graced the centre of an Imperial and world-famous jewel.

Then comes “Ranjitsinhji,” a flawless white diamond of 136.32 carats, which came from the same mine as the “Cullinan,” the famous diamond belonging to the British Crown Jewels. It was cut in Amsterdam in 1913. On account of its size, purity, and blue-white tone, it takes place of honour among the outstanding diamonds of the world.

Below this giant are hanging a truly green diamond of 12.86 carats (how rare!) and finally a magnificent old cut pink diamond of 15.62 carats.

Had not our age witnessed an unprecedented succession of world-shaking events, such gems could not have been bought at any price; at no other period in history could such a necklace have come into existence.

Among the diamond pieces next in importance comes the large “Serpaigh,” an elaboration of the “Aigrette.” The centre diamond weighs nearly 25 carats and is a beautiful stone with the characteristic fire of the Brazilian diamonds—but the main interest lies in the pair of emerald drops hanging at each extremity, and of which I have mentioned before the unique quality.

For other occasions His Highness had a smaller *puggaree* ornament in diamonds which we also set for him.

The last work done for His Highness was the re-setting of a diamond necklace, of which he was proud because it was

made entirely of Indian diamonds from the Patna mines and all cut in India.

This was the last link in a business connection, which became a friendship, of twelve years, only broken through the untimely death of a Prince really princely in his taste as well as by the qualities of his mind and heart.

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